

# The Atlantic

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FALLOWS**

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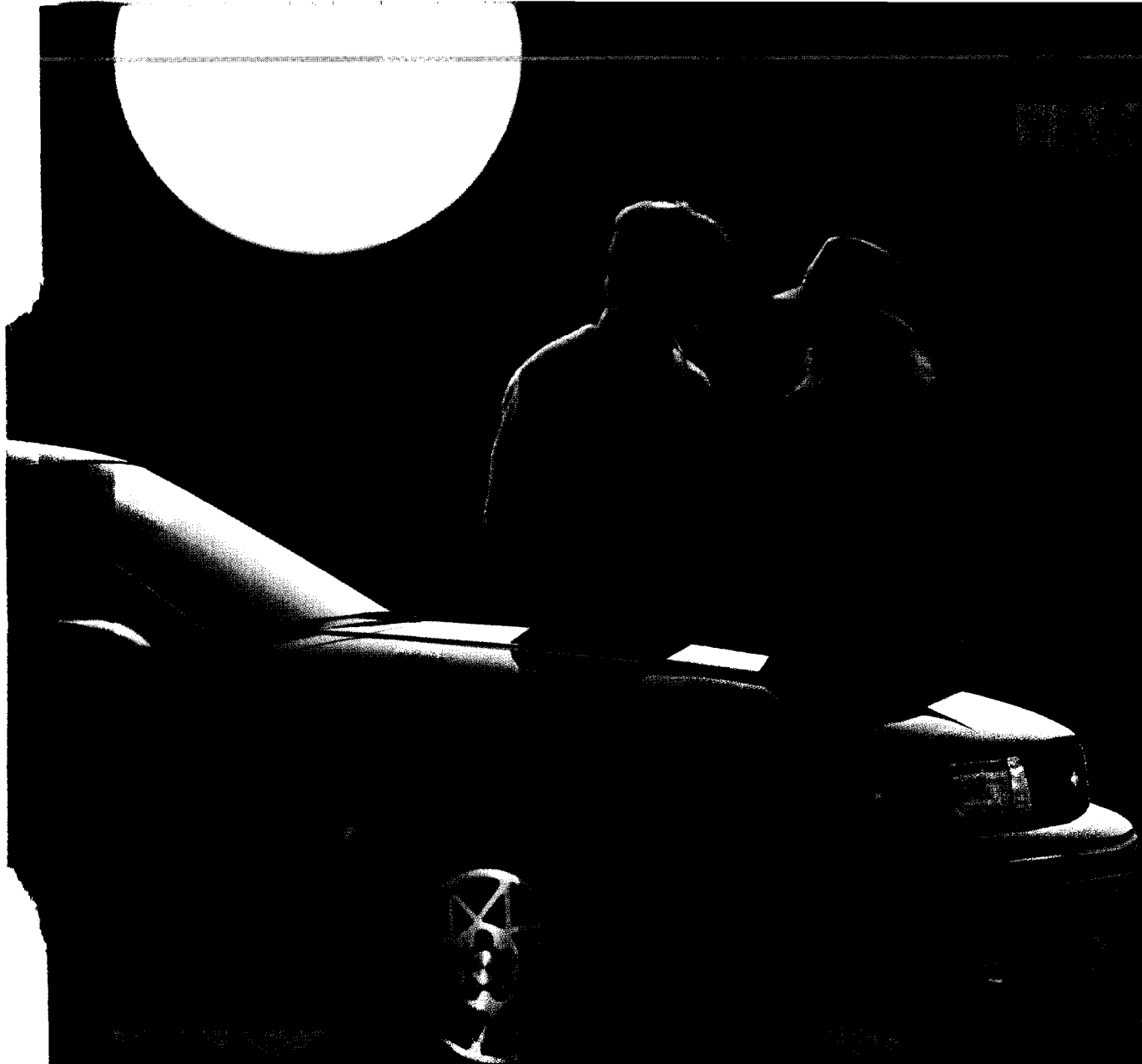
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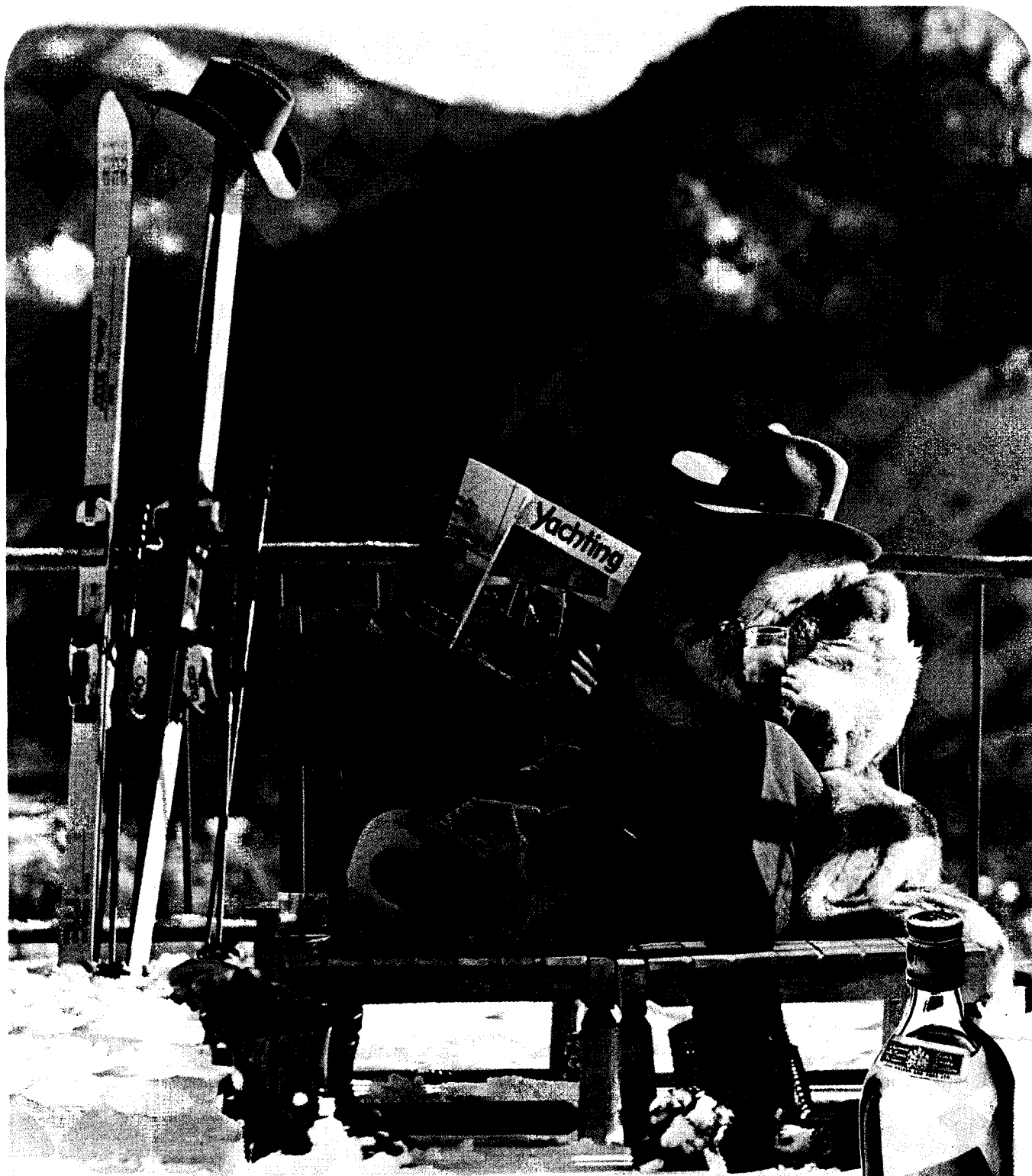
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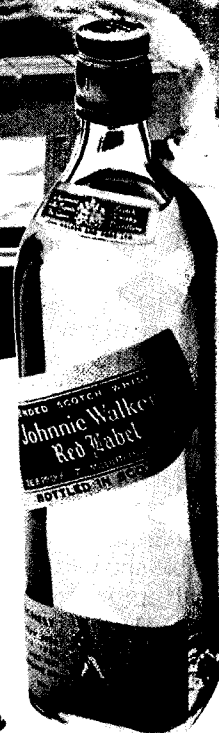
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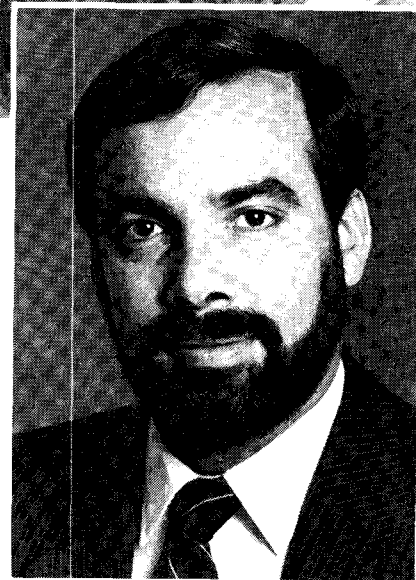
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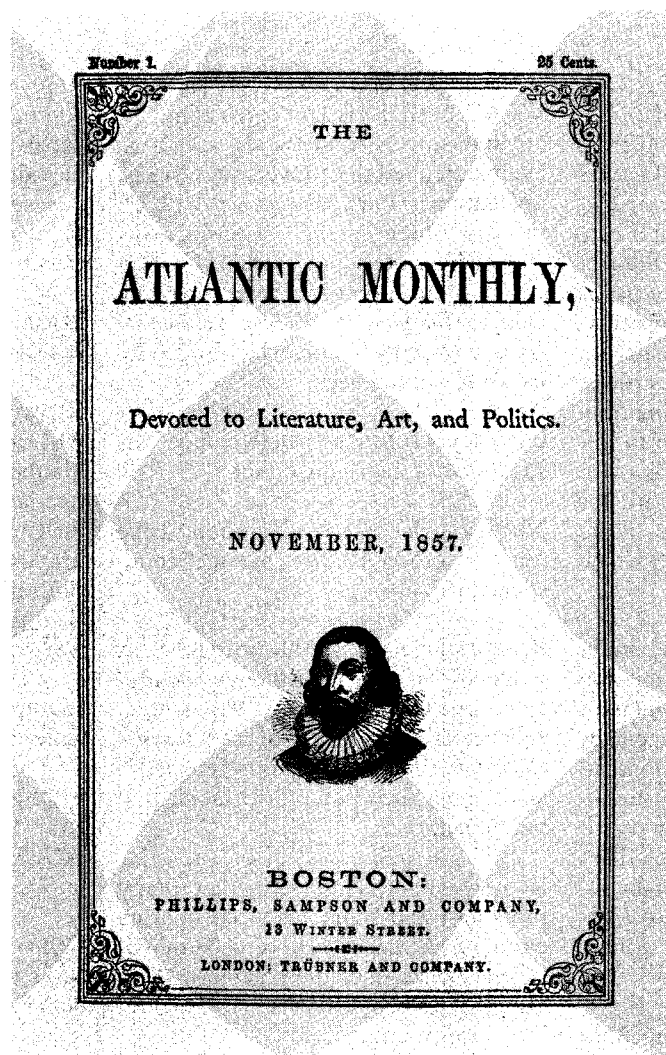
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—The founders, including James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the first issue, November, 1857

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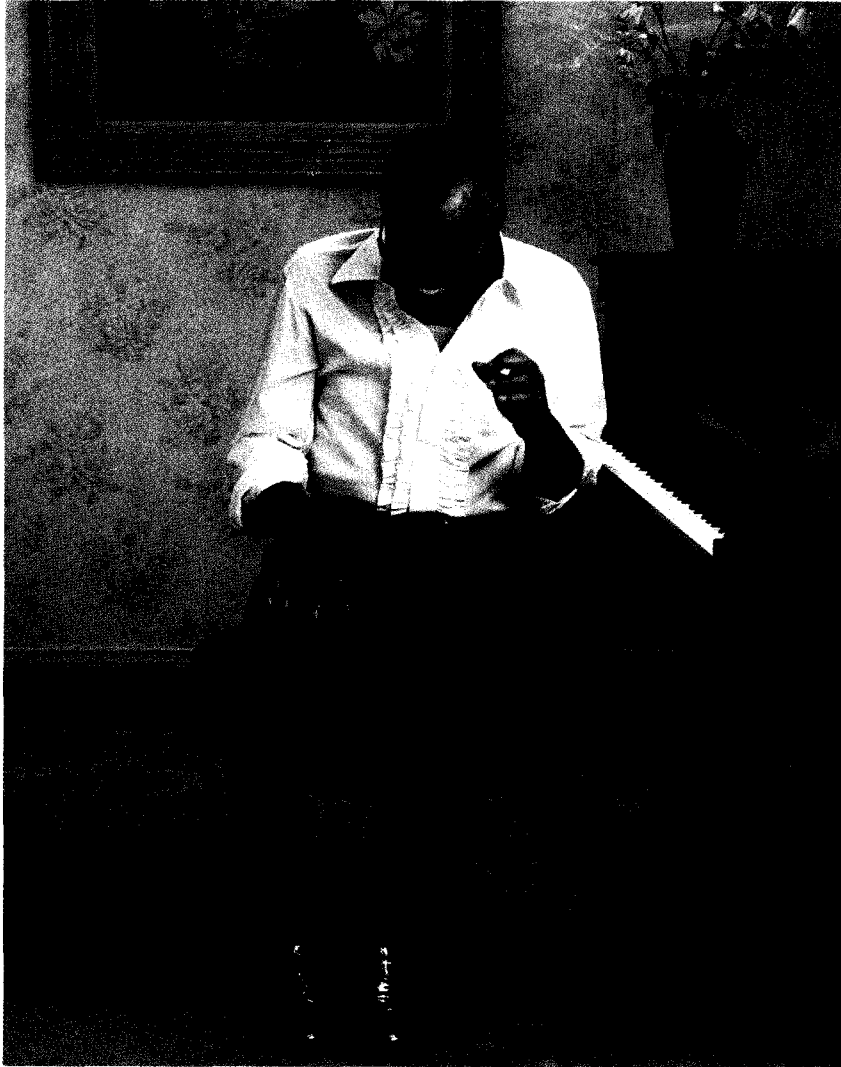
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The November Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory. Neil Spitzer, an associate editor of *The Wilson Quarterly*; Greg Early, of the New England Aquarium; the R. R. Bowke Company; the Initiative Research Center, in Washington, D.C.; the Institute for Government and Politics, in Washington, D.C.; Grassroots/Election Action, in San Francisco; the Vegetarian Information Service; and the National Association for Home Care.





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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### HIGH-OCTANE PROBLEMS

David Owen's article on gasoline additives ("Octane and Knock," August *Atlantic*) was interesting, but I am suspicious about the source of his facts, particularly if it was the Environmental Protection Agency.

Petroleum engineers have long known that old-style leaded gasoline had more lead than it needed for valve protection, and that the excess did long-term damage to other parts of the engine and the exhaust system. However, the complete absence of lead, or a substitute valve protectant, will damage pre-1975 cars, motorboats, and farm vehicles and also motorcycle and scooter models from as late as the early eighties, because they don't have catalytic converters.

The data I've seen suggest that such engines will be seriously damaged after 5,000 miles on unleaded gas, and need about a quarter gram of lead per gallon. Owen's assertion that running these engines at moderate throttle will also prevent damage sounds suspiciously like data from the EPA, which publicizes its new lead levels as sufficient, but has been unable to demonstrate this to anyone else's satisfaction, even in its own controlled tests.

Nor is it necessarily true that the reduction in blood lead levels is primarily due to the widespread use of unleaded gasoline. The seventies saw immense progress in the removal of lead paint from older homes, which is certainly the cause of most lead poisoning in children, and a recent Italian study seems to show that people get less lead from auto exhaust than they get from food cans, which at least until very recently were sealed with lead solder.

The damage to older engines can be prevented by various gasoline additives other than tetraethyl lead, and many of these additives are already being sold at auto-parts stores and hot-rod shops, along with TEL itself, which will *not* be illegal for add-it-yourself use even under the new regulations.

The real victims of the EPA's earnestness will be not bikers, boaters, and other inhabitants of internal-combustion subcultures but ordinary Americans who cannot afford to buy a new car. The solution is absurdly simple: the EPA should

maintain lead at a safe level for older cars (based on *independent* tests—their own are tendentious) until another valve-protection additive can be substituted. Since these potions already exist on an over-the-counter basis, their use in pump gas would not be a problem of basic research but would merely require the scaling-up of manufacture, and distribution to the oil companies instead of the hot-rod shops.

MICHAEL TAGLIERI  
*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

In his antic way David Owen adds to the confusion about automotive fuels and additives. The truth is much less amusing.

The auto companies and the major oil companies agreed that auto engines produced in 1971 and thereafter would have a lower compression ratio (8:1) and be designed to run on 91 research-octane-number (RON) gasoline—the type of unleaded gasoline the major oil companies wanted to produce. The type they wanted to produce, however, was no necessarily the best they could produce.

Rather than use the least expensive cleanest burning, most efficient octane number improver, (anti-knock) methanol, the major oil companies opted to spend literally billions of dollars in rebuilding refineries to produce aromatic (benzene, toluene, and xylene) made from the more severe processing of oil to replace the lead being taken out of gasoline. They did this although the substitution of methanol for lead would mean that engines could be designed with higher compression ratios (and thus be more fuel-efficient) and refining cost could be reduced by as much as ten cents a gallon.

Methanol corrodes the engine and the fuel system of an automobile. But the addition of a corrosion inhibitor, FA-5, in one part per thousand, makes methanol no more corrosive than gasoline. When methanol is used straight in an engine the lubricity improver 222A is added to the engine oil in the amount of five part per million to get the same lubrication in the engine as when using straight gasoline. Methanol has been used at the famous Indianapolis 500 Raceway for the past forty years, and exclusively for the past ten. Do racing teams know some



hing we don't? I believe so. Methanol is a better fuel than gasoline, a cleaner-burning fuel, and a safer fuel.

ANDRÉ E. THORN BACON  
*Bixby, Okla.*

[n his generally informative article on gasoline David Owen identifies *benzene* as a hydrocarbon derivative, or distillate of crude oil. Actually, he means *enzine*, described in my dictionary as a colorless, inflammable liquid, obtained by the fractional distillation of petroleum." *Benzene*, on the other hand, is "obtained by the scrubbing of coal gas with oil and by the fractional distillation of coal tar." The reason a consumer wants to be able to distinguish between them is that *benzene*, found in lacquers and varnishes, is known to be a potent carcinogen, whereas *benzine* (the distillate of petroleum) is a relatively benign solvent used in dry cleaning.

MICHAEL R. MARANTZ  
*New York, N.Y.*

By eschewing higher-priced high-octane gasoline from now on, I will be able to pay my yearly subscription to *The*

*Atlantic* many times over. My thanks to David Owen for pointing out that "a car that never knocks is probably being overindulged." It's about time my car built some character.

GEORGE MAEDA  
*Holmdel, N.J.*

## REDUCING NATO FORCES

James Chace seems to support the idea behind the House bill calling for a defense tax payment by Japan to defray the cost of U.S. protection ("Ike Was Right," August *Atlantic*). He seems to assume that the bulk of the U.S. trade deficit with Japan is Japan's fault. But according to Congressman Richard Gephardt, surely the most protectionist of all presidential hopefuls, "about 80% of the \$160 billion trade deficit is our own fault" (*The New York Times*, op-ed page, July 15, 1987). The Japanese argument is that the U.S. trade deficit is the function of the U.S. fiscal deficit, and the biggest items in the federal deficit are defense and Social Security. We must remember that the trade deficit was a mi-

nor problem for the United States before the Reagan Administration began its enormous defense expansion in 1981.

The United States is in Japan not only to protect it but also to prevent it from acquiring nuclear weapons, something Chace himself wants. The real alternatives in Japan are the status quo, which Chace concedes is "far less costly" than U.S. defense spending in Europe, and nuclear armament. There seems to be no reasonable third alternative.

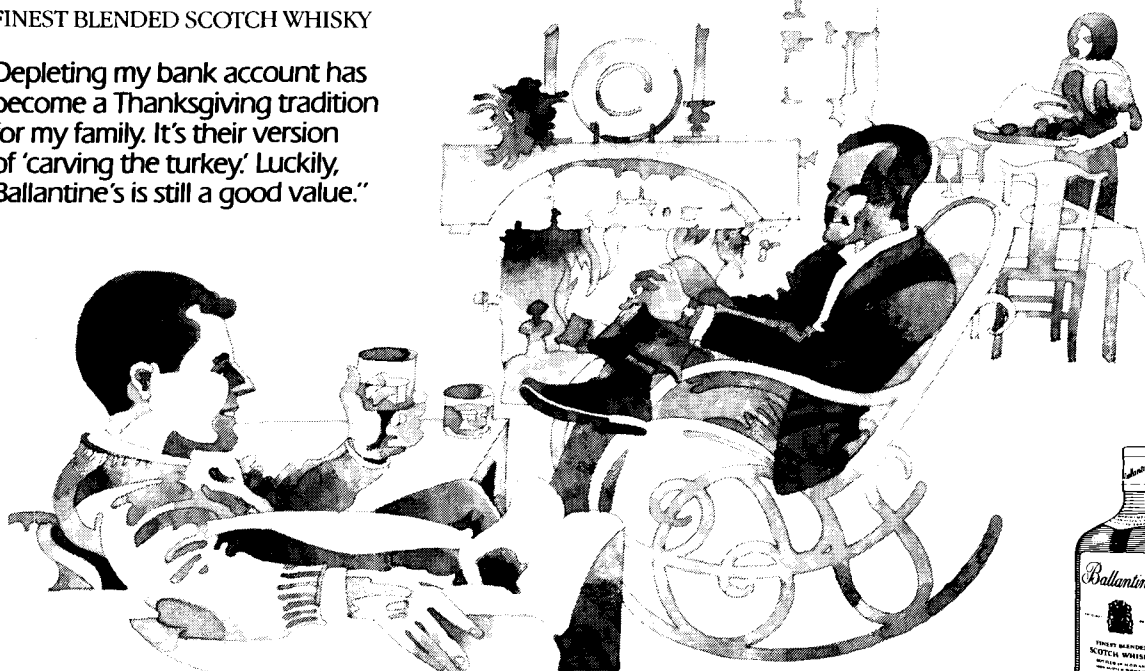
TETSUYA KATAOKA  
*Hoover Institution on War,  
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Stanford, Calif.*

James Chace cites a proposal made by Dave Calleo, of the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, advocating a reduction of U.S. ground forces stationed in Europe. The suggestion that the United States should demobilize "six of its ten NATO divisions" is at best misleading and at worst wholly inaccurate. As an officer who has recently served with one of the Army's forward-deployed divisions in Europe, I would like to point out why.

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The way the statement reads, the average reader might infer that the United States has ten combat divisions stationed in Europe. This is simply not true. Four heavy divisions, three separate brigades, two armored cavalry regiments, and an independent reinforced airborne battalion compose the bulk of U.S. ground forces committed to NATO. All together, these forces would equal only about six divisions' worth of soldiers.

While Chace's estimate that the military presence in Europe totals 350,000 is accurate, many of these are logistical support and staff personnel. One could reasonably propose reducing U.S. forces in Europe by 100,000, but that is a very different matter from "demobilizing" six divisions. If what Dave Calleo refers to as "NATO divisions" are actually U.S. stateside divisions committed to reinforcing NATO in the European theater, then he is suggesting a major reduction in the size of the U.S. Army. Such a reduction would be politically unpopular and strategically unwise. Many of our stateside divisions do have a primary mission to fight in the European theater; however, they are all assigned to other worldwide contingencies as well. Their "demobilization" would seriously affect U.S. strategic capabilities around the world.

Chace uses Calleo's suggestion to sell the point that a reduction in U.S. forces in Europe would save taxpayers money. This is unlikely for two reasons. First, withdrawing forces from Europe and relocating them in the United States would not save a substantial amount of money. These units are nearly as expensive to support stateside as they are overseas. Second, any strategy for winning a conventional war in Europe, even with the higher troop levels currently in effect, involves mobilizing and deploying reinforcements from the United States. General Bernard Rogers, the outgoing NATO Supreme Commander, in a recent appearance before Congress, testified that NATO will never have enough conventional forces to stop a conventional Warsaw Pact offensive. Therefore, any discussion of troop reduction in Europe should take into account the need simultaneously to improve the deployability of forces stationed in the United States. The viability of current war plans is already hampered by an inadequate number of Air Force transport aircraft, which are necessary to deploy stateside divisions quickly to the European theater. A re-

duction in overseas troop levels would exacerbate this problem.

CAPTAIN ALBERT M. ZACCOR  
*Fort Knox, Ky.*

James Chace casts another stone in the renewed debate over the future of the NATO alliance. He seems to be challenging the role of U.S. conventional forces in Central Europe and calling for their reduction. However, the change in policy he proposes would almost certainly create dangerous instability in Europe, while doing little to reduce the deficit or strengthen the U.S. economy.

Although decrying the cost of U.S. troops in Europe, Chace proposes the unilateral demobilization of six U.S. divisions *based in the United States*, leaving the four U.S. divisions currently in West Germany intact.

Chace argues that the European NATO nations are strong enough to defend themselves with fewer American troops in Europe. However, the American-based units he would eliminate are needed to hold off second and third echelons of a Warsaw Pact attack on West Germany. They are well trained, tactically prepared, and equipped with enough high-technology weaponry to have a positive effect on the conventional balance.

Deterrence and military stability in Europe depend directly on the ability of the United States credibly to reinforce its European forces with these reserves. The West Germans cannot fulfill this task. Low birthrates since the mid-1960s have led to a shrinking pool of conscripts in West Germany, reducing its ability to provide military manpower. The *Army Gazette* for February 20, 1987, reported that without special measures the West German army could face a shortfall of 150,000 soldiers by the mid-1990s. Chace's solution would weaken the credibility of the U.S. commitment to reinforce itself and its allies in Europe.

Further, Chace's proposal would actually increase the risk that a European conflict would go nuclear at an early stage. A *unilateral* policy of reducing reinforcement troops would leave four U.S. divisions alongside the West Germans facing a full-strength Warsaw Pact force in Central Europe. Their deterrent quality would be weakened and, with no reinforcements available during an attack, they would probably need to have early recourse to nuclear weapons to avoid being overrun. If Chace's goal is military stability in Europe, the best

route would be not unilateral reduction of reinforcements but rather multilateral conventional-force reductions negotiated between the Warsaw Pact and NATO members, in which the United States would have the support of its Western European allies before withdrawing any conventional forces from West Germany.

BRIAN NICHIPORUK

ERIC MUNZ

*Center on Budget and Policy Priorities  
Washington, D.C.*

*James Chace replies:*

Mr. Kataoka writes that I want to levy a defense tax on Japan. Although I did not say anything about reducing the American commitment to Japan, I did suggest that Japan contribute to defraying some of the cost of maintaining the U.S. troop presence in South Korea. This seems a rather mild suggestion for burden-sharing, given the very small percentage of gross national product (1.4 percent) that Japan allocates for defense.

Captain Zaccor has a point. It would be clearer to call the ten divisions of U.S. ground forces "NATO-assigned divisions." Demobilizing about 100,000 soldiers, however, is the only way to save substantial sums of money.

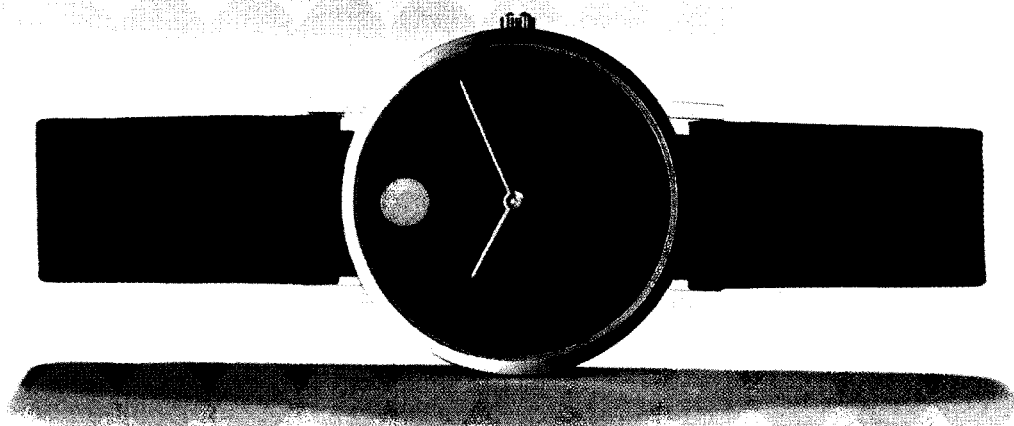
Like Messrs. Nichiporuk and Munz, I should like to see an agreement with the Warsaw Pact on a multilateral reduction of forces in Europe. As I pointed out, Mikhail Gorbachev has hinted that such a deal might someday be possible. But I continue to argue that the unilateral reduction in NATO-assigned forces I suggest would not materially affect the ability of the NATO allies to defend Western Europe.

## ON PACIFISM

I was surprised at Thomas Powers's repetition, in his review of Caroline Moorhead's book *Troublesome People: The Warriors of Pacifism* ("The Gentle Heroes," August *Atlantic*), of Gandhi's suggestion, early in the Second World War, that the Jews should resist the Nazis with "the active non-violent resistance of the strong." But I was shocked at Powers's repetition of the myth of "the mostly passive acquiescence of European Jews, who wore the yellow star and gathered themselves at railroad stations for deportation to the death camps."

The Jews of Europe did not gather themselves at railroad stations; they





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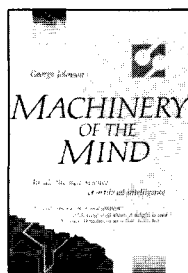
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were gathered there by armed enemies who did not hesitate to murder ten or a hundred in response to the active resistance of one or two.

Powers is wrong again when he says that American pacifism got the United States out of Vietnam. America's ultimate withdrawal came as a result of the unwillingness of our government (a government of the people) to make the sacrifices in blood and resources needed to defeat a determined enemy halfway around the world.

JOEL NEUBERG  
The Holocaust Center  
of Northern California  
San Francisco, Calif.

Thomas Powers replies:

Mr. Neuberg and I certainly agree in thinking that pacifism was an inadequate response to Hitler and Nazism, and I implied as much in my review when I cited the 14,000 German pacifists executed during the war. But I'm afraid we don't agree about the role played by the European Jewish community in its own destruction. This painful question has been the subject of much argument. Mr. Neuberg suggests that Jews resisted every step of the way. Of course some did, but most didn't. If they had, more of them would have survived, I think. What I would have done in the same circumstances I cannot say for sure, but I suspect I would have gone to the railroad station at the appointed hour, like so many others, and hoped for the best.

## INN ESSENCE

As a former mental patient, I was appalled to read the short story "Inn Essence," by Ralph Lombreglia, in your July issue.

The second sentence establishes that the story is about a pastry chef named Victor who has spent time in a mental hospital. In the sixth paragraph the reader learns that the pastry chef has "tried to kill one of the Thai students . . . with a carving knife, no less." The rest of the story is a rehash of this incident, ending with the Thai students taking revenge on Victor.

The story perpetuates the stereotype of the violent mental patient. This stereotype is false. The vast majority of mental patients have never committed a crime or harmed anyone. Recent studies show that aside from the small number

of mental patients with *prior* criminal histories, we are no more violent than the rest of society.

The National Mental Health Consumers' Association is the first national organization of present and former mental patients. It was formed in 1985 to protect the rights of mental patients and to fight the stigma of mental illness. Stories like "Inn Essence" make our struggle that much harder.

JOSEPH A. ROGERS  
National Mental Health  
Consumers' Association  
Philadelphia, Pa

Ralph Lombreglia replies:

I appreciate Mr. Rogers's concern about the portrayal of mental illness and regret that my story offended him.

## LAKE WOBEGON

It is painful to report this, but the truth should be known. Since Garrison Keillor ("Leaving Home," September *Atlantic*) left Lake Wobegon for Denmark, his commentaries on the doings in our little town that time forgot and the decades cannot improve are based on hearsay, not fact. Who it is that has been sending prettied-up reports of the town's affairs we in the suburbs of Lake Wobegon are not sure—though we have our suspicions—but prettied-up they are. The fact is that there hasn't been one quiet week in Lake Wobegon since Garrison shook the Minnesota peat on his boots and took off for the North Sea.

The first week after Garrison left Mayor Clint Bunsen brought up at the council meeting the problem of what to do about the pigeon-roosting on the statue of the Unknown Norwegian. It was disgrace, he said, that people coming through town should see white streak running down the cheeks and vest of the noble founder of the community, and of his nose, as if he were crying with remorse that he had ever founded the place, and something, Mayor Bunsen emphasized, had to be done. That long Norwegian nose, as everybody knew was the favorite prestigious pigeon perch in the whole county. Clint suggested that Bud be retained at \$7.50 a week to hose down the pigeon droppings, particularly around the nose and mouth. Hardly had the words left Clint's mouth when the meeting blew up. You'd have thought Clint had proposed bulldozing the Sidetrack Tap.



Florian Krebsbach had been smoldering like a steam boiler while Clint was alking, holding himself in, and when Clint finished he stood up with a red face and made a fiery speech, the point of it being that public money would not be used to cleanse a Lutheran statue (Florian being a Catholic, of course) unless the town would engage Bud at the same price to mop the statue of the Virgin on the street in front of Our Lady of Perpetual Responsibility, which Father Emil himself sometimes had to hose down to keep her properly sanctified. Some more of the Knights of Columbus then chimed in, backing up Florian, and they were followed (naturally) by four or five Sons of Knute, who argued that the town ought to keep its founder clean, whatever his theology had been. Then there were rebuttals, and rebuttals of rebuttals, in a rising crescendo, until someone in the back mercifully moved to adjourn *sine die*, and the people tomped out in two tense armies. It must have been close to midnight when things broke up.

Sunday a week later Pastor Ingqvist preached to a full house on "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," which was like pouring lighter fluid on hot charcoal. His text was Acts 10:15, "What God hath cleansed, *that* call not thou common," which Father Emil charged was a dirty lap at him. The next week Father Emil poked on Psalms 51:2, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." Nobody had to guess who he had in mind.

No, there hasn't been a quiet week in Lake Wobegon since Garrison left. We all realize now that he was the glue that held the town together.

Come back, Garrison, before it is too late.

WENDELL GLICK  
Duluth, Minn.

I enjoyed Garrison Keillor's "Chicken" story. Here on the farm we raise our own poultry, and I do the final chore. It's day's work to get through thirty-odd roilers by yourself, and lonely, too. Nobody wants to help. My solution to this dilemma is to play Keillor's Lake Wobegon tapes full blast in the barn as I am hopping, plucking, and eviscerating. Time goes by real quick and the waiting birds seem to like the sound of his voice. They settle down and listen right up to the last minute.

MANYA DUJARDIN  
Bunker Hill, W. Va.

## BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Susan Ohanian's "Ruffles and Flourishes" (September *Atlantic*) notwithstanding, more-basic children's books allow children to read earlier than before. And earlier reading teaches children to appreciate the original work later. However, if one gives a very young reader too many words and too few pictures, he is easily discouraged and overwhelmed. Jeff Brown's *Flat Stanley* is a classic, and it would be a shame to limit this to more-advanced readers. Beginning reading gradually builds a larger vocabulary; children do not need a new or large word on every page. Basal readers teach children how to read first; original works can teach them how to write later. I was charmed by *Flat Stanley* at four years of age, but I could not have read the original version until two years later at least. Maybe an alternative is to publish both a simple and a more creative version. Until then, children's literature should be for the child, not aesthetes.

HEIDI DAVIS  
Raytown, Mo.

*Susan Ohanian replies:*

Ms. Davis's experience with *Flat Stanley* makes my case. The basal adaptation is intended for third graders, children very capable of reading—and relishing—the original.

## SOUTH AMERICAN LAKES

Regarding clue T in Acrostic No. 26 (September *Atlantic*): The largest lake in South America is, I believe, Titicaca, not Maracaibo.

TOM SEYMOUR  
Cambridge, Mass.

*The New Columbia Encyclopedia* lists Lake Maracaibo as the "largest lake of South America." *Webster's New Geographical Dictionary* gives the area of Lake Maracaibo as 5,217 square miles and that of Lake Titicaca as 3,200. Other sources differ, and that may be because Lake Maracaibo is connected by a strait to the Gulf of Venezuela.

THE EDITORS

## WORD WATCH

Anne Soukhanov's (Word Watch, August *Atlantic*) explanation of words ending in *-eer* was scholarly and interest-

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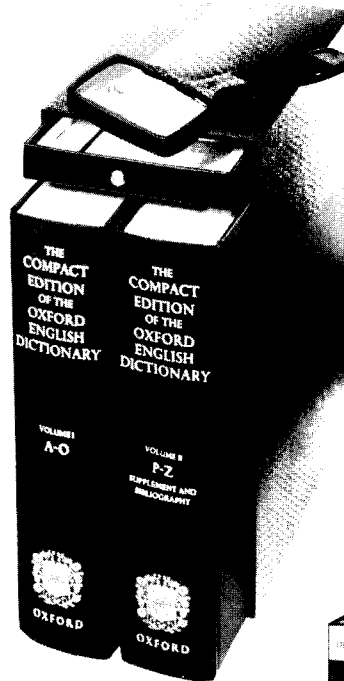
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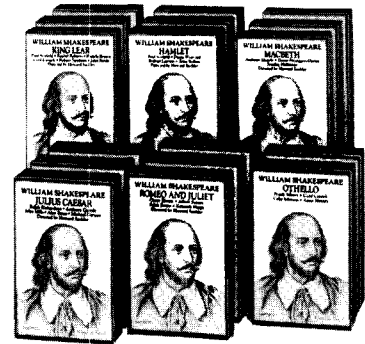
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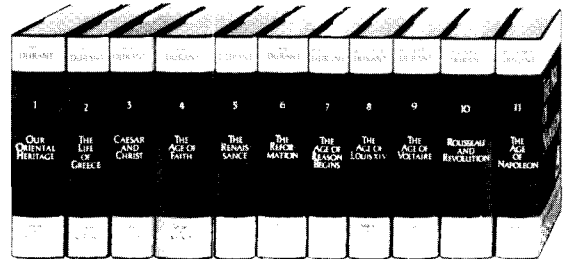
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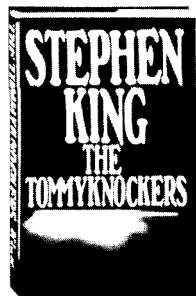
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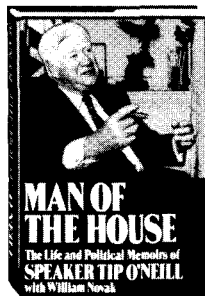
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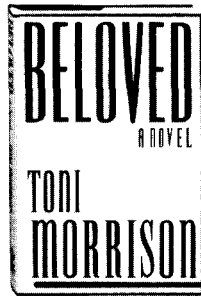
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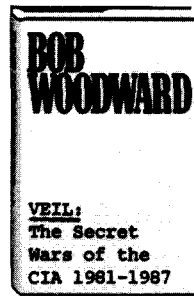
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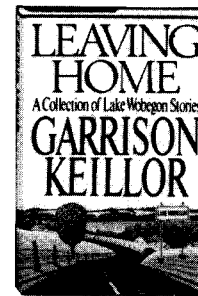
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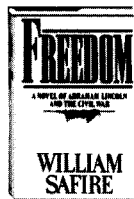
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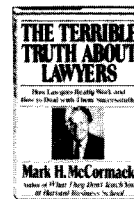
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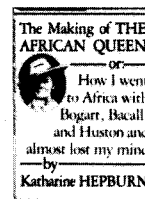
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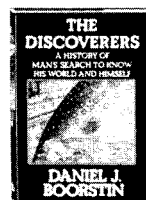
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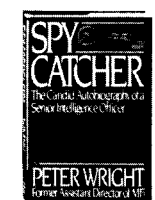
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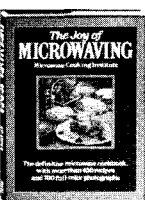
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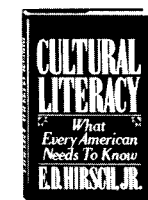
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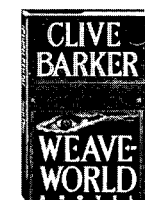
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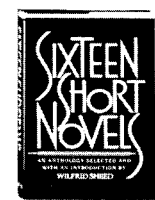
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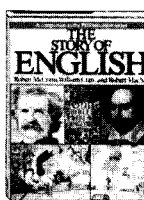
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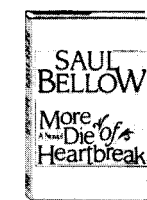
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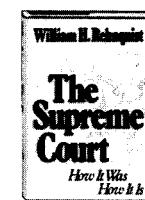
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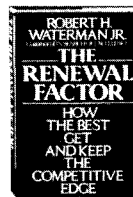
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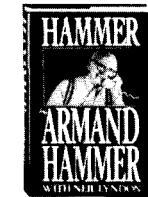
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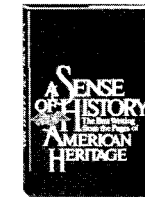
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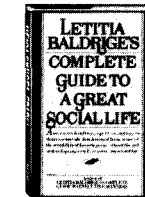
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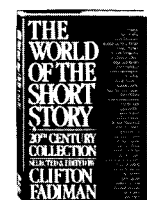
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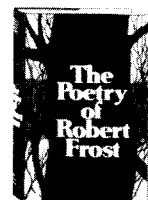
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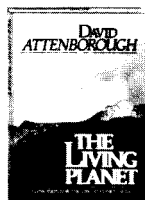
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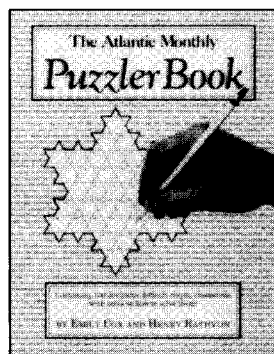
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ing, but how could she have missed the logical origin of *orbiteering*? The climber Ned Gillette surely had *orienteering* in mind when he decided the world needed a word to describe walking around the mountains.

*Orie*nteeing, defined by Soukhanov's *American Heritage Dictionary* as a sort of road rally without roads or cars, is a popular pastime for many hikers. I have also heard *orienteering* used to describe off-trail walking in general. It has probably also served as a euphemism for being lost in the woods.

JAMES R. PURCELL  
Seattle, Wash.

*Anne Soukhanov replies:*

A sentence of my article on *orbiteering*, dropped by *The Atlantic* for reasons of space, addressed the possible connection between *orbiteering* and *orienteering*, to wit: "Formation of the word may have been influenced by the existence of related terms, such as *mountaineering* (the sport or technique of climbing mountains) and *orienteering* (the sport of cross-country racing in which the contestants, equipped with maps and compasses, negotiate checkpoints on an unfamiliar, predetermined course), an English modification of the Swedish word *orienteering*, influenced by -eer."

## TRAINING FOREST RANGERS

In "How to Save Our National Parks" (July *Atlantic*) Alston Chase cites a survey by the Association of National Park Rangers showing that only 2.2 percent of park superintendents who responded considered resource management the field in which they had the majority of their previous experience.

However, until recently, resource-management duties were usually subsumed by other divisions. A superintendent might have extensive resource-management experience but might have acquired it doing work with another designation. For example, more than 40 percent of those responding to our survey reported natural science, wildlife management, or forestry as their major field of study toward a degree.

JAMES A. TUCK  
Association of National Park Rangers  
Lakewood, Colo.

*Alston Chase replies:*

Some duties—such as fire suppression and backcountry patrol—are some-

times included in divisions other than resource management; but these are activities for which (to quote the *Classification Reference Handbook*) "no specific professional knowledges and abilities are required." Indeed, these activities should not be classified as resource management at all, because they are in effect custodial.

Most rangers are highly dedicated people, and, as Mr. Tuck notes, many have undergraduate degrees in relevant academic disciplines. But not enough of them have professional post-graduate training, and those who do are often not put in jobs where they can use their specialized knowledge.

## FISH OIL

Ellen Ruppel Shell's assertion that "fish oil itself has almost no effect on blood-cholesterol levels" ("Snake Oil," August *Atlantic*) is contrary to recent research reports. As an example, "N-3 News," March, 1987, published by the Department of Preventive Medicine and Clinical Epidemiology at Harvard Medical School, cites work that shows reduction of plasma levels of cholesterol and triglycerides in subjects who changed to fish-oil diets. Many researchers believe that further work is needed to confirm various theories or the beneficial effects of omega-3 components of fish oil. Virtually all agree that increasing the amount of fish in the typical diet is a good idea, because, as mentioned by Shell, it does reduce the intake of saturated fat.

We take serious exception to Shell's comment that "much of the fish sold in this country is taken from polluted waters." This just isn't true. More than 9.6 billion pounds of fish and shellfish make up the commercial supply, with the vast majority coming from offshore areas not affected by pollution. It's true that some pollutants concentrate in the body fat of fish, so pollution problems are of greater concern in fatty fish—but only when the fish are exposed to the pollution. The dominant fatty fish in the market—fine sources of omega-3—are tuna, salmon, and mackerel. These do not come from polluted waters. The salmon of the Great Lakes, which in some cases have relatively high levels of contaminants, are not available for commercial use.

LEE J. WEDDIG  
National Fisheries Institute, Inc.  
Washington, D.C.

Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:

Certainly, forsaking meat for fish is a good way to lower saturated fat in the diet. However, the evidence that fish oil and of itself will lower cholesterol levels in the blood is sketchy at best. About a third of all marine species harvested for commercial use in this country come from coastal waters, which are frequently contaminated. Fatty fish, such as bluefish and striped bass, tend to store relatively large amounts of these contaminants, and consuming large quantities of these species is not recommended for either children or women of childbearing age.

#### ADVICE & CONSENT

**I**n Harm's Way," by Jack Beatty (May *Atlantic*), warrants a reply. To condemn the Navy for trying to be able to defeat the enemy, rather than just being defensive, is contrary to all war-winning logic. Also, to demand a detailed published strategy for any branch of the armed services could be a sure prescription for our defeat. We have to be able to meet many contingencies and, if possible, secretly to decide on a specific course at the time when opportunity or necessity arises. Adaptability and flexibility of action would be destroyed if we published and followed an inflexible strategy.

The article's assertion that money for 1st Army divisions went to the Navy during the Reagan Administration is simply untrue. During the last three years of the Carter Administration the Navy and Marine Corps budget share averaged 3.6 percent; during the seven years of the Reagan Administration that average share has declined to 33.1 percent (see Congressional Research Service Report 55-895, titled, *U.S.-Soviet Military Balance*).

CHARLES E. BENNETT  
*U.S. House of Representatives*  
*Washington, D.C.*

I agree with everything that Nicholas Lemann said about New Orleans "Hard Times in the Big Easy," August *Atlantic*). A few things he neglected to mention:

More people live in public housing projects in New Orleans than in any other major city in the United States. The projects fit neatly into the cycle of poverty, illegitimacy, crime, joblessness, and hopelessness

Jim Bob Moffett is not the only New Orleanian trying to fix the city's infrastructure. But many activists are diverted to projects like the Audubon Zoo, which offer easier successes than fixing City Hall. The zoo is terrific; City Hall is a zoo.

New businesses of any sort are loath to locate here, not only because of the schools but because of the horrifyingly expensive unemployment-compensation and insurance-liability laws.

The lack of decent jobs has exiled the youth of the city who are educated and ambitious. Will they return from New York, Atlanta, and Dallas when times improve?

VIRGINIA BESTHOFF  
*New Orleans, La.*

I agree with Stanley Neustadter's letter in the August *Atlantic* about David Kline's "How to Lose the Coke War." It is absurd to think that the Bolivians or Peruvians or Colombians or any other national group are going to stop growing or trafficking in coca or any other "illegal" drug as long as those substances will bring fifteen to twenty times their real market value. That value, of course, was created by legislation, and it is interesting that none of the governments trying to enforce that legislation even suggest killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. With the exception of major metropolitan areas, those South American countries do not have a "drug problem" like ours, largely because their society—not their government—has taught a responsible and adult approach to the drug for centuries. It could be argued that the abuse appearing in the cities is largely a result of the black market, since so many people participate in that market without any professional regulation at all.

Contrary to David's Kline's rebuttal, production above domestic requirements, to one degree or tons or another, began in 1914 or 1915, after the passage of the Harrison Narcotic Act, which created the black market. People did use the drug prior to the passage of the act, but the black market, which has spawned all sorts of social pathologies, did not exist until Congress created it. Until the politicians or the media can figure out how to make potatoes or any other crop worth black-market prices, the problem as we perceive it will continue to exist.

RICHARD SINNOTT  
*Fort Pierce, Fla.*



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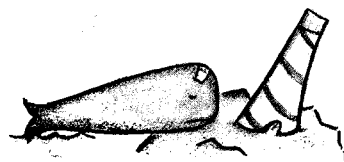
# THE NOVEMBER ALMANAC

## HEALTH & SAFETY

November 29, National Home Care Week begins. Today 3 out of every 100 Americans, most of them elderly, need help to eat, move about, bathe, dress, or the like, and 2 of those 3 are cared for at home. Because 85 percent of home care is provided by family members, friends, or volunteers, the trend toward home care can be expected to collide some time soon with the trends toward smaller households and households in which every adult works. The collision will no doubt occur at the same moment in the 1990s when all the other Baby Boom-Baby Bust disasters are expected to hit us.

## GOVERNMENT

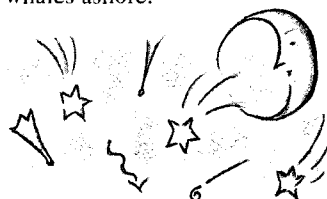
November 3, Election Day. At least 75 initiatives and referenda are on city and state ballots. Voters in San Francisco will decide if that city is to become a nuclear-free zone; if the measure passes, the battleship USS *Missouri*, which is equipped to carry hundreds of nuclear weapons, will not be able to make San Francisco its new home port. Nuclear energy is an issue in Maine; voters there will have their third chance in 7 years to shut down the state's one nuclear-power plant. And in Virginia voters will decide whether the state should institute a lottery. 11, Veterans Day.



## ENVIRONMENT

"November's sky is chill and drear, / November's leaf is red and sear"—Sir Walter Scott. For reasons that no one knows, although marine biologists are working on it, more whales bump into land at this time of year than at any other. Six times in the past 5 years, in late fall, pilot whales in large groups have grounded themselves on Cape Cod (where most mass

whale groundings in the United States occur). All kinds of whales strand occasionally as individuals, but mass strandings are limited to only a few species of toothed whales. The strandings are not annual but they have occurred consistently enough that by the 1700s fishermen on Cape Cod had learned to exploit the tendency and "drive" pods of pilot whales ashore.



## THE SKIES

November 5, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hunter's Moon. 18, the Leonid meteor shower peaks in the wee hours of the morning. This shower can be spectacular. In 1966 it burst forth over the central western states in the greatest meteor display in recorded history. 21, New Moon. Venus is the bright object seen low in the west at sundown this month. Jupiter is the dashing fellow of November, rising as the Sun sets and setting as the Sun rises.

## ARTS & LETTERS

November 1, a centennial exhibition of works by Georgia O'Keeffe opens at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C. 9, the National Book Awards. 16-22, Children's Book Week. In 1985 roughly 3 "juvenile" books were sold for every child under age 18. The best-selling hardcover children's books of all time are *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, by Beatrix Potter; *The Littlest Angel*, by Charles Tazewell; *Real Mother Goose*, published by Rand McNally; and *Pat the Bunny*, by Dorothy Kunhardt.



## DEMOGRAPHICS

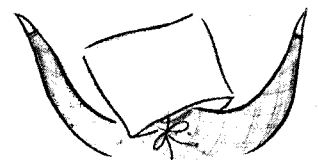
November 19, the Great American Smoke-Out. The demographics of cigarette smoking have been exceedingly fluid. In this country the habit is, to begin with, very recent. Before the First World War 15 states banned the sale of cigarettes. Americans smoked only 20 billion cigarettes in 1914, as compared with 584 billion last year. The percentage of people in this country who smoke has, of course, been declining in recent decades (though it is declining faster for men than for women), but the 50 million U.S. adults who still smoke cigarettes smoke more of them—on average, about 10,000 cigarettes a year—than ever before. To offset declining sales in the developed world, cigarette manufacturers increasingly direct marketing efforts at the less-developed countries. Tobacco growing, meanwhile, has doubled in the Third World in the past quarter of a century. The peoples most likely to be smokers are Cypriots, Greeks, and Cubans.



## FOOD

There is no national holiday more closely identified with animal flesh than Thanksgiving, yet the nation's 10 million vegetarians do manage to celebrate. Vegetarian groups across the country sponsor meatless feasts under such banners as "Vegetarian Thanksgiving" and "Turkey Liberation Day." Dishes like bean stroganoff and lentil roast are served. But for most vegetarians, blood proves thicker than miso soup; the majority spend the holiday with

their families, around a turkey. Only a minority of vegetarians say that they quit eating meat because they feel it's wrong to kill animals for food. (The majority give reasons of health.) Some surveys show that many people who consider themselves vegetarians now believe that a bit of meat on occasion—perhaps a turkey thigh on Thanksgiving—is not necessarily a bad thing.



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## 130 YEARS AGO

Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing in the first issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else;—long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultima* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation. . . . Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music."

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# REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

## DELIVERANCE

*I stood staring into the pit, and my heart  
lightened gloriously.*

—H. G. Wells,  
The War of the Worlds

ONE SATURDAY MORNING a quarter of a century ago, as the school year was about to begin, my mother convened the five sevenths of her offspring who were of educable age and escorted us into the kitchen. There we were confronted by seventy-four loaves of Wonder Bread; three plastic pails filled with peanut butter, jelly, and mayonnaise; a hamper of egg salad; a butt of tuna fish; a hod of American cheese; and a tube of sliced bologna the size of a moray eel.

My mother, it seems, had grown weary of packing five lunches a night, five days a week, for nine months of the year. By fateful coincidence we had recently acquired a Bendix freezer the size of an overachiever's sarcophagus, whose excess capacity could hold the 925 or so sandwiches it would take to get five children through school from September to June. We set to work at about 10:00 A.M. and put down our knives at around five.

The manufacturing process went smoothly enough for a while. Each of us worked under the impression that we were creating the sandwiches that we ourselves would eat, and so the results tended to be moist and plump, with the application of condiments precisely calibrated to satisfy personal taste. We painstakingly crafted sandwiches in this way for about three hours, at the meager rate of about four sandwiches a person per hour. Then, in the early afternoon,

realizing that we would be at it until well into the following week, my mother intervened. She decreed, in effect, that the capitalist ideal of individual initiative in the pursuit of individual reward be henceforward supplanted by an emphasis on fulfilling the quotas mandated by the School-Year Plan. Our personal luncheon stacks were nationalized; all future sandwiches, it was declared, would belong to the collective. Dispirited, we grimly resumed our task.

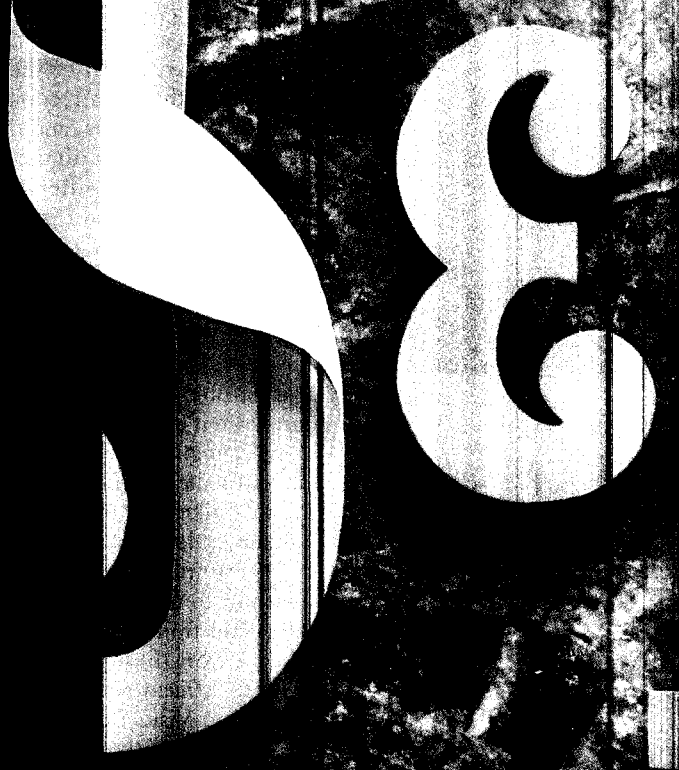
This is not intended as a morality tale, but it may be worth mentioning that the quality of workmanship underwent an abrupt decline. Many sandwiches found their way into the freezer without mayonnaise or indeed without filler of any kind. Nutritionists date the emergence of the dry cheese sandwich, which can be made, wrapped, and stacked in less than four seconds, and which requires the use of only three minor muscle groups, to that Saturday afternoon. In-

evitably, the incidence of hooliganism began to climb. Some members of our work brigade, acting with high levels of peer support, deliberately spread jelly over tuna fish or combined peanut butter and egg salad, and then insinuate the noisome result into the common stock of lunch. As the shadows lengthened, we began to argue, with the same success that British labor unions were achieving at the time, that our quota were unrealistically high. Teachers' conventions and snow days had not been taken into account. It also seemed likely that among the five of us, some thirty-five to forty days would be lost to illness; indeed, we were prepared to guarantee that they would be. In the end, as supper time approached, my mother summarily reduced our quota to the number of sandwiches already made. The number, as I recall, was by then upwards of 800.

In my memories of that autumn and winter the image of white bread, in it







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solid, liquid, and gaseous states, figures prominently. We learned that tuna fish and egg salad effect morphological changes in bread such that upon thawing, leavened matter achieves the fluent consistency of molten tofu. Bologna and cheese, in contrast, seem to function as powerful siccatives, causing trace elements of mayonnaise to disappear. Often we would forget to bring sandwiches up from the freezer in time for them to thaw, and these would have to sit atop a radiator at school, occasionally being turned, as fine strands of silky vapor emanated from inside the waxed paper. Sometimes, impatient, we would try to eat a partially thawed sandwich, nibbling around the soft edges until at last, its circular arctic core having been reached, further human exploration proved impossible. Needless to say, the barter value of our lunches was modest. In the scholastic economy, where sandwiches function as currency, we came to school with the gastronomical equivalent of zlotys.

There seemed to be no hope of relief. The Cuban missile crisis occurred in October but was resolved. Thanksgiving passed, Christmas passed, Valentine's Day passed. The end came, unexpectedly, in March. For some time we had vainly been calling attention to a kind of odious spotting on the surface of our sandwiches. As the spotting began to spread, we began to remark a local disturbance of the olfactory sense. Before long, as playground experiments would convincingly demonstrate, blindfolded students could detect the location of one of our thawed sandwiches, standing unwrapped, from a distance of thirteen feet, within an accuracy of a few degrees. Finally, one day, we followed my mother down into the basement, where, after examining the sandwiches and uttering a long sigh, she concluded simply, "Freezer burn." To this day I regard that phrase, which denotes the unfelicitous freeze-drying of a foodstuff's surface, as among the most euphonious and happy in the English language.

We waited there for a while, looking at the neat piles of expiring lunch. It was like that moment at the end of *The War of the Worlds* when, after months of horror, the narrator sees the Martians, "stark and silent and laid in a row," succumbing at last to the common cold. The cold had taken our sandwiches, too. I stood staring into the freezer, and my heart lightened gloriously.

—Cullen Murphy



NEW YORK

## FAKE MASKS

*Whether what they make is "real" is of less concern to African carvers than to Western collectors, who value only the tribal art they deem authentic*

THERE ARE CERTAIN hotels just north of Times Square, in New York City, that draw a clientele made up substantially of African traders. Until it was converted to a welfare hotel, over the summer, the Bryant, at Fifty-fourth and Broadway, was the traders' Ellis Island, the point of entry for the newest and poorest of them, where a room without a private bath cost only \$150 a week. The beginning traders haven't yet found a satisfying substitute for the Bryant, whose advantages in price and location far outweighed the disadvantage of its ambience—it was the kind of hotel where the clerk sat behind a sheet of bulletproof glass and signs posted in the lobby told the guests not to share needles or steal the light bulbs in the stairwell. The more established traders have moved to the next hotel up the ladder, the President, on Forty-eighth Street, which also draws some of the European student trade; and the most successful stay at establishments like the Woodward and the Wellington.

The best known of the African traders

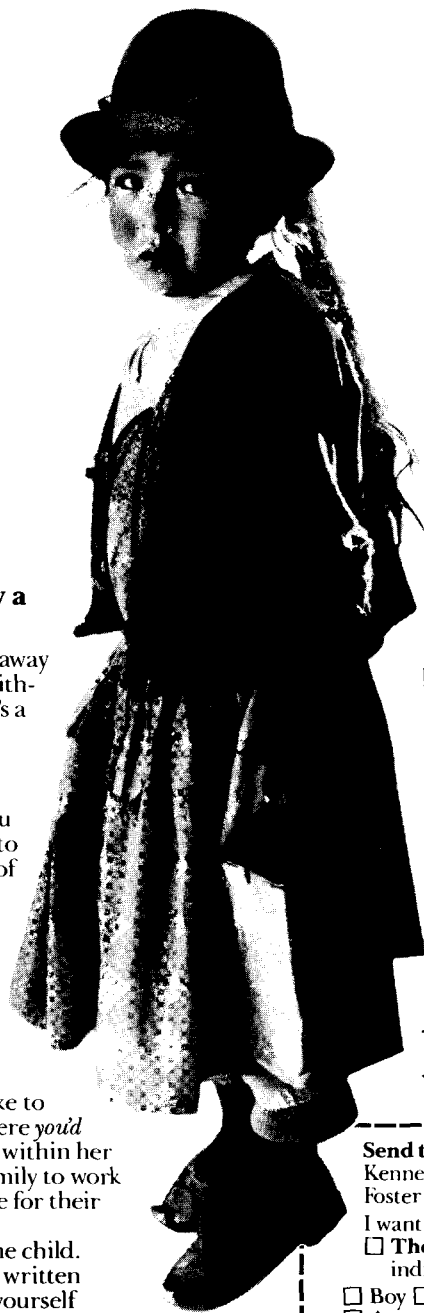
in New York these days are the street sellers, mostly Senegalese, who display watches and handbags on trays set up along Madison Avenue. But the real heart of the trading business—better established, more remunerative, and more prestigious than street selling—is African art objects. The Bryant in its day, and now the President, are full of African art dealers, known as runners.

Very few runners sell their wares out on the street, and then only in classy locations, such as in front of the Museum of Modern Art. Most of them deal privately, from their hotel rooms or on visits to galleries, museums, and the homes of collectors. A typical runner's room will be crammed to the rafters with African art—art on the bed, art in the closet, art in a jumble of packing materials (plastic bags, old newspapers) piled on the floor. Somewhere there will be a space cleared for pictures of the family, back in Africa, and for a hot plate. A runner's life is a spartan one, at least when he's starting out; later, if he's successful enough to establish a regular clientele of serious dealers and collectors, he can live a life on the road like that of a typical American traveling salesman.

The runners are not just a colorful sideshow to the world of serious African art. Aside from a trickle of work being sold off from European collections, almost all African art enters this country with them. Visits from runners are a daily event at even the very best African art galleries in New York, and the runners, after they've worked New York, usually go on the road in mini-vans, selling from hotel rooms in Chicago, Los Angeles, and other cities. All but a handful of the established American dealers in African art have given up on getting objects in Africa, partly because of laws there preventing the export of antiquities. The runners are their only source.

Most of what the runners offer for sale—by knowledgeable estimates, well over 90 percent—is fake, in the sense that it is made to look as if it had been used in traditional tribal religious ceremonies although it never really was. Faking is widespread in all areas of the art world, but it is far more so in African art than in any other kind. Fake African art supports not only the runners but also a substantial industry of carvers and merchants in Africa. In the United States it fills many low-budget collections and galleries, and also finds its way into the most prestigious museums, auction houses, and collections.

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A FEW RITUAL OBJECTS were brought out of black Africa by European traders in the sixteenth century. In the colonial days of the nineteenth century, European explorers, missionaries, teachers, anthropologists, and administrators often brought home masks and figures from Africa. These usually wound up displayed in homes as curios, or in museums of ethnography. In the first decade of this century artists in Paris became interested in African ritual pieces, first for their visual appeal and then for their genuine artistic greatness. If one event put African art on the map, it was Picasso's famous epiphany during a visit to the Musée d'Ethnographie du Trocadéro in 1907. He said afterward, according to his mistress, "At that moment I realized that this was what painting was all about."

At the time, Picasso was working on *Les Femmes d'Alger*, which is considered the watershed painting of modern art. The prevailing theory (denied by Picasso during his lifetime) is that after his visit to the Trocadéro he repainted the faces of the two right-hand figures in *Les Femmes d'Alger* to make them resemble African masks.

That African art, which at the turn of the century had been considered lowly and backward, should have provided the avenue for this epochal artistic advance shows what tremendous changes were then taking place in the upper reaches of Western culture. Other artists besides Picasso began to feel that European bourgeois society, which considered itself superior to all others, had actually become mannered and tame—and so had its art. African religious carving, with its aura of magical power, offered a clue to how art could return to the deep channels: artists, by looking backward to "primitive" cultures for guidance, could lead all of Western culture forward into a new profundity. Art would become more symbolic than representational, and the artist could begin to think of himself as the possessor of supernatural powers. African carvers, of course, did not regard themselves with such grandeur or Western society with such contempt. Their self-conception was roughly like that of medieval artists: they were servants of the Supreme Being and of his high priests on earth. But in the West, African art helped lead to a completely different and much more exalted conception of artists, in which art replaced religion (to some minds, at least) as the link between mankind and the ineffable.

Soon the international avant-garde began collecting African art. In 1914 Alfred Stieglitz's gallery, 291, in New York, mounted the first American exhibition of African art as art. In 1935 the Museum of Modern Art presented a major African art show. After the Second World War a true market in African art gradually became established in the United States. In the 1950s African masks became one of the standard accoutrements of the sophisticated living room, and this taste, like most, gradually spread from an oddly hybrid group of cultural trend-setters (beatniks, professors, Rockefellers) to a wider group. The Peace Corps, the civil-rights movement, African nationalism, and the beginning of mass tourism to West Africa all increased American interest in African art. Interior decorators began putting African art in the homes of their meat-and-potatoes clients.

In 1966 the Parke-Bernet auction house in New York established, for the first time, a firm price level for high-quality African art when it sold off one of the leading collections, that of Helena Rubinstein, and top pieces went for more than \$25,000. In 1974 a major New York gallery, the Pace, established a primitive-art department and began to put on major shows of African art, with opening-night parties and slick catalogues. Prices skyrocketed during the seventies; auctions and galleries proliferated; doctors, lawyers, and stockbrokers began to collect for investment purposes. The Metropolitan Museum of Art opened its Michael C. Rockefeller wing, a lavish home for African and Oceanic art, in 1982. From 1982 to 1986 the market softened, but lately it has been picking up again. The finest pieces fetch well over \$100,000. The African art market is bigger by far than the market for any other kind of primitive art.

As the market developed, so did a strong consensus about what constitutes a valuable piece of African art. It must be hand-carved by a tribal carver who uses traditional tools (mainly an adze), works for a traditional patron, and intends the piece to be used for a traditional purpose connected with a native ritual. Then the piece must actually be used—dealers speak of a piece having been "danced"—preferably over a number of years. The traditional religious process is supposed to ensure that the piece will be imbued with primal spirituality of the kind that Picasso discerned in African art in the first place.

WITH THE ELEGANT simplicity of a supply-and-demand graph, the conditions under which valuable African art is produced have steadily eroded during the time that the Western market for it has grown. Modernization, national independence, and widespread conversion to Islam and Christianity have all meant that the agrarian tribe practicing an animist religion is losing its hold on Africa's basic social unit. Expert opinion about the likelihood that more African masterpieces will be produced is gloomy. The scholar Werner Gillon, in the concluding paragraph of *A Short History of African Art*, writes, "The consequent decline and, indeed, almost total demise of artistic creation linked to the old social order came more swiftly than even the most knowledgeable observer could have anticipated."

In Africa the carving of nontraditional pieces for Westerners by traditional carvers had been going on long before the runners opened up a major art trade in the United States. In the 1500s carvers of the Benin and Sherbro tribes made ivory pieces on commission for Portuguese patrons, using the native style but European imagery. The widespread commissioning of works in wood by outsiders—either Europeans or African traders—can be shown to have been going on for at least fifty years and probably has been for much longer. The Maikonde tribe, of Tanzania, developed an entirely new style of carving for the tourist market.

If it seems shocking that African carvers would be willing to do their holy work for money, that's partly because we've imposed the aura of the modern artist on them, even while insisting that their greatness comes from working in pre-modern society. The African piece that we see in museums—smooth, austere dark wood caught in a spotlight—were treated much less lovingly back in Africa. Tribal religious carvers try to make pieces so good that they will be inhabited by spirits, but carving is only one part of the process by which a piece attains "vital force"—it may also be prayed and danced over, sprinkled with powders, and bathed in sacrificial blood. When in ritual use, pieces are often painted in loud colors, festooned with bits of cloth and twine, and incorporate into garish costumes. Since the piece itself is considered neither a work of art nor an embodiment of a deity but only temporary residence for the vital force, pieces that are priceless treasures here

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were often simply discarded after a time there. Secular carving isn't necessarily sacrilegious, and after a tribe converts from animist religions, its carvers see no reason to stop carving, especially if they realize that it can be the tribe's main source of cash.

African art is extremely fertile ground for fakery. It has the basic condition for all art fakery—demand that far outstrips supply—and also, from the standpoint of a faker, several more particular advantages. African art is anonymous; through assiduous effort scholars have been able to take educated guesses about the identities of a few great carvers, but for the most part nobody knows who made the best pieces. It is generic; every Ashanti fertility doll, for example, has a flat circular face with the features arranged in a certain way, so an exact copy of a famous piece isn't necessarily inauthentic. It is impossible to establish provenance; almost never does an owner know exactly how a piece passed from the carver's hands into his. In fact, if the piece is a recent export, the owner had better not know, because he is violating a UNESCO convention. The great majority of pieces on the market are made of wood, and so aren't more than a hundred years old (if they were, they would have rotted back in Africa) and can't be scientifically dated. Finally, a large group of highly skilled fakers is available—namely, the very same African tribal carvers who made the "real" pieces.

The African art establishment's first line of defense against the threat that faking poses to its legitimacy is the idea that there is an unmistakable difference between the fake and the real. Since the Second World War, Africa, like other primitive-art-producing areas, has had factory-like operations in its cities that turn out thousands of pieces of what is called tourist art or airport art—cheap copies of tribal pieces, sold in local markets, with no pretensions to authenticity. Experts are completely dismissive of the quality of tourist art and insist that no one could confuse a tourist piece with a real one. They think that the work of African carvers done in response to the commercial demands of modern society is inevitably banal. Also, at least since the twenties European forgers have been producing fake African art, but this is usually portrayed as an extremely small industry, producing a few top-of-the-line fakes intended to fool the upper end of the market. Anyway, a real expert could tell the difference. Before the

1970s the idea that *all* art coming out of Africa had to be watched carefully because it might be fake was not widespread in the African-art world.

**W**HEN THE AFRICAN runners started coming to New York, in the early sixties, their wares were not automatically suspect. The first runners, according to knowledgeable people in the African-art world, were members of two Islamic extended families from Gambia, a tiny nation on the West African coast. They set up shop in the Hotel Lucerne, at Seventy-ninth and Amsterdam Avenue, on the Upper West Side, and began making their presence known to gallery owners, museum curators, and collectors. To the runners, the interest of Americans in African art was inexplicable and the neat typology of real, fake, and tourist meant nothing. Their hotel rooms would be packed with material that ranged from worthless to extremely valuable, all mixed together and all priced very low. "You had to go to a dimly lit room at the Lucerne and look at hundreds of pieces," says Ernst Anspach, a veteran collector in New York. "You looked at a dismaying array of objects, some very good, and the price was the same for good stuff as for bad."

The history of the runners is an oral one, and therefore not strictly verifiable. It holds that in the 1960s, after the Gambians had established their business, another group of traders came to New York: members of the Hausa, a tribe originally from northern Nigeria which for hundreds of years has made its living trading everything from ivory to textiles to slaves. The Lucerne filled up, and the runners became a substantial presence at two other hotels on the West Side. A Hausa trader might fly to New York with a load of art (often smuggled out of Africa along old gem-running routes), rent a van, work his way across the country, end up cash-rich and art-poor in Los Angeles, fly to Hong Kong, buy a load of watches, and fly back to Lagos to sell them and pick up more art. Those were the wild frontier days of running. Novice collectors sometimes bought by the roomful. Anspach once got a call from the Met asking him to check out a runner who had come over with 2,300 pieces and rented warehouse space for them in the expectation of a rapid sale, with the museum as his primary customer.

Eventually, the runners—who are mostly from Guinea, Liberia, and Cam-

eroon these days—moved down to the Times Square area, a good place to buy cosmetics and cheap Japanese electronic goods for resale back home. By now they have learned what the American market values and what it doesn't, and their prices for good pieces have gone from under \$100 to over \$1,000. Still, most of the top Americans in the field continue to see runners, because they are the only source of material besides existing collections and African tribes themselves. Greenhorns patronize the runners too, convinced that these people—usually illiterate and speaking only broken English—can't possibly know what the stuff they're selling is really worth.

Because I found that it was impossible to gain access to the runners as a reporter, I began buying art from them earlier this year. I found them to be nice, incredibly persistent (they call me all the time), and honest to the extent that if you ask them no questions, they'll tell you no lies. They don't claim a magnificent tribal origin for most of what they sell, but if pressed about the age of a piece, they'll usually say, "Oh, it's thirty, forty years old." Michael Oliver, a New York dealer I trust, because of his long experience with runners in Africa and in the United States, examined a couple of masks I bought on this assurance and said that one, two years old would be more like it. On one mask, if you looked inside a crack you saw that the wood was green; on the other, the patina of age came right off with the application of a little acetone on a Q-tip, again revealing green wood.

**A** VERITABLE AVALANCHE of African art has entered this country with the runners over the past twenty years. By all accounts only a tiny fraction of it is real. It's doubtful that any of it is European-made fakes, and no more than a substantial minority is true tourist art. The majority is produced by a growing industry in Africa and bought by Americans, quite often including serious collectors.

Probably most fake African art in this country ends up being sold in stores that aren't quite art galleries—they're gift shops, or home-décor shops, or import stores. Their price range is in the low-to-middle three figures, and the claims the shops make for what they sell vary widely but generally fall short of the reverent genealogies that serious galleries give for their pieces. One of the runners I met in the Hotel President, for example, was



busy affixing his goods with the price stickers of a crafts shop in Lexington, Kentucky. If you shop in stores of these kinds, you should believe no claim grander than that the pieces were hand-carved in Africa within the past five years. They have no resale or investment value, though some of them are quite attractive.

The galleries and dealers selling African art that supposedly is invested with tribal spirituality and of lasting value have, on the whole, a spotty record and should be approached with extreme care. Some dealers are simply dishonest, and knowingly present fake art as real. A larger group put the most optimistic assessment possible on pieces they buy from runners, and they're frequently wrong. When I asked top-of-the-line collectors, dealers, and curators how many African-art dealers in the world can be trusted absolutely not to sell a fake, the estimates I got ranged from a high of twenty to a low of five, and this is out of hundreds of dealers. Pace, Michael Oliver, and Merton Simpson, for example, all in New York, are said to have unblemished records con-

cerning the authenticity of what they sell.

Anyone can spot a crude fake, by applying acetone to the patina (this shouldn't bother the dealer, because a real patina won't come off). But it requires a real expert to detect a skillful job. Some dealers say they can simply look at a piece and feel the spirituality. Only a few scholars in the world, though, are so well versed in every tribe's iconography, carving techniques, and rituals that they can reliably spot telltale errors, such as incorrectly placed signs of wear or decorative motifs. Since the fakers usually work from photographs, they sometimes make mistakes in perspective or in the size of a piece (they know that the bigger the piece, the more it is worth in America). Roy Sieber, a professor at Indiana University and the associate director of the Smithsonian Institution's new National Museum of African Art, has used x-rays to expose the use of nontraditional tools and materials like metal-cutters and screws. So far, though, the best fakers have been able to stay one step ahead of the detection abilities of most potential buyers.

Often it's their very success that exposes them—suddenly there will be too many identical versions of an important piece around. But when that happens, they'll move on to something else. *African Arts*, published by the African Studies Center at UCLA, is the leading English-language magazine in the field and the prime advertising medium for galleries. In 1976 it published a special issue on faking in which several of the contributors (one a consulting editor of the magazine) casually mentioned that *African Arts* itself regularly publishes advertisements from dealers featuring pictures of fake objects.

Experts say they often spot fakes in the catalogues of the leading auction houses, and the houses have withdrawn pieces from auction because they have been found to be fake in the time since the catalogue was published. (It's easy to determine that a piece isn't real from a photograph if its iconography is incorrect, though to prove that a piece is real should require a firsthand inspection.) In a notorious example, Sotheby's in 1981 had to withdraw a mask that had appeared on the cover of one of its auc-

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tion catalogues. The cover of a book called *Collecting African Art* showed a carved wooden pipe in the shape of a man; the metal stem was found to be a later addition. In an auction last spring Phillips sold a pair of pieces billed as Yoruba bronze-amulet fragments from eighteenth-century Nigeria. The figure on the pieces is female, though, whereas every known authentic example from that tribe and date depicts a male king. A Parisian auction house dealt with the authenticity problem this year by printing in its catalogue the disclaimer that "these objects have never been used in any rite or sacred dance"; as a consequence, the prices fetched were low.

It's not unheard of for fakes to be shown in major museum shows. "Perspectives: Angles on African Art," a show assembled by the Center for African Art, includes objects that prominent people interested in African art have chosen as being among their personal favorites. One of the selectors, David Rockefeller, picked a Fanti figure from the collection of the Baltimore Museum of Art which is apparently a fake, and the book accompanying the exhibit, published by the Center for African Art and Harry N. Abrams, contains a disclaimer stating that the authenticity of the piece "has been challenged."

The donation of fakes to museums by collectors is so widespread that the Internal Revenue Service's Art Advisory Panel in 1984 established a special unit to review the deductions claimed on donations of primitive art. In 1985 it reviewed the valuations claimed by taxpayers on 595 items and adjusted 397 of them downward; the average overvaluation per piece was 571 percent (in 1984 it was 1,959 percent). In the one primitive-art case the Art Advisory Panel has brought to court so far, an Oklahoma couple named Ralph and Virginia Neely gave 318 pieces to the Duke University Museum, which exhibited fifty-seven of them. Most were fakes. They also gave 112 pieces to the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, in San Francisco, whose top African-art authority, Thomas K. Seligman, is a leading expert in the field. Seligman accepted all the pieces, and the museum sold 110 of them for an average price of \$238—less than a tenth of the value the Neelys had claimed for their donation on their tax return.

People familiar with this side of the African-art world say that most collectors who try to give away or put up for auc-



tion large numbers of fakes believe that they are real; usually the collectors were gulled by dealers. Perhaps the most infamous dealer of all, a man who lives up to the legendary standard of chutzpah established by the character Zero Mostel played in *The Producers*, is a Frenchman named Henri Kamer. Kamer made his first trip to Africa in 1947, and all through the fifties he brought out many valuable real pieces. Then he opened a string of galleries—in Cannes, Paris, New York, and Palm Beach—and became known as a leading spotter of fakes. He wrote about techniques for authenticating African art, and was Sotheby's hired expert at the Helena Rubinstein auction. He was also known for his grand way of life: he owned two Rolls-Royces, and in New York he kept an apartment in Aristotle Onassis's Olympic Tower.

He was the main dealer involved in building one of the great private collections, that of Paul Tishman, the New York construction magnate. When the Tishman collection was first exhibited, at the Musée de l'Homme, in Paris, it was found to contain many fakes, which were later removed from the collection. (Kamer says that "two or three pieces" in the collection were "not good," and adds, "Everybody makes mistakes, even the biggest expert. Three out of five hundred pieces isn't bad, considering that he sold the collection for four times what he paid for it.") Tishman sued Kamer and won a judgment, which

Kamer never paid. Kamer mostly got out of the African-art business, but he later sold fake antiquities to a major New York gallery. In 1982 he was successfully sued by the Irving Trust company for withdrawing \$1.4 million that the bank had erroneously deposited in his account and putting it in a numbered account in a bank in Monaco. Today he lives in New York and Key West, and is the executive vice president of Historic Treasure Management, a company that looks for buried treasure.

THE WORKSHOPS THAT have sprung up in Africa over the past fifteen years are far more sophisticated than the urban factories that produce tourist art. The piecemeal accounts from dealers, curators, and anthropologists make clear that the best workshops are located in villages near back-country cities; that the half dozen or so carvers in each workshop are members of traditional art-producing tribes, and often descendants of animist carvers; and that they always carve by hand, usually with traditional tools, and produce some pieces quickly and others with great care.

Some of the leading workshops are clustered around Korhogo, the Ivory Coast (specializing in Senufo birds); Kumasi, Ghana (Ashanti fertility dolls); Bamako, Mali (Bambana antelope head-dresses); Monrovia, Liberia (Dan masks and figures); and Foumban, Cameroon (Bamileke masks). Nigeria, Zaire, and Upper Volta are also full of workshops. The most common buyers of their work are traders from the Hausa and Fulani tribes, who typically will take it to a warehouse in town to await resale either to runners bound for America or Europe or to dealers in big African port cities that are considered major art markets, like Abidjan, the Ivory Coast, and Kinshasa, Zaire. There can be no doubt that this work is fake under the standard definition—that it must be "intended to deceive." Since traders and runners know that Westerners know that most of the tribal cultures have been dead for decades, they try to make the pieces look old. Often the workshop itself will take on aging a piece. The most common methods include darkening the piece with vegetable dyes or shoe polish, rubbing dirt into it, "distressing" it, which means banging it with blunt objects, rubbing it with another piece of wood, leaving it out on a termite heap for a couple of days, and breaking off and then reattaching a section (evidence





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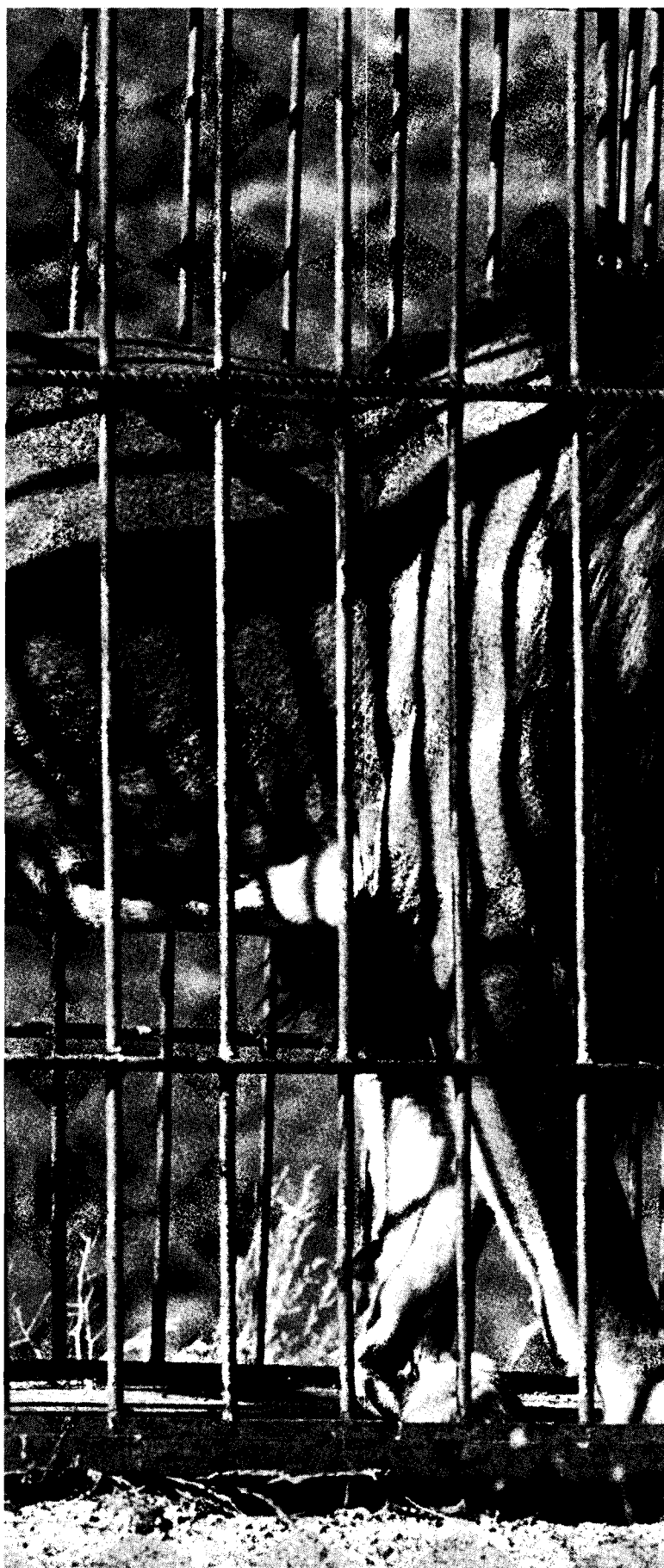
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of "native repair" is highly prized by collectors). Sometimes the traders will age pieces in their own facilities in town, or, in an effort to achieve what economists call "vertical integration," they will induce the carvers to move into their own compounds.

The workshops carefully keep up with market trends in New York, Paris, and London. People who have visited them say they have seen the latest coffee-table books and auction catalogues of African art in workshops deep in the bush, and when the workshops branch out to the styles of other tribes, they choose those that are in vogue in the West. Skilled fakes of the latest favored styles now come on the market with astonishing rapidity; runners turn up with copies of the material within a matter of months. In the 1970s the New York market was flooded with tourist and fake Dan masks and Bambana antelopes, and minor price collapses ensued. Knowing that if a piece has been danced it will be more valuable in New York, some tribes that practice a hybrid of Islam and animism will oblige by adjusting their rituals—by, for example, using many more masks than is customary, or by using ritual dances to celebrate nontraditional holidays, for example Cameroonian National Day. Traders and dealers will sometimes photograph these rituals; in any case, they can claim with a straight face that a piece they're selling was danced.

The two most complete recent first-hand accounts of the operations of workshops come from Dolores Richter, who traveled to Africa while a graduate student at Southern Illinois University, and Doran H. Ross, the curator of the African collection at UCLA's Museum of Cultural History, and his colleague Raphael X. Reichert. Richter lived for more than a year in the northern Ivory Coast with the Kulebele, a wood-carving subgroup of the Senufo tribe. She concluded that carving for money has actually enhanced the carvers' artistic skill, because it allows them to devote so much time to their craft; previously they carved only when new pieces were needed for rituals. The Kulebele continue to carve ritual pieces for the Senufo and for other tribes while also carving for the market. They observe old tribal customs (for example, the practice of sinking an adze into anyone who watches them carving), at least in part to keep competitors out of the business. Their best commercial work is widely admired

within the tribe, for aesthetic reasons and because it has brought the carvers motorbikes and television sets—and watches, which are prized even though the Kulebele don't know how to read them.

In 1977 Ross and Herbert M. Cole put together an exhibition, *The Arts of Ghana*, and wrote an accompanying book with the same title. They later discovered that the exhibition had included five fakes, lent by private collections and museums. In 1979 Ross and Reichert persuaded a trader in Accra, the capital of Ghana, to take them to the workshop in Kumasi where the fakes had been made. There they met three carvers, relatives of the head Ashanti carver, who had been educated by Roman Catholics and had been in the business of faking for about six years. The carvers worked mostly in the Ashanti style, though they had produced Fanti and Baule work, too. To make their pieces look old, they patinated them with, among other substances, black automobile enamel, a mixture of carpenter's glue and soot, and the juice of kola nuts, and they sold them to Hausa traders. Like the Kulebele, they were frank about being in it for the money, but they also took great pride in their best work. In a 1983 article Ross and Reichert wrote that at least twenty of the workshop's pieces had been presented as authentic in the previous six years; since then, Ross says, he has seen pieces on display in eight museums, which he declines to name because of "legal implications."

THE USUAL KNOCK on contemporary African carvers is that the influence of the West has caused them to devolve into merely folk artists. Critics can hold up a traditional Yoruba Gelede mask side by side with a modern version that has a motorcycle cop perched on its head and say that here is evidence of a culture that has lost its serene self-confidence and come to think of itself as simple and goofy.

The best workshops, though, know better than to let any folkish note creep into their carvings. They might be compared to European court artists: they work on orders from and in styles dictated by their patrons, but their talent is so great that it's unfair to deny them the title of artist just because they're not trying to express a personal vision. The difference between the carvers and the court painters is that the carvers live

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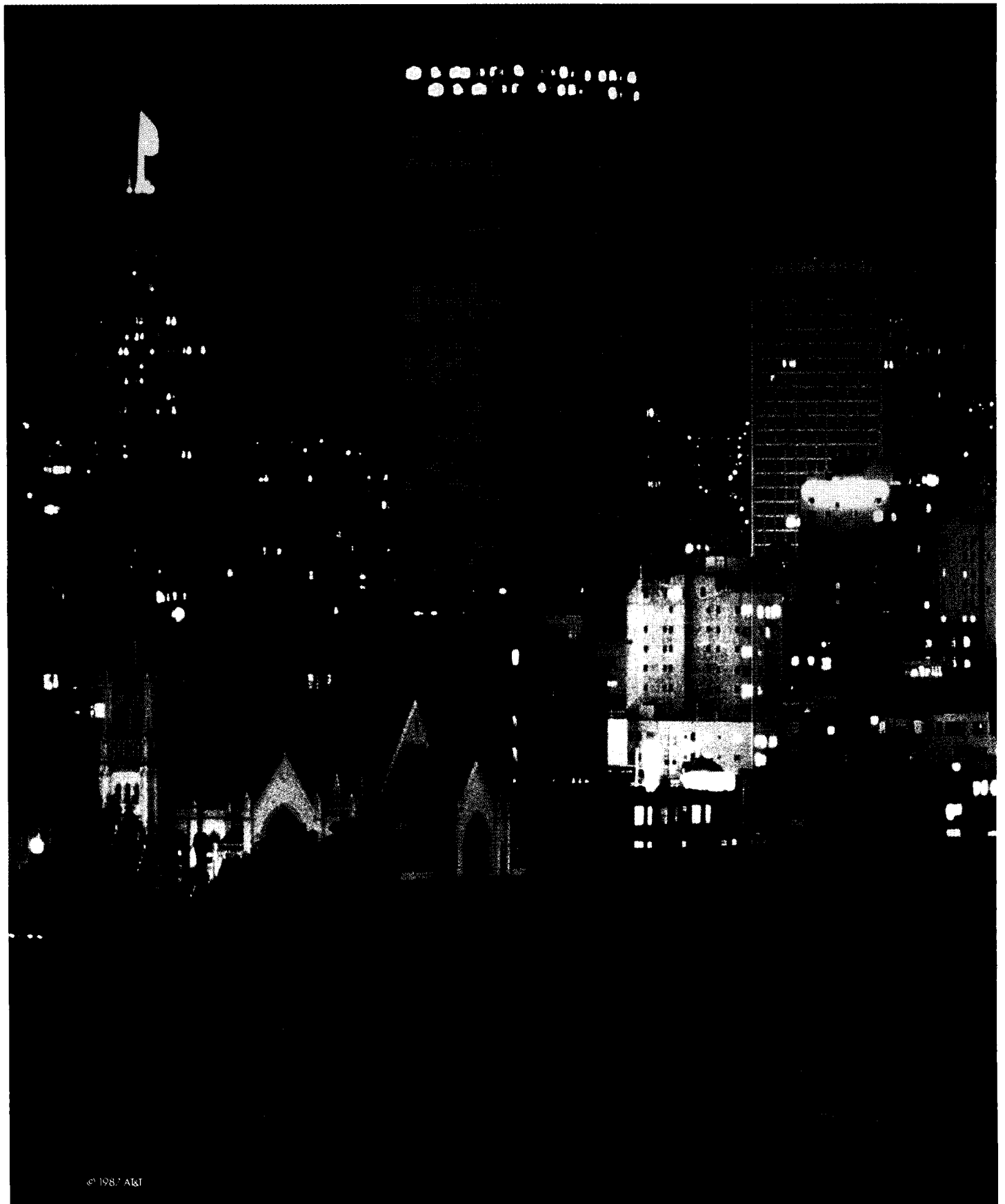
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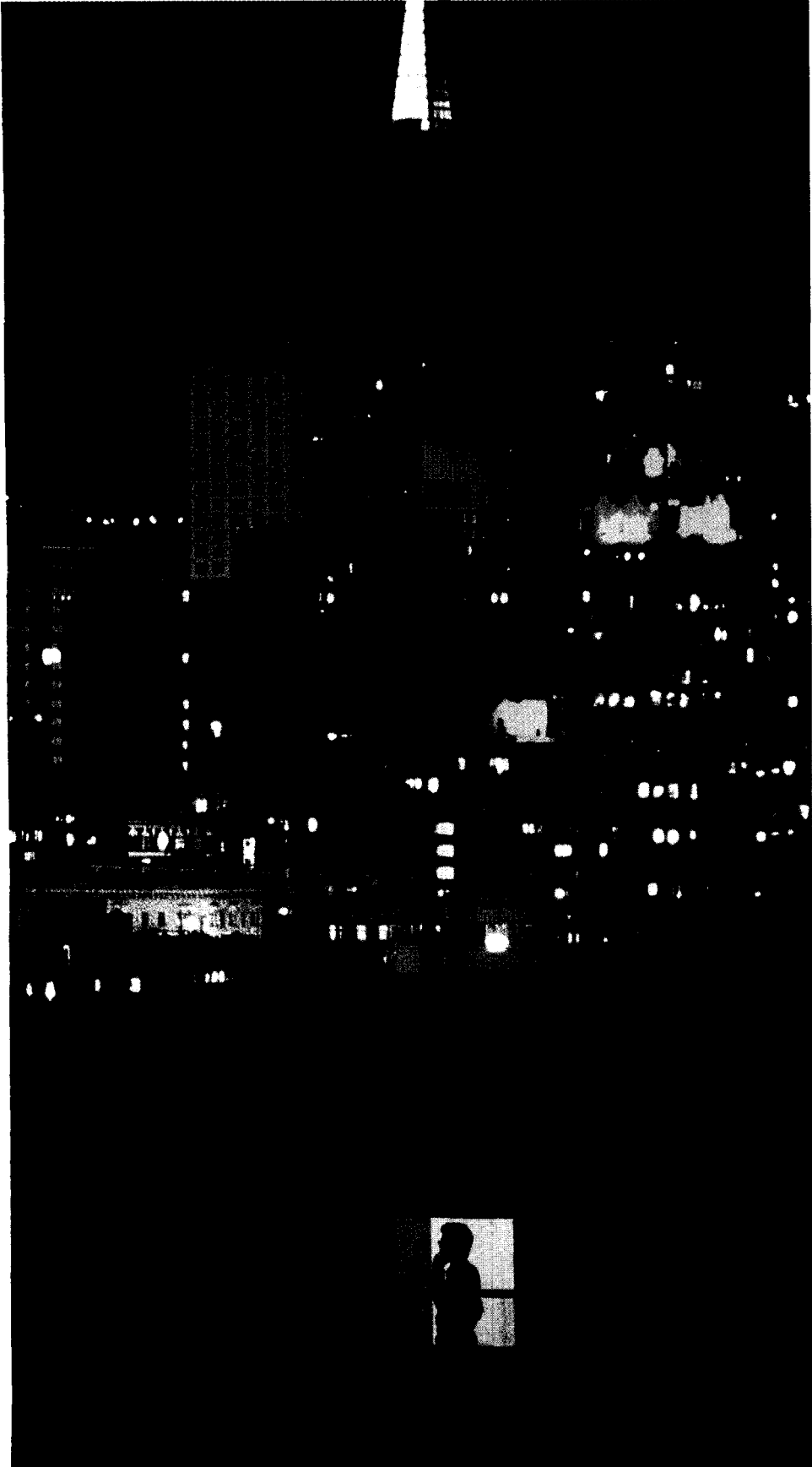


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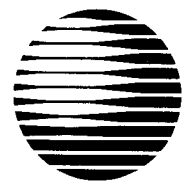
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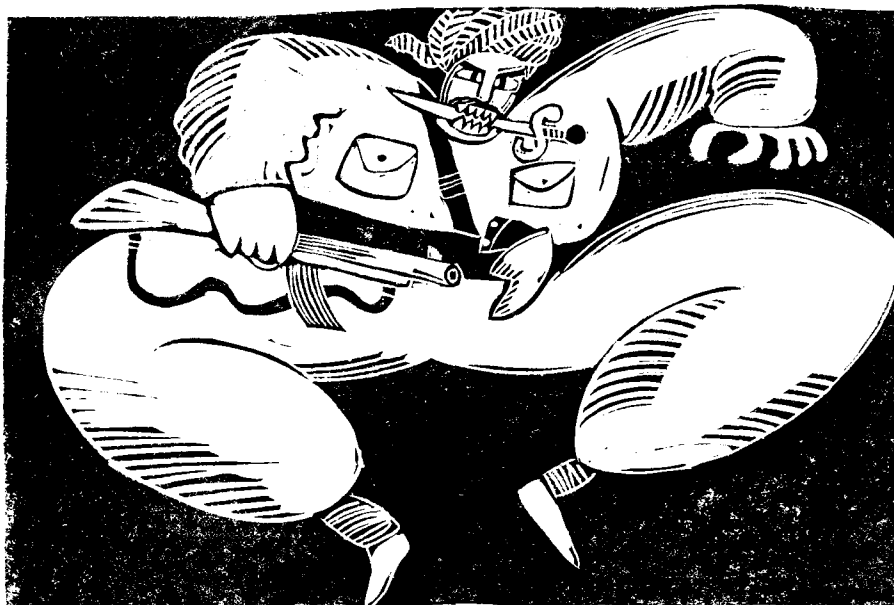
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thousands of miles from their patrons and have never met them. Still, the work they do is dictated by the tastes of Paris and New York. It's imbued with the assumptions of the court (in this case mainly the assumption that the African genius is a primitive tribal one) just as surely as Goya's work was, and the degree of secret disdain of the patron by the artist is probably similar.

For the moment and likely for the future, there is no chance that the Western market could appreciate the African workshops for what they really are. All the evidence suggests that that's fine with the workshops. They'll just keep carving, and the market in African art will continue to be made up mostly of fakes.

—Nicholas Lemann



## KURDISTAN SONS OF DEVILS

*In a turbulent region the stateless Kurds play the role of spoiler*

IN THE WINTER of 401 B.C. a tired and defeated army of Greek mercenaries was slowly making its way home from Mesopotamia, after failing to topple the Persian king Artaxerxes II. Crossing the Taurus Mountains, in what is today southeastern Turkey, the mercenaries were set upon by bands of Carduchi, a fierce race of bowmen, who caused more harm to the Greeks in seven days of hit-and-run raids than had the Persians during the entire Mesopotamian campaign. An account of the harrowing retreat was provided by Xenophon, one of the Greek commanding officers. Xenophon wrote that the Carduchi lived in the mountains and were not subject to outside authority: "Indeed, a royal army of a hundred and twenty thousand had once invaded their country, and not a man of them had got back. . . ."

Not all that much has changed in 2,400 years. The Carduchi may well have been what we now call Kurds, an Indo-European people, speaking a language akin to Persian, who first occupied the Zagros and Taurus ranges in the second millennium B.C. The Kurds are among history's greatest warriors: Saladin, the Moslem general who repossessed Jerusalem and much of the Holy Land from the Crusaders, was a Kurd. Their bows and slings have long since been replaced by Soviet-made AK-47 assault rifles and rocket-propelled grenades. Perched on isolated slopes, amid oak and mountain ash, Kurdish guerrillas known as *pesh mergas* ("those who are prepared to die") have in recent years wiped out whole units of Turkish and Iraqi soldiers and Iranian revolutionary guards. True to their past, the Kurds are a law unto themselves.

Although there are no trustworthy figures, it is estimated that upwards of 16 million Kurds inhabit an ellipse of territory that is larger than California and that spreads over portions of Turkey, Syria, Iraq, Iran, and the Soviet Union. (There is also a Kurdish community about 70,000 strong in Lebanon.) In geopolitical terms the Kurds occupy one

of the most tantalizing bits of real estate on earth. The deserts of the Middle East and the plateaus of Central Asia and Anatolia all ram up against the 10,000-foot massifs of Kurdistan ("the land of the Kurds"). Between the southernmost Red Army units and the northernmost of the great Arabian oil fields dwell the Kurds. More than 70 percent of Iraq's oil exports pass through Kurdistan on their way to the Mediterranean: a pipeline to transport Iranian crude is soon to be built. In a Kurdish region of southeastern Turkey one of the world's biggest hydroelectric projects is under construction; Syrians fear that the project will drain the Euphrates, on which Syria also depends, in order to irrigate Turkish farms. Because statehood has always eluded them, the Kurds are hostage to the strategies of others. A Kurdish terrorist group, believed to have been trained in Syria, now constitutes Turkey's chief internal-security problem, according to Turkish officials in Ankara. Other Kurdish guerrillas, supported by both Syria and Iran, control much of northern Iraq. And *pesh mergas*, assisted by Iraq are the most militarily potent of the opposition forces inside Iran. All these disparate groups have at one time or another enjoyed crucial assistance from the Soviet Union, which not only is nearby but also has a long tradition of expansion in the area. Although Kurdistan does not officially exist as a state, a lesson in geopolitics could easily begin with the Kurds. For decades their fortunes have served as a barometer of the stability of every state in the region.

ACCORDING TO ONE legend, the Kurds are descended from 400 virgins who were raped by devils on the way to King Solomon's court. Fatah Kaviani, a member of the central committee of the anti-Khomeini Kurdistan Democratic Party of Iran, smiled modestly when I mentioned the tale to him recently. "This may be true," he said. Kurds take satisfaction in their reputation as spoilers who, owing to their total command of one of the world's harshest terrains, can never be completely vanquished. Perhaps because they were distinct people, with their own language and culture, for at least 1,500 years before converting to Islam, in the seventh century A.D., their religious affinity with Persians, Turks, and Arabs has counted for little. If anything, religion has helped to estrange the Kurds from their

neighbors. Some Kurds from Iran flaunt their secular values as a way of demonstrating their opposition to the ethnic-Persian, Shiite theocracy in Tehran. At every evening meal I took with Iranian *pesh mergas* in northeastern Iraq during a recent trip, whiskey and beer were served. In Turkey, however, a state founded on the fiercely secular principles of Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, Kurdish revolts have combined fundamentalism with nationalism. Kurds in southeastern Turkey today distinguish themselves from Turks by strict adherence to Moslem tradition. While polygamy is officially banned, many Kurdish peasants in Turkey have more than one wife. Last May, during the holy month of Ramadan, the only persons apparently not fasting in the ethnic-Kurdish town of Hakkari, near the Iran and Iraq borders, were the Turkish troops sent there by Ankara.

Race and language aside, what seems to make a Kurd a Kurd is an almost spiritual affinity with the beloved moors and snow-streaked mountains of Kurdistan. As the first row of domed, yellowy hills appeared on the horizon, rippling upward from the desert floor in northeastern Iraq, my Kurdish driver glanced back at the desert, sucked his tongue in disdain, and said, "Arabistan." Then, looking toward the hills, he murmured, "Kurdistan," and his eyes lit up. But if geography helps to define the Kurds, it also helps to divide them. The ranks of jagged peaks, with their walled-in valleys and forbidding chasms, seal the Kurds off from one another as much as from the outside world. Like the Scottish highlanders of previous centuries, the Kurds are more an assemblage of clans than a united people. This disunity is reflected in the myriad of Kurdish guerrilla armies fighting at cross-purposes, making statehood an impossible dream.

Bad luck has abetted disunity. In the aftermath of the First World War the Kurds came close to winning a state of their own. The 1920 Treaty of Sèvres, whose purpose was to carve up and distribute the Ottoman Empire, provided for a Kurdish homeland in eastern Turkey. The following year, however, Kemal Ataturk defeated an invading Greek army and, by laying the groundwork for a new, cohesive Turkish state in the Anatolian heartland, was able to demand the treaty's revision. After the Second World War the Soviets, who had occupied northern Iran, allowed for the es-

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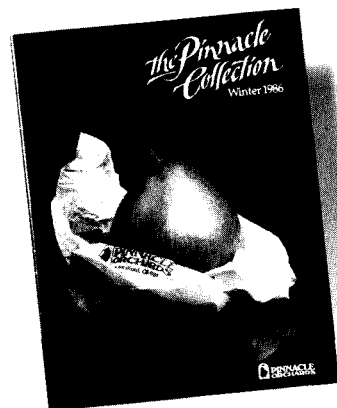


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establishment of a small pro-Moscow Kurdish republic around the city of Mahabad. But as a result of Anglo-American pressure and an increasing preoccupation with Eastern Europe and the Balkans, Stalin abandoned his Iranian holdings at the end of 1946, leaving the Kurds at the mercy of Reza Shah, the late Shah's father, who crushed the fledgling regime and executed its leader, Ghazi Mohammed. To this day photos of Ghazi Mohammed occupy a prominent place in Kurdish redoubts in Iraq and Iran.

Another influential figure in Mahabad, Mulla Mustafa Barzani, lived in exile in the Soviet Union for more than a decade. Barzani later returned to lead several rebellions in northern Iraq—supported covertly this time by the United States, Israel, and Iran. The most serious of these rebellions broke out in March of 1974, when the Iraqi regime had to use tanks and planes to repel Barzani's forces. Following an agreement between Iraq and Iran in 1975, the Shah withdrew his support from the Kurds and the revolt collapsed. The *pesh mergas* retreated to their caves in the

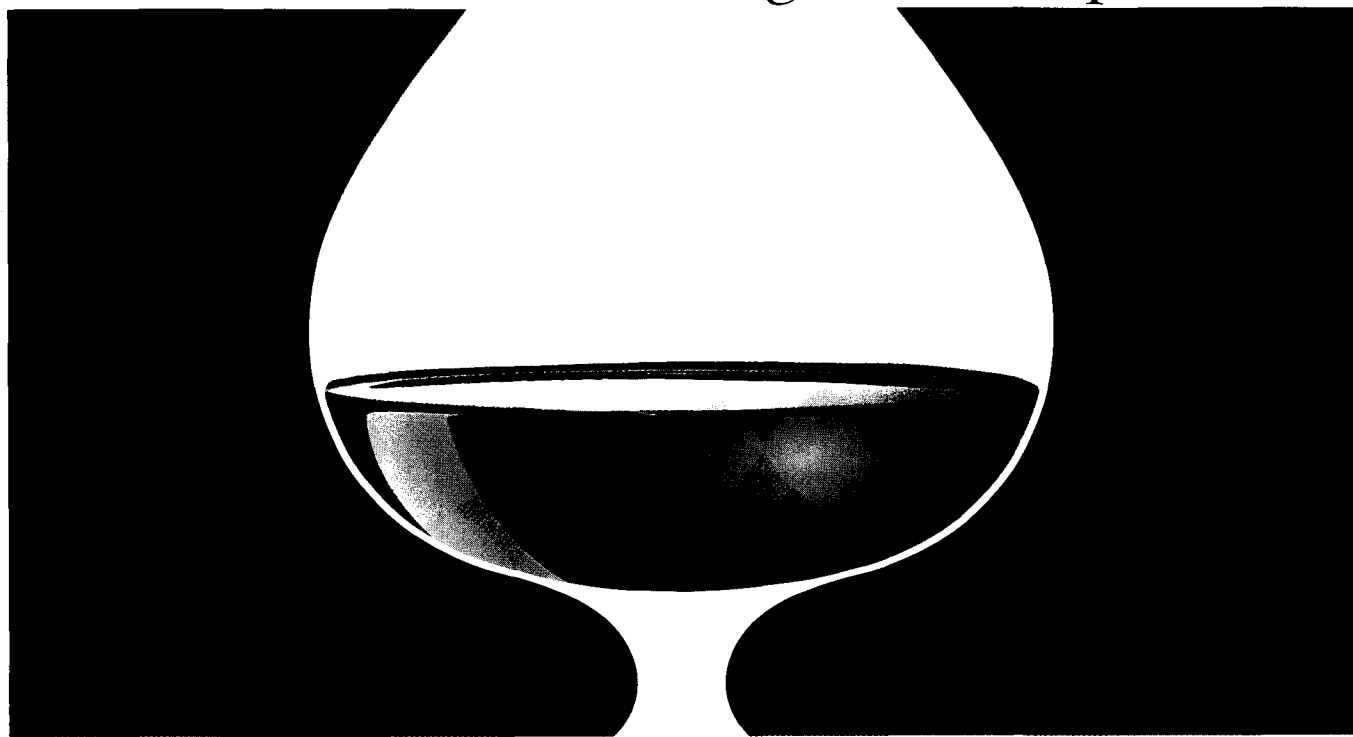
mountains, and Barzani went into exile in the United States, where he died in 1979, in Washington, D.C.

The outbreak of the Iran-Iraq war in September of 1980 provided the Kurds with another opportunity. As Iraqi troops were diverted to the war front in the south, fewer were available to confront resurgent *pesh mergas*. Northern Iraq is now a cauldron of Kurdish separatism. Heading north into the mountains from the city of Sulaymaniyah, one comes to a point where the hitherto ubiquitous billboard pictures of Iraq's President, Saddam Hussein At-Takriti, suddenly vanish. So do Iraqi soldiers. Replacing them are *pesh mergas* with bandoliers, wearing turbans, baggy trousers, vests, and cummerbunds. According to the map it is still Iraq. But in this part of the country Baghdad's writ is hardly law. The 2.5 million Kurds who live in Iraq make up almost a fifth of the country's population. Most of them live in the mountains of the oil-rich north, where their very presence calls into question the viability of the Iraqi state. (Iraq was created after the First World War through the ad hoc process of join-

ing Turkey's ethnic-Kurdish Mosul province with Arab Mesopotamia.) Although in Arabic the word *Iraq* means "well rooted," Iraq's shallow roots as a nation have been a factor in the psychological insecurity that has given one Baghdad regime after another its perverse, bloodthirsty quality. By all accounts, Iraqis are among the most greatly oppressed people in the Arab world. Iraq's record of human-rights violations includes the documented torture-related murder of several Kurdish youths, in the fall of 1985. Of all the governments in the region, none has less control over the Kurds than Baghdad. Even Iraq's own troops are a question mark, since many of Iraq's irregular soldiers in the north are themselves ethnic Kurds—known to *pesh mergas* as the *josh* ("sons of donkeys")—upon whose loyalty Iraq cannot rely.

The mountains of northern Iraq are home to no fewer than five Kurdish guerrilla armies. In the Turkish border area Mustafa Barzani's son, Massoud Barzani, leads the Kurdish Democratic Party. The Ayatollah Khomeini is backing the Barzani clan, as the Shah did in

It is a beautiful warmth that begins on the lips,





the early 1970s. Barzani is also receiving support from Libya. Thus the KDP, a tool of American policy only fifteen years ago, when it got help from the Shah, the United States, and Israel, is now very much a tool of anti-American forces. Barzani's troops threaten Iraq's international highway and oil pipeline to Turkey. Over to the east, near the border with Iran, is Jalal Talebani's Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK), backed by Iran and Syria. Talebani split with the Barzanis in 1975, but they are now reconciled and both organizations are fighting Iraq. However, Talebani is hosting on his territory another *pesh merga* force, Abdel Rahman Qassemlu's Kurdistan Democratic Party of Iran (KDPI), which cooperates with Iraq against Iran. The compact was explained to me by Said Badal, a Qassemlu aide: "Our cooperation with Iraq is limited to the struggle with Iran, so that does not necessarily make us enemies of Talebani, who is fighting Iraq." Barzani's KDP, Talebani's PUK, and Qassemlu's KDPI can put into the field as many as 10,000 *pesh mergas* each. The two other Kurdish groups, both Iranian in origin but based in Iraq's

northeastern border area, are much smaller, with about 500 *pesh mergas* apiece: the Marxist-Leninist Komala, and the force of Shaikh Ezzedin Hosseini. Hosseini, who was the Sunni Moslem leader of Mahabad in the 1970s, now maintains a loose alliance with Qassemlu. The complexity of the military situation becomes apparent at the KDPI command center in the cliffside town of Gowreh-deh, five miles from the Iranian border. Looking out over the deforested valley, one can see four different armies.

Crossing into Iran involves a fast march of two hours, by night, from a point north of Gowreh-deh. The thud of Iraqi and Iranian artillery is heard throughout. The two armies exchange fire from the mountaintops on each side of the border; the valleys and defiles in between are controlled by Qassemlu's Kurds. The KDPI is said to have fifteen staging posts on the Iranian side of the border, from which it launches attacks as deep as a hundred miles into Iran. "When darkness approaches, the *pas-daran* [Revolutionary Guards] leave the towns and we enter to get food from the

villagers," says Ahmed Nastani, a *pesh merga* commander. "At night everything is free for us." Iran's five million Kurds, who account for about 11 percent of the country's population, are the second largest of all of Iran's ethnic minorities, after the Azerbaijanis. The *pesh merga* rebellion, which appears to be militarily more significant than that of the better-known Mujahidin Khalq (a leftist, Persian-dominated organization led by Masoud Rajavi), illuminates an aspect of the Iranian reality that has been more or less obscured in recent years. Ethnic minorities, who also include Arabs, Baluchis, and Turkomans, make up nearly half of Iran's population. Because some of these people, like the Kurds, are not Shiites, Ayatollah Khomeini's brand of nationalism is even more alienating than was that of the late Shah. As a consequence, the mullahs' regime, after eight years, still has not managed to consolidate its rule in the outlying minority regions to the extent that the Shah was able to. Here may be where the authorities in Tehran are the most vulnerable to foreign pressure and involvement.

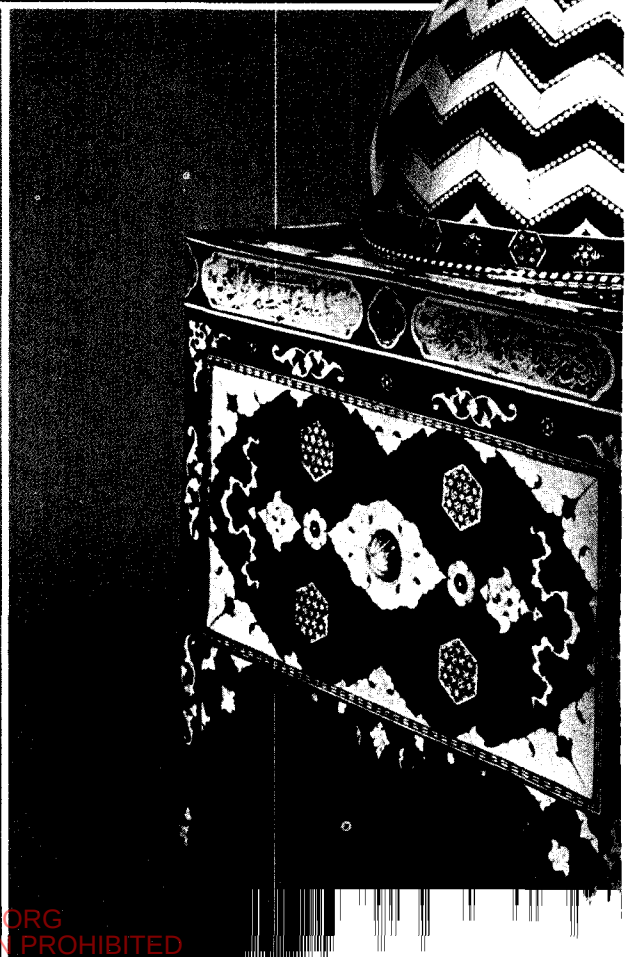
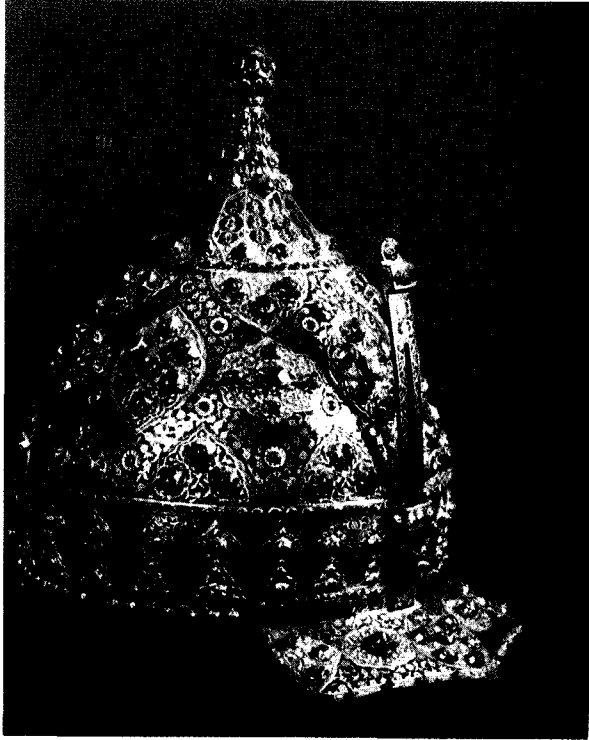
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THE LARGEST KURDISH population is in southeastern Turkey, where half the Kurds in the world live. Although 15 percent of Turkey's 52 million people are Kurdish, Turkish governments since Ataturk's have made no concession to the Kurds. The Kurdish language is not taught in schools, and Kurdish broadcasts and publications are banned. Officially, the Kurds don't even exist; the Ankara government prefers to call them "eastern compatriots" or "mountain Turks." Despite the size of the community, its history of revolt, and the extent of government repression, for the first half of this decade the Kurds were less of a menace to Ankara than they were to either of the two war-weakened regimes in Baghdad and Tehran. A military coup in 1980—which occurred, coincidentally, in the same month that Iran and Iraq went to war—gave Turkey a strong central government better able to control the country's volatile southeast.

Lately, however, the situation has deteriorated. According to the Turkish daily *Hurriyet*, more than 400 armed attacks by Kurdish guerrillas have taken place in the past three years. Some 150 Turkish security officers and several hundred civilians, many of them women and children, have been killed. Turks see unsettling similarities between the recently quickening pace of Kurdish attacks and the urban guerrilla activity in the late 1970s that led to the coup. And because these attacks are happening at a time of increasing democratization, people in Ankara, both in and out of government, are discussing the Kurdish problem more openly and more honestly than ever before.

Almost all the violence is done by the Kurdish Workers' Party, a self-declared Marxist group that Western diplomats and others believe has, at most, a thousand active fighters. The group assaults remote border-area villages, going after anyone (often another Kurd) who has a close relative believed to be cooperating with the Turkish authorities or who is believed to be doing so himself. Its zeal in murdering civilians—in one instance, a grenade was tossed down a house's chimney—has caused the Workers' Party to be branded "terrorist." The Workers' Party leader, Abdullah Ocalan, is reported to be living in Damascus. Turkish officials privately accuse Syria of training the group, with Soviet-bloc help. Adnan Kahveci, the chief adviser to Turkey's Prime Minister, Turgut Ozal, explained to me that "Syria has

never been favorable toward Turkey." He said that "a good argument" could be made for describing the Workers' Party as a tool of Soviet and Syrian policy.

The Turks are now securing the Syrian border with barbed-wire fences and video cameras. Nevertheless, officials in Ankara admit that terrorists based in Syria (whose Kurdish population is more than half a million) can cross into Turkey by way of Kurdish-controlled parts of northern Iraq. Given the forbiddingly mountainous topography of the region, no one can say for certain that they're not based inside Turkey itself, hiding in caves for months at a time. On several occasions the Turkish air force has, with the consent of the Iraqi government, bombed guerrilla hideouts across the border; the utility of these raids is doubted.

Quite apart from the human toll taken by the Workers' Party, it presents an economic threat. More than a third of Turkey's oil comes from the Kirkuk fields, just across the border in Iraq. There is speculation that if Baghdad's authority in the north weakens further, Ankara might attempt to occupy the oil-rich Mosul province that Ataturk relinquished six decades ago. The tension is palpable in Hakkari, a town of 20,000 people less than thirty miles from the border with Iraq. The streets bristle with walkie-talkies and European-designed G-1 and G-3 rifles. Four separate security services patrol the streets, and helicopters prowl the surrounding mountains.

Both Syria and the Soviet Union have ample incentive to harbor ill will toward Turkey. Kahveci pointed out that the Syrians have never accepted Turkey's incorporation, in 1939, of Hatay, a predominantly Arab province, located strategically in the northeast corner of the Mediterranean; to this day official Syrian maps do not recognize Turkey's sovereignty there. And Damascus now sees another threat in the thirteen-dam South-East Anatolia Project, scheduled to begin operation in the 1990s, in the vicinity of the ethnic-Kurdish city of Diyarbakir. As observers in Ankara explained the problem to me, although Turkey has declared that it has no intention of using Syrian water, the Damascus government knows that the network of dams will give Turkey the ability to do so.

Turkey is on less overtly hostile terms with the Soviet Union, but this relationship remains deeply ambivalent. Turkey

is a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, yet its Bosphorus Strait provides the only warmwater egress for the Soviet navy. Thus, even though the two countries are traditionally enemies and now belong to opposing alliances, Moscow's official dealings with Ankara have usually been correct. The ambivalence was evinced in the 1970s when the Soviet Union, through its satellite Bulgaria, supplied arms to various Turkish extremist factions, while at the same time giving Turkey significant economic aid. Today, even as the Turkish-Soviet economic relationship is again warming up, Moscow is broadcasting Kurdish-language radio programs into southeastern Turkey, using a high-powered transmitter in Yerevan, in Soviet Armenia. The content of these broadcasts is said to be more cultural than political. But with Turkey's discontented Kurds wedged between the Soviet Union and its ally Syria, there is no need for Moscow to be blatant.

ANKARA'S VULNERABILITY helps explain why the Turkish government has permitted the Soviets to use an air-and-land corridor through eastern Turkey in order to supply Iraq with military hardware. Throughout the seven-year-long Gulf War, Moscow has remained Iraq's principal arms supplier. Its motive is clear. An Iranian victory would serve to improve the morale and the strength of the *mujahidin* fighting the Soviet army in Afghanistan: four of the seven main Afghan resistance groups are fundamentalist, and many of their members are Farsi-speaking like the Iranians, and look to the Shiite clergy in Tehran for support.

Were Iraq to be defeated in the Gulf War, despite tremendous Soviet military support, the various Kurdish guerrilla organizations, all of which have left-leaning ideologies and have dealt with Moscow before, would constitute the best available insurgency option for the Soviets—a way to keep Iran weak and preoccupied, and thus in a position, as it is now, where it needs to curry Moscow's favor. It is an option that the United States, conceivably, could also employ as a means of pressuring the mullahs—much as Washington used Barzani's Kurds in 1974 to pressure Iraq. Draw up any scenario you please: the Kurds are available. Lacking a state of their own, the Kurds thrive when all the existing states are in turmoil.

—Robert D. Kaplan

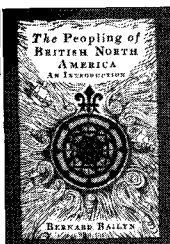
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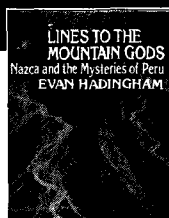
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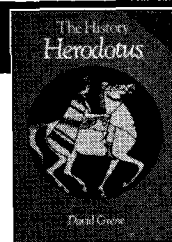
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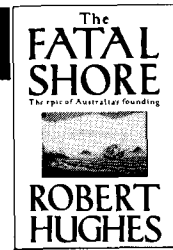
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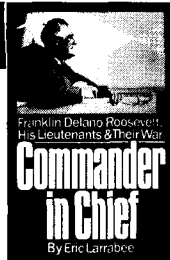
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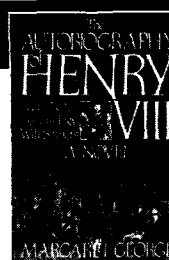
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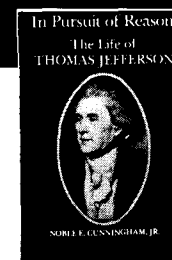
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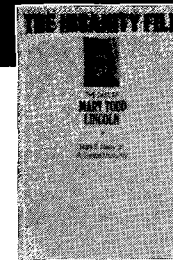
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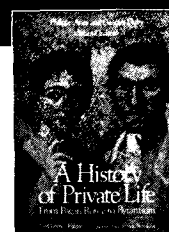
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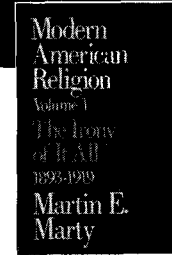
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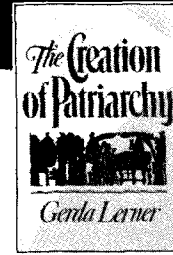
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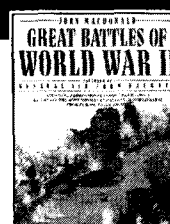
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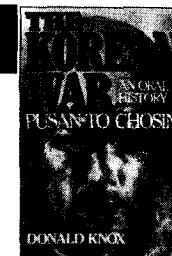
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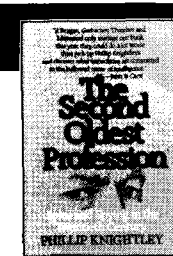
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# MY GEOPHAGY PROBLEM—AND YOURS

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



WHEN WE READ items in *The New York Times* to do with human behavior or the physical universe or so on, our reaction is, "Well, this is certainly On Solid Ground." Not long ago the *Times* revealed that scientists had discovered that people who were told not to think about a white bear had a lot more thoughts about a white bear than people who weren't told not to think about a white bear. I forget the exact figures. Any day I expect the *Times* to disclose research establishing that some strikingly low percentage of people know you when you're down and out.

So when the *Times* runs something that reflects on me as a southerner, I can't just dismiss it as off the wall. I have to explain it to the people I live among, which is to say northerners. One morning I picked up the *Times* and saw my work cut out for me. Here was the headline: "SOUTHERN PRACTICE OF EATING DIRT SHOWS SIGNS OF WANING."

"While it is not uncommon these days to find people here who eat dirt," the story said, many southerners "are giving up dirt because of the social stigma attached to it."

Now, I would be willing to argue, in a quasi-agrarian way, that the giving up of dirt is part of the downside of modern life. The giving up of eating dirt, however, is a subject that I frankly kind of resent having to discuss. And not because it hits too close to home. The truth is, I never started eating dirt. The stigma attached to dirt-eating is one of a handful of stigmas that I have never even considered feeling. But try telling that to northerners.

People who attend fashionable northern soirees read *The New York Times*. The very night of the dirt-eating story, I was in someone's chic salon eating arugula. A woman with a crewcut heard my accent.

"What do you do?" she asked.

I said I was a writer.

"Ah, yes," she said. "Of course. Southerners are all natural storytellers. Sitting on the old screen porch, dog under the rocker, flies on the baby, everyone spitting and spinning yarns compounded of biblical cadences and allusions to animals named B'rer."

"One thing I never realized, though," she went on, "was that you eat dirt."

At that point there were two tacks I could take. I could say, "Well, I know there are some folks down south who like to chew on clay, but I never ate any myself and neither did any of my relatives or friends, and in point of fact I never even saw anybody eat dirt."

The response to that tack would have been a knowing look. "Here is a man who comes from people who eat dirt and he thinks he is better than they are." She would be thinking I couldn't handle stigma. Or that I was inauthentic. Southern *and* inauthentic: the worst of both worlds.

So I took the second tack. "Hell, yes, we eat dirt," I said. "And if you never ate any blackened red dirt, you don't know what's good. I understand you people up here eat raw fish." But of course sushi was dead now, I told this northerner, and people were Cajuned out, and even New Zealand cuisine was about to go the way of Australian, and now that this big New Guinea place,

Yam Yam, was so overpraised, I figured the time was ripe for investing in dirt restaurants.

None of the northerners I used this tack on had realized that it was time to get a northerner to believe something is to talk to him as if you assume that he knows it already and that most people don't. I raised \$3,800 in one evening. I figured when these investors came to me wondering what had happened to their money, I could admit that dirt-dining wasn't quite happening yet after all—that when they had invested in it, it had been ahead of its time. Which would have consoled them more than you might think.

BUT THEN THE *Times* came out with another headline: "CLAY EATING PROVES WIDESPREAD BUT REASON IS UNCERTAIN."

Uh-oh, I thought.

"The practice of eating dirt, usually fine clays, is so common in so many societies," the *Times* story began, "that it must be regarded as a normal human behavior rather than an oddity, according to scientists who are studying it."

Consider the difficulty of my position when the *Times* revealed that dirt-eating was known by experts as geophagy, and was no more peculiarly southern—or, for that matter, peculiar—than rabbits. "Historical records of earth-eating in Europe go back to 300 BC, when Aristotle described it," the *Times* said.

The northerners wanted their investment back. Some of them had reached the conclusion that there was no real pres-



tige value in dirt-eating. Others wanted to look into importing as-yet-underpriced French dirts. I told them I had plowed all their money into development.

WHAT I HAD done was send the money to my Uncle Mullet, who did eat dirt. When I said I never had any relatives who ate dirt, I wasn't counting my Uncle Mullet, who is not my blood uncle and I never felt responsible for him, because he did everything, up to and including worship through snakebite. He wasn't typical of anybody's family. He had armadillos and lived with a woman named Valvoline. He always did just exactly what nobody wanted him to, and wouldn't even talk to anybody else in the family on the phone. Didn't have a phone. So no wonder I would feel free to say that I never had any relatives who ate dirt.

But Uncle Mullet did, and one afternoon he went over to his favorite clayhole to dig some up, and a man dressed all in freshly-ordered-looking L. L. Bean clothing came out from behind a tree to wave a POSTED sign at him.

"Stranger," the man said in a northern accent, "you are eating my land."

"What do you mean, 'your land'?" my Uncle Mullet said. "This spot has been free for folks to come to for clay ever since I don't know when."

The northerner looked at him in a certain way.

"And what do you mean, 'eating'?" Uncle Mullet said. "I wouldn't . . ."

And that's what broke his spirit. After a lifetime of doing every awful thing he felt like, proudly, Uncle Mullet had denied to a northerner that he did something that he had always done. Had denied it just because the northerner had looked at him in a certain way enough times to make him feel looked at in a certain way.

And it disgusted Uncle Mullet to the point that he stopped trying to shift for himself, and everybody in the family had to start sending my Aunt Rayanne money to keep him up. (Valvoline dropped him.)

And of course the reason the man in the unbroken-in L. L. Bean outfit was protecting the old clayhole was that he had just bought all that area through there so he could get in on the ground floor of the chain of fine dirt restaurants that I had led him to believe, late one night in that chic salon, was about to happen.

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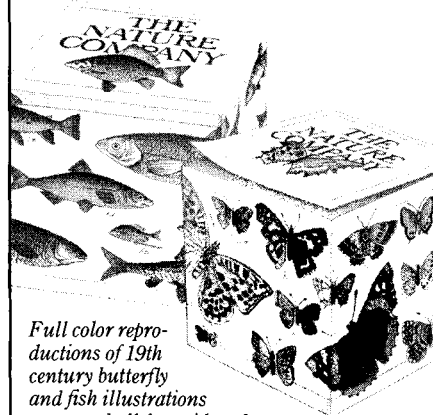
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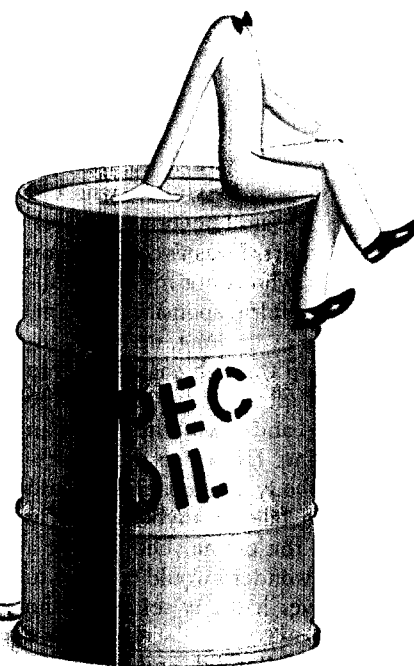
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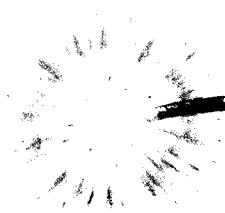
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*Our Asia correspondent offers a dark view of  
a nation not only without nationalism but also without much national pride*

## A DAMAGED CULTURE

BY JAMES FALLOWS

### A New Philippines?

IN THE UNITED STATES THE COMING OF THE AQUINO government seemed to make the Philippines into a success story. The evil Marcos was out, the saintly Cory was in, the worldwide march of democracy went on. All that was left was to argue about why we stuck with our tawdry pet dictator for so long, and to support Corazon Aquino as she danced around coup attempts and worked her way out of the problems the Marcoses had caused.

This view of the New Philippines is comforting. But after six weeks in the country I don't think it's very realistic. Americans would like to believe that the only colony we ever had—a country that modeled its institutions on ours and still cares deeply about its relations with the United States—is progressing under our wing. It's not, for rea-

sons that go far beyond what the Marcoses did or stole. The countries that surround the Philippines have become the world's most famous showcases for the impact of culture on economic development. Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore—all are short on natural resources, but all (as their officials never stop telling you) have clawed their way up through hard study and hard work. Unfortunately for its people, the Philippines illustrates the contrary: that culture can make a naturally rich country poor. There may be more miserable places to live in East Asia—Vietnam, Cambodia—but there are few others where the culture itself, rather than a communist political system, is the main barrier to development. The culture in question is Filipino, but it has been heavily shaped by nearly a hun-



MELVYN CALDERON/J.B. PICTURES

*"Smoky Mountain," in the port district of Manila: a garbage heap that is home to 15,000 Filipinos*





*The Agdao barrio, a slum near Davao, on Mindanao*

dred years of the “Fil-Am relationship.” The result is apparently the only non-communist society in East Asia in which the average living standard is going down.

Now a few disclaimers. Some things obviously have gotten better since Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos fled the country at the end of February last year (though most Filipinos seem to think that the threats to the Aquino government—of which the worst was the bloody August coup attempt—imperil such progress as the country has made). Not so much money is being sucked out at the top. More people are free to say what they like about the government, without being thrown in jail. Not so many peasants are having their chickens stolen by underpaid soldiers foraging for food, although the soldiers, whose pay has been increased, are still woefully short on equipment and supplies.

The economy has stopped shrinking, as it had been doing in the late Marcos years, and some rich Filipinos have brought capital back home. I was not in the Philippines during the Marcos era and can’t compare the atmosphere firsthand, but everyone says that the bloodless dethroning of Marcos gave Filipinos new dignity and pride. Early this year, on the first anniversary of the “EDSA revolution” (named for Epifanio de los Santos Avenue, where many of the crucial events took place), television stations ran round-the-clock replays of all the most emotional moments: the nuns’ attempts to protect the ballot boxes, the defection of Marcos’s two main military supporters, Juan Ponce Enrile and Fidel Ramos, the abortive swearing-in of Marcos, his sudden disappearance in an American helicopter. It *was* inspirational and moving and heroic, and as late as this summer, just before the attempted coup, some of the same atmosphere remained. Filipinos are famous for their love of religious icons. A visitor would have to be blind not to see the religious element in Corazon Aquino’s public role. Stores sell small Cory dolls with bright yellow dresses and round-rimmed glasses. They’re not exactly icons, but I’ve seen them displayed in homes and cars as if they were. Even when beginning to grumble about her government, many Filipinos speak of Cory’s goodness, pa-

tience, and piety in tones that suggest they think of her as a secular, widowed Blessed Virgin, and as the only person with even the potential to hold the country together.

Democracy has returned to the Philippines, in a big way. As if to make up for all the years when they could not vote, Filipinos have been analyzing the results of one election and preparing for another almost nonstop since early last year. Election disputes have returned too. For three months after the legislative elections last May, long recounts dragged on to determine whether Juan Ponce Enrile, Marcos’s former Defense Minister, whose switch to Aquino helped topple Marcos, would get one of the twenty-four seats in the Senate. Senators are elected nationwide, in what often resembles a popularity contest. Among the new senators is a Charles Bronson-style action-movie star; Enrile is about as well known as the actor, and though he has made many enemies, most foreigners I spoke with found it hard to believe that in an honest vote count he would have lost to everyone on Aquino’s list of nominees, which included a number of newcomers and nobodies. Finally, in August, he squeaked in as number twenty-four.

Democracy has unleashed a Philippine press so varied and licentious as to make even Americans feel nervous—or rather, to recall standing in grocery check-out lines looking at *Midnight* and *Star*. Newspapers are always starting up and closing, but at any given time Manila has at least twenty dailies, most of them in English. Each paper features its stable of hardworking star columnists, any of whom is capable of turning out 2,000 to 3,000 words of political commentary and inside gossip—the equivalent of a whole American op-ed page—in a single day. Philippine politics has a small-town feel, because so many of the principals have known one another all their lives. This adds to the velocity and intensity of gossip—especially the rumors of impending coups, which have cropped up every week or ten days since Aquino took power, and which preoccupy political Manila the way scandals preoccupy Washington.

One final disclaimer: it can seem bullying or graceless for an American to criticize the Philippines. Seen from Manila, the United States is strong and rich. Seen from anywhere, the Philippines is troubled and poor. Why pick on people who need help? The Filipino ethic of *delicadeza*, their equivalent of saving face, encourages people to raise unpleasant topics indirectly, or, better still, not to raise them at all. Out of respect for *delicadeza*, or from a vague sense of guilt that the former colony is still floundering, or because of genuine fondness for the Filipino people, the United States tolerates polite fictions about the Philippines that it would ruthlessly puncture if they concerned France or even Mexico. I don’t pretend that my view of the Philippines is authoritative, but I’ve never before been in a country where my initial impressions were so totally at odds with the standard, comforting, let’s-all-pull-together view. It seems to me that the prospects for the Philippines are about as dismal as those for, say, South Korea are bright. In each case the basic explanation seems to be cul-

ture: in the one case a culture that brings out the productive best in the Koreans (or the Japanese, or now even the Thais), and in the other a culture that pulls many Filipinos toward their most self-destructive, self-defeating worst.

### The Post-Kleptocratic Economy

CONSIDER FIRST THE OVERALL ECONOMIC PICTURE. Officials in both South Korea and the Philippines have pointed out to me that in the mid-1960s, when the idealistic (as he then seemed) Ferdinand Marcos began his first term as President, the two countries were economically even with each other, with similar per capita incomes of a few hundred dollars a year. The officials used this fact to make very different points. The Koreans said it dramatized how utterly poor they used to be ("We were like the *Philippines!*" said one somber Korean bureaucrat), while to the Filipinos it was a reminder of a golden, hopeful age. It demonstrated, they said, that the economy had been basically robust until the Marcoses launched their kleptocracy. Since the 1960s, of course, the Philippines has moved in the opposite direction from many other East Asian countries. South Korea's per capita annual income is now about \$2,500—which gives the country a low-wage advantage over Japan or the United States. That same income makes Korea look like a land of plenty relative to the Philippines, where the per capita income is about \$600. The average income in the Manila area is much higher than that for the country as a whole; in many farming regions the per capita income is about \$100. The government reports that about two thirds of the people in the country live below the poverty line, as opposed to half in the pre-Marcos era. There are technical arguments about where to draw the poverty line, but it is obvious that most Filipinos lack decent houses, can't afford education, in some areas are short of food, and in general are very, very poor. The official unemployment rate is 12 percent, but if all the cigarette vendors, surplus bar girls, and other underemployed people are taken into account, something like half the human talent in the country must be unused.



*The Tondo slum, on the outskirts of Manila*

Some Filipino economists contend that the country is about to turn the corner, is ready to make a new start economically as it has done politically. Is the world price of sugar stagnant? Plantation owners can flood seaside sugarcane fields and raise shrimp, which bring high prices and for which Japan has an insatiable demand. Are American, Japanese, and European companies shifting their production sites worldwide? Why not build more of the plants in the Philippines, which believes it has a well-educated work force and relatively low wages. Just before the first anniversary of the EDSA revolution I spoke with Jaime Ongpin, an intense, precise businessman in his late forties, who had become the new Finance Minister. For the immediate future, he said, the trends looked good. The government was breaking up some of the cartels run by Marcos's "cronies" and exposing them to competition. Construction and small-business activity were picking up. The price of copra (the country's leading export) was finally rising. And the economy might grow by five or six percent this year—more than the economies of Japan and the U.S. Another economist, Bernardo Villegas, has been predicting an East Asian-style sustained boom for the Philippines.

Many man-on-the-street Filipinos share a version of this view, which is that Marcos was the source of all their problems, so his removal is itself a solution. There is some truth to what they say, especially as it concerns Marcos's last ten years in office, when he had graduated from his earlier, nationalistic, land-reform-and-industrialization phase and formed the "conjugal dictatorship" with his wife.

Still, for all the damage Marcos did, it's not clear that he caused the country's economic problems, as opposed to intensifying them. Most of the things that now seem wrong with the economy—grotesque extremes of wealth and poverty, land-ownership disputes, monopolistic industries in cozy, corrupt cahoots with the government—have been wrong for decades. When reading Philippine novels or history books, I would come across a passage that resembled what I'd seen in the Manila slums or on a farm. Then I would read on and discover that the description was by an American soldier in the 1890s, or a Filipino nationalist in the 1930s, or a foreign economist in the 1950s, or a young politician like Ferdinand Marcos or Benigno Aquino in the 1960s. "Here is a land in which a few are spectacularly rich while the masses remain abjectly poor. . . . Here is a land consecrated to democracy but run by an entrenched plutocracy. Here, too, are a people whose ambitions run high, but whose fulfillment is low and mainly restricted to the self-perpetuating elite." The precise phrasing belongs to Benigno Aquino, in his early days in politics, but the thought has been expressed by hundreds of others. Koreans and Japanese love to taunt Americans by hauling out old, pompous predictions that obviously have not come true. "Made in Japan" would always mean "shoddy." Korea would "always" be poor. Hah hah hah! You smug Yankees were so wrong! Leafing back through Filipinology has the opposite effect: it is surprising, and depressing, to see how little has changed.

**B**ECAUSE PREVIOUS CHANGES OF GOVERNMENT HAVE meant so little to the Philippines, it is hard to believe that replacing Marcos with Aquino, desirable as it doubtless is, will do much besides stanching the flow of crony profits out of the country. In a sociological sense the elevation of Corazon Aquino through the EDSA revolution should probably be seen not as a revolution but as the restoration of the old order. Marcos's rise represented the triumph of the nouveau riche. He was, of course, an Ilocano, from the tough, frugal Ilocos region, in the north-west corner of Luzon. Many of those whom he enriched were also outsiders to the old-money, old-family elite that had long dominated the country's politics. These elite groups, often referred to in shorthand as Makati (the name of the wealthy district and business center of Manila), regarded Marcos the way high-toned Americans regarded Richard Nixon: clever and ambitious, but so uncouth.

Corazon Aquino's family, the Cojuangcos, is part of this landowning elite. (Their name illustrates its Hispanic pretensions. Her great-grandfather came from China and was reportedly named Ko Hwan Ko, which was gentrified into Cojuangco. Most educated Filipinos speak fluent English, but in the stuffiest reaches of the upper class, I was told, the residual Spanish influence is so strong that it is a sign of greater refinement to speak perfect Castilian Spanish.) Her husband, Benigno Aquino, was also from a famous family. Her running mate in the 1986 elections, Salvador "Doy" Laurel, is the son of José Laurel, who was the Quisling-like President under the Japanese. Many of her first Cabinet appointees and sponsored candidates for the Senate bear old, familiar names. And so when Corazon Aquino replaced Marcos, it was as if Katharine Graham, having driven Richard Nixon from office through her newspaper, succeeded him as President—or Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, or Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon III. The traditional upper class was back in its traditional place. Carmen Navarro Pedrosa, a writer some of whose work was banned under Marcos, recently published a debunking biography of Imelda Marcos. Its killing blow, in its final chapters, was its assertion that while Imelda always pretended to be an aristocrat, Corazon Aquino really was one: "Her jewels were truly heirlooms, not recent purchases from Van Cleef and Arpels. She was a true blue stocking, educated in the United States, and fluent in French. She represented all that Imelda had ever aspired to."

Especially on my second trip to the Philippines, in the summer, many Filipinos told me that Aquino had become strangely passive in office, acting as if her only task had been to get rid of Marcos and ride out the periodic coups, rumored and real. As long as she did those jobs—that is, stayed in office—she did not feel driven to do much else. Perhaps she will do something to prove that judgment unfair; the August mutiny and preceding social unrest may force her not only to control the army more tightly but also to take economic problems more seriously. But even with the best will in the world, she will have

trouble dramatically improving the country's prospects.

One morning this summer, as I stared out the window at the monsoon rain, I listened to two foreign economists describe the economic trap in which the Philippines is caught. The men had worked in the Philippines for years and had absorbed the ethic of *delicadeza*. They did not want their names, or the name of the bank they worked for, revealed. This reluctance might suggest that their views were unusually critical, which was not the case: they were remarkable only for how concisely they summarized what I'd heard in other banks, in embassies, in business offices, and from a few Philippine government officials. The men ticked off the list of possibilities for Philippine development and explained the problems in each case.

*Manufacturing?* "There were not many viable sectors to begin with, and most of them were taken over by cronies. The industrial sector is used to guarantee monopoly and high-tariff protection. It's inward-looking, believes it cannot compete. People are used to paying a lot for goods that are okay-to-shoddy in quality. Labor costs are actually quite high for a country at this stage of development. They should be like Sri Lanka's but they're like Korea's, because union organizing has run far ahead of productivity. It's a poor country—but an expensive place in which to produce. American and Japanese firms have set up some electronics assembly plants, but they're only buying labor, not building subsidiary industries or anything that adds real value."

*Agriculture?* "It's been heavily skewed for fifty years to plantation crops. All those traditional exports are down, sugar most of all. Copra is okay for the moment, but it's never going to expand very much. Prawns are the only alternative anybody can think of now." Agriculture is also nearly paralyzed by arguments over land ownership. Since the Spanish days land has been concentrated in a few giant haciendas, including the 17,000-acre Hacienda Luisita of the Cojuangco family, and no government has done much to change the pattern. "You could argue that real land reform would lead to more productivity, but it's an entirely hypothetical argument," an Australian economist told me.



Forbes Park, in the wealthy Makati district

GILBERT MERRILL/ASA/PHOTO 12



"This government simply is not going to cause a revolution in the social structure." Just before the new Congress convened, as her near-dictatorial powers were about to elapse, Aquino signed a generalized land-reform-should-happen decree. Most observers took this as an indication that land reform would *not* happen, since the decree left all the decisions about the when, where, and how of land reform to the landowner-heavy Congress.

*Services and other industries?* "They're very much influenced by the political climate. I think this has tremendous potential as a tourist country—it's so beautiful. But they don't have many other ways to sell their labor, except the obvious one." The obvious one is the sex business, visible in every part of the country—and indeed throughout Asia, where Filipino "entertainers" are common. In Davao, on the southern island of Mindanao, I watched TV one night and saw an ad repeated over and over. Women wanted for opportunities overseas. Qualifications: taller than five feet two inches, younger than twenty-one. When I took cabs in Manila, the drivers routinely inquired if I wanted a woman. When my wife returned our children's rented inner tubes to a beach vendor at Argao, the vendor, a toothless old woman, asked if she was lonely in her room and needed a hired companion.

*Resources?* "Exploiting natural resources has always been the base here," one of the economists said. "But they've taken every tree they can easily get. It's not like Brazil or Borneo, with another fifty years to rip out the heart of the earth." Every single day Japanese diners take hundreds of millions of pairs of chopsticks out of paper wrappers, use them for fifteen minutes, and throw them away. Most of the chopsticks started out as trees in the Philippines, though more and more of them now come from American forests. The Philippines has more naturally spectacular mountains and vistas than Malaysia or Indonesia, but you can travel for miles in the countryside and mainly see eroding hillsides stripped bare of trees. Like Americans who speak of "conquering" the frontier, Filipinos sometimes take a more romantic view of what "taking every tree" can mean. F. Sionil Jose, a prominent novelist in his early sixties, who grew up in Ilocos, has written a famous five-volume saga—the *Rozales* novels—about the migration from the harsh Ilocos region to the fertile plains of central Luzon. The Ilocano migrants made a new life for themselves, he observes, and they did it by cutting down the jungle and planting rice. "There is some hope with minerals and gold," one of the economists said. Indeed, a Forty-niner-style gold rush is now under way in Mindanao. I was told that communist rebels, Moslem separatists, and former Philippine Army soldiers now work side by side in the gold mines, proving that economic development can be the answer to political problems.

The economists went on: "Geographically, the country is fractured beyond belief. The most controllable area is right around Manila, but beyond that the government's writ has never run very far." For instance, the newspapers that blanket Manila have virtually no circulation in the rest



SUSAN WEISEL/MAGNUM

*Behind gates and high walls, the good life*

of the country: among a population of 55 million, the combined readership of all twenty-plus daily papers is about five million. "The education system has run down terribly." The Philippines spends about one eighth as much money per student as Malaysia does. Free education runs only through the lower grades, and after that the annual fee of \$10 a student keeps enrollment down to 50 percent. "The fifteen-to-twenty billion dollars that Marcos creamed off has had a big effect. There's a kind of corruption that just recycles the money, but all this was taken out.

"And then you have population growth, which is closer to three percent than two-point-five, even though the government says two-point-two. The population could go over a hundred million in fifteen years. Since the economy doesn't grow that fast, the per capita income keeps going down." Most people I met in the Philippines asked me how many children I had. When I told them, the normal response was, "Only two!" By the end of my stay I was experimenting, raising the number to test the response. "Only six!" a priest said on my last day.

The economist concluded, "All in all, you'd have to say it's a worrisome situation."

## The Meaning of Smoky Mountain

YOU'D HAVE TO SAY SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT. Most of the time I spent in the Philippines, I walked around feeling angry—angry at myself when I brushed off the latest platoon of child beggars, angry at the beggars when I did give in, angry at the rich Filipinos for living behind high walls and guardhouses in the fortified Makati compounds euphemistically called villages, angry as I picked my way among piles of human feces left by homeless families living near the Philippine Navy headquarters on Roxas Boulevard, angry at a society that had degenerated into a war of every man against every man.

It's not the mere fact of poverty that makes the Philippines so distressing, since some other Asian countries have lower living standards. China, for instance, is on the whole

much poorer than the Philippines, and China's human beasts of burden, who pull huge ox carts full of bricks down streets in Shanghai or Beijing, must have lives that are among the hardest on the planet. But Philippine poverty seems more degrading, for reasons I will try to illustrate through the story of "Smoky Mountain."

Smoky Mountain is, I will admit, something of a cliché, but it helps illustrate an important and non-clichéd point. The "mountain" is an enormous heap of garbage, forty acres in size and perhaps eighty feet high, in the port district north of Manila, and it is home to some 15,000 Filipinos. The living conditions would seem to be miserable: the smell of a vast city's rotting garbage is so rank and powerful that I could not breathe through my nose without gagging. I did finally retch when I felt my foot sink into something soft and saw that I'd stepped on a discarded half-full blood-transfusion bag from the hospital, which was now emitting a dark, clotted ooze. "I have been going to the dumpsite for over ten years now and I still have not gotten used to the smell," Father Benigno Beltran, a young *Mod Squad*-style Dominican priest who works in Smoky Mountain, has written. "The place becomes infested with millions of flies that often get into the chalice when I say mass. The smell makes you deaf as it hits you like a blow to the solar plexus."

The significance of Smoky Mountain, though, is not how bad it is but how good. People live *and work* in the garbage heap, and say they feel lucky to do so. Smoky Mountain is the center of an elaborate scavenging-and-recycling industry, which has many tiers and many specialized functional groups. As night falls in Manila, hundreds of scavengers, nearly all men, start walking out from Smoky Mountain pushing big wooden carts—about eight feet long and shaped like children's wagons—in front of them. They spend all night crisscrossing the town, picking through the curbside garbage dumps and looking for the most valuable items: glass bottles and metal cans. At dawn they push their carts back to Smoky Mountain, where they sell what they've found to middlemen, who own fleets of carts and bail out their suppliers if they get picked up by the police in the occasional crackdowns on vagrancy.

Other scavengers work the garbage over once city trucks have collected it and brought it in. Some look for old plastic bags, some for rubber, some for bones that can be ground up for animal feed. In the late afternoon at Smoky Mountain I could easily imagine I'd had my preview of hell. I stood on the summit, looking into the lowlands where trucks kept bringing new garbage and several bulldozers were at work, plowing through heaps of old black garbage. I'd of course heard of spontaneous combustion but had never believed in it until I saw the old garbage steam and smoke as it was exposed to the air. Inches behind the bulldozers, sometimes riding in the scoops, were about fifteen or twenty little children carrying baskets, as if at the beach. They darted among the machines and picked out valuables that had been newly revealed. "It's hard to get them to go to school," a man in his mid-twen-

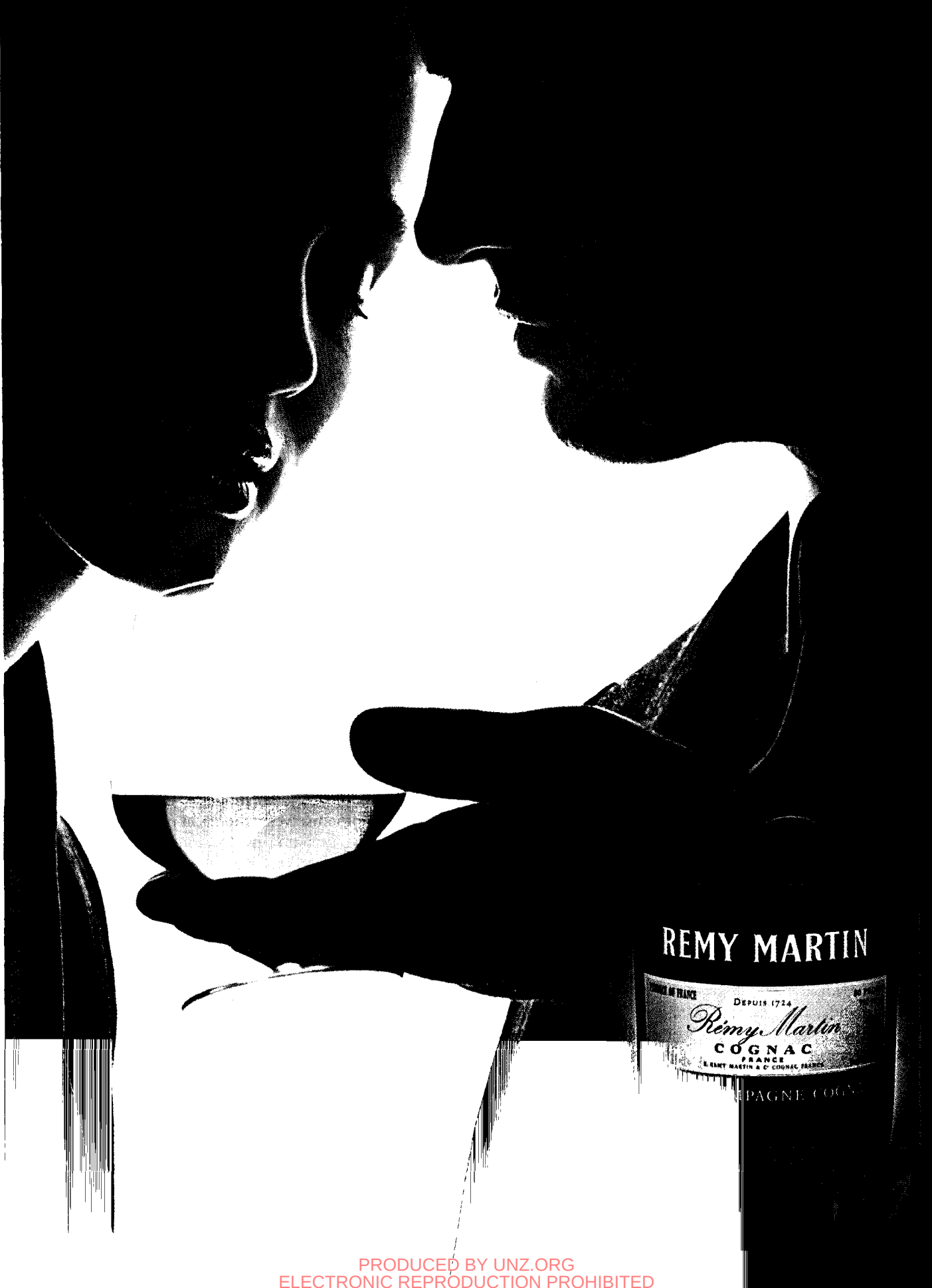
ties who lived there told me. "They can make twenty, thirty pesos a day this way"—\$1 to \$1.50. "Here the money is so good."

The residents of Smoky Mountain are mainly Visayans, who have come from the Visayas region of the central Philippines—Leyte, Negros, Cebu—over the past twenty years. From time to time the government, in embarrassment, has attempted to move them off the mountain, but they have come back: the money is so good compared with the pay for anything else they can do. A real community has grown up in the garbage dump, with the tight family bonds that hold together other Filipino *barangays*, or neighborhoods. About 10 percent of the people who live in Smoky Mountain hold normal, non-scavenger jobs elsewhere in Manila; they commute. The young man who guided me had just graduated from college with an engineering degree, but he planned to stay with his family, in Smoky Mountain, after he found a job. The people of Smoky Mountain complain about land-tenure problems—they want the city to give them title to the land on which they've built their shacks—but the one or two dozen I spoke with seemed very cheerful about their community and their lives. Father Beltran, the young Dominican, has worked up a thriving business speaking about Smoky Mountain to foreign audiences, and has used the lecture fees to pay for a paved basketball court, a community-center building, and, of course, a church. As I trudged down from the summit of the mountain, having watched little boys dart among the bulldozers, I passed the community center. It was full of little girls, sitting in a circle and singing nursery-school songs with glee. If I hadn't come at the last minute, I would have suspected Father Beltran of putting on a Potemkin Village show.

The bizarre good cheer of Smoky Mountain undoubtedly says a lot about the Filipinos' spiritual resilience. But like the sex industry, which is also fairly cheerful, it says something depressing about the other choices people have. When I was in one of the countless squatter villages in Manila, talking with people who had built houses out of plywood and scavenged sheet metal, and who lived eight to a room, I assumed it must be better to be poor out in the countryside, where at least you had some space and clean air to breathe. Obviously, I was being romantic. Back home there was no way to earn money, and even in Smoky Mountain people were only a four-cent jeepney ride away from the amusements of the big city.

In Smoky Mountain and the other squatter districts, I couldn't help myself: try as I would not to, I kept dwelling on the contrast with the other extreme of Filipino life, the wealthy one. The contrast is relatively hard to see in Manila itself, since so much of the town's wealth is hidden, literally walled up in the fortified "villages." But one day, shortly after I'd listened to scavengers explain why some grades of animal bone were worth more on the resale market than others, I tagged along with a friend and visited one of Manila's rich young families in the mountains outside town.

INDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REFINEMENT.





To enter the house we had to talk our way past a rifleman at the gate—a standard fixture not only of upper-class areas of Manila but also of banks, office buildings, McDonald's—and then follow a long, twisting driveway to a mountaintop palace. The family was, of course, from old money; they were also well educated, public-spirited, sincere. But I spent my day with them in an ill-concealed stupor, wandering from room to room and estimating how many zillions of dollars had been sunk into the art, furniture, and fixtures. We ate lunch on the patio, four maids in white dresses standing at attention a few paces off, each bearing a platter of food and ready to respond instantly when we wanted more. Another maid stood behind my chair, leaning over the table and waving a fan back and forth to drive off any flies. As we ate, I noticed a strange *rat-a-tat* sound from inside the house, as if several reporters had set up a city room and were pounding away on old Underwoods. When we finished our dessert and went inside, I saw the explanation. Another two or three uniformed servants were stationed inside the cathedral-like living room, incessantly twitching their flyswatters against the walls.

### The War of Every Man Against Every Man

**A**M I SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL? SURE—YOU COULD work up an even starker contrast between Park Avenue and the South Bronx. But that would mean only that the United States and the Philippines share a problem, not that extremes of wealth and poverty are no problem at all. In New York and a few other places the extremes are so visible as to make many Americans uneasy about the every-man-for-himself principle on which our society is based. But while the South Bronx is an American problem, few people would think of it as typical of America. In the Philippines the contrasting extremes are, and have been, the norm.

What has created a society in which people feel fortunate to live in a garbage dump because the money is so good? Where some people shoo flies away from others for 300 pesos, or \$15, a month? It can't be any inherent defect in the people: *outside this culture* they thrive. Filipino immigrants to the United States are more successful than immigrants from many other countries. Filipino contract laborers, working for Japanese and Korean construction companies, built many of the hotels, ports, and pipelines in the Middle East. "These are the same people who shined under the Japanese managers," Blas Ople, a veteran politician, told me. "But when they work for Filipino contractors, the schedule lags." It seems unlikely that the problem is capitalism itself, even though Philippine Marxists argue endlessly that it grinds up the poor to feed the rich. If capitalism were the cause of Philippine underdevelopment, why would its record be so different everywhere else in the region? In Japan, Korea, Singapore, and elsewhere Asian-style capitalism has not only led to trade surpluses but also created Asia's first real middle class. Chinese economists can't call what they're doing capital-



STEVE MCCURRY/MAGNUM

*A residential neighborhood in Smoky Mountain*

ism, but they can go on for hours about how "market reforms" will lead to a better life for most people.

If the problem in the Philippines does not lie in the people themselves or, it would seem, in their choice between capitalism and socialism, what is the problem? I think it is cultural, and that it should be thought of as a failure of nationalism.

It may seem perverse to wish for more nationalism in any part of the Third World. Americans have come to identify the term with the tiny-country excesses of the United Nations. Nationalism can of course be divisive, when it sets people of one country against another. But its absence can be even worse, if that leaves people in the grip of loyalties that are even narrower and more fragmented. When a country with extreme geographic, tribal, and social-class differences, like the Philippines, has only a weak offsetting sense of national unity, its public life does become the war of every man against every man.

Nationalism is valuable when it gives people a reason not to live in the world of Hobbes—when it allows them to look beyond themselves rather than pursuing their own interests to the ruination of everyone else. I assume that most people in the world have the same mixture of selfish and generous motives; their cultures tell them when to indulge each impulse. Japan is strong in large part because its nationalist-racial ethic teaches each Japanese that all other Japanese deserve decent treatment. Non-Japanese fall into a different category. Individual Filipinos are at least as brave, kind, and noble-spirited as individual Japanese, but their culture draws the boundaries of decent treatment much more narrowly. Filipinos pride themselves on their lifelong loyalty to family, schoolmates, compadres, members of the same tribe, residents of the same *barangay*. The mutual tenderness among the people of Smoky Mountain is enough to break your heart. But when observing Filipino friendships I thought often of the Mafia families portrayed in *The Godfather*: total devotion to those within the circle, total war on those outside. Because the boundaries of decent treatment are limited to the family or tribe, they exclude at least 90 percent of the people

in the country. And because of this fragmentation—this lack of nationalism—people treat each other worse in the Philippines than in any other Asian country I have seen.

Like many other things I am saying here, this judgment would be hotly disputed by most Filipinos. Time and again I heard in interviews about the Filipino people's love of reconciliation and their proudly nationalistic spirit. The EDSA revolution seems emotionally so important in the Philippines not only because it got rid of Marcos but also because it demonstrated a brave, national-minded spirit. I would like to agree with the Filipinos that those four days revealed the country's spiritual essence. To me, though, the episode seems an exception, even an aberration.

For more than a hundred years certain traits have turned up in domestic descriptions and foreign observations of Philippine society. The tradition of political corruption and cronyism, the extremes of wealth and poverty, the tribal fragmentation, the local elite's willingness to make a separate profitable peace with colonial powers—all reflect a feeble sense of nationalism and a contempt for the public good. Practically everything that is public in the Philippines seems neglected or abused. On many street corners in downtown Manila an unwary step can mean a broken leg. Holes two feet square and five feet deep lurk just beyond the curb; they are supposed to be covered by metal grates, but scavengers have taken the grates to sell for scrap. Manila has a potentially beautiful setting, divided by the Pasig River and fronting on Manila Bay. But three fourths of the city's sewage flows raw into the Pasig, which in turns empties into the bay; the smell of Smoky Mountain is not so different from the smell of some of the prettiest public vistas. The Philippine telephone system is worse than its counterparts anywhere else in non-communist Asia—which bogs down the country's business and inconveniences its people—but the Philippine Long Distance Telephone Company has a long history of high (and not reinvested) profits. In the first-class dining room aboard the steamer to Cebu, a Filipino at the table next to mine picked through his plate of fish. Whenever he found a piece he didn't like, he pushed it off the edge of his plate, onto the floor. One case of bad manners? Maybe, but I've never seen its like in any other country. Outsiders feel they have understood something small but significant about Japan's success when they watch a bar man carefully wipe the condensation off a bottle of beer and twirl it on the table until the label faces the customer exactly. I felt I had a glimpse into the failures of the Philippines when I saw prosperous-looking matrons buying cakes and donuts in a bakery, eating them in a department store, and dropping the box and wrappers around them as they shopped.

IT'S EASY TO OBSERVE THAT JAPAN'S HABITS ARE MORE useful economically than those of the Philippines, but it's harder to figure out exactly where the destructive habits come from. The four hundred years that the Philippines spent under Spain's thumb obviously left a lasting

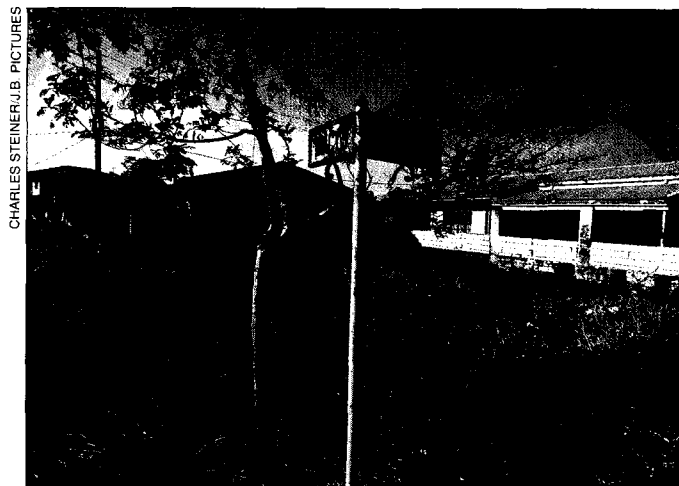
imprint: at first glance the country seems to have much more in common with Mexico than with any other place in Asia. The Spanish hammered home the idea of Filipino racial inferiority, discouraging the native *indios* from learning the Spanish language and refusing to consecrate them as priests. (The Spanish are also said to have forbidden the natives to wear tucked-in shirts, which is why the national shirt, the *barong tagalog*, is now worn untucked, in a rare flash of national pride.) As in Latin America, the Spanish friars taught that religion was a matter of submission to doctrine and authority, rather than of independent thought or gentleness to strangers in daily life. And the Spanish rulers set the stage for the country's economic problems in the twentieth century, by giving out huge haciendas to royal favorites and consigning others to work as serfs. As in Latin America, the Spanish thereby implanted the idea that "success" meant landed, idle (that is, non-entrepreneurial or commercial) wealth. The mainly Malay culture with which the Spanish interacted was different from the Aztec and other Indian cultures in Latin America; for instance, societies throughout the Malay regions (including what are now Indonesia and Malaysia) are usually described as being deferential to their leaders, passive rather than rebellious. Perhaps for this reason the Philippines has not overthrown its clergy or its landed elite in the twentieth century, the way most Latin American countries have tried to do.

But for all that might be said about the Spanish legacy, the major outside influence on the modern Philippines is clearly the United States. America prevented the Filipinos from consummating their rebellion against Spain. In 1898 the United States intervened to fight the Spanish and then turned around and fought the Filipino nationalists, too. It was a brutal guerrilla war, in which some half million Filipino soldiers and civilians died. Losing an ugly war has its costs, as we learned in Vietnam; but winning, as in the Philippines, does too. In opposing our policy in the Philippines, William James said, "We are puking up everything we believe in." His seems a prescient comment about the war, especially compared with President William McKin-



Only three? On the way to 100 million people

SANDRO TUCCI/GAMMA-LIAISON



CHARLES STEINER/J.B. PICTURES

*A streetcorner in Manolos: A failure of nationalism?*

ley's announcement that conquest was necessary to "Christianize" a country that in ironic point of fact was already overwhelmingly Catholic.

In its brief fling with running a colony, America undeniably brought some material benefits to the Philippines: schools, hospitals, laws, and courts. Many older Filipinos still speak with fondness about the orderly old colonial days. But American rule seemed only to intensify the Filipino sense of dependence. The United States quickly earned or bought the loyalty of the *ilustrados*, the educated upper class, making them into what we would call collaborationists if the Germans or Japanese had received their favors. It rammed through a number of laws insisting on free "competition" between American and Philippine industries, at a time when Philippine industries were in no position to compete with anyone. The countries that have most successfully rebuilt their economies, including Japan and Korea, went through extremely protectionist infant-industry phases, with America's blessing; the United States never permitted the Philippines such a period. The Japanese and Koreans now believe they can take on anybody; the confidence of Filipino industrialists seems to have been permanently destroyed.

During the Second World War, Filipinos fought heroically against the Japanese, both before and after the fall of Corregidor brought on the American surrender of the Philippines, in early 1942. Following the war the United States "gave" the Philippines its independence and was in most measurable ways its benefactor: offering aid, investing in businesses, providing the second largest payroll in the country at U.S. military bases. But in unmeasurable, intangible ways it seems to have eroded confidence even further, leaving Filipinos to believe that they aren't really responsible for their country's fate. Whether I was talking with Marcos-loving right-wingers or communists who hated the United States, whether the discussion was about economics or the U.S. bases or the course of the guerrilla war, most of my conversations in the Philippines ended on the same discouraging note. "Of course, it's not really up to us," a soldier or politician or communist would tell me.

"We have to wait and see what the Americans have in mind."

In deeper and more pernicious ways Filipinos seem to have absorbed the idea that America is the center and they are the periphery. Much local advertising plays to the idea that if it's American, it's better. "It's got that stateside taste!" one grinning blonde model says in a whiskey ad. An ad for Ban deodorant warns, "Hold It! Is your deodorant making your skin dark?" The most glamorous figures on TV shows are generally light-skinned and sound as if they grew up in Los Angeles. I spoke with a black American who said that the yearning toward "white" culture resembled what he remembered about the black bourgeoisie of the 1950s. College or graduate education in America is a mark of social distinction for Filipinos, as it is for many other Asians. But while U.S.-trained Taiwanese and Korean technocrats return to improve factories and run government ministries, many Filipinos seem to consider the experience a purely social achievement, a trip to finishing school.

"This is a country where the national ambition is to change your nationality," an American who volunteers at Smoky Mountain told me. The U.S. Navy accepts 400 Filipino recruits each year; last year 100,000 people applied. In 1982, in a survey, 207 grade-school students were asked what nationality they would prefer to be. Exactly ten replied "Filipino." "There is not necessarily a commitment by the upper class to making the Philippines successful as a nation," a foreign banker told me. "If things get dicey, they're off, with their money." "You are dealing here with a damaged culture," four people told me, in more or less the same words, in different interviews.

It may be too pessimistic to think of culture as a kind of large-scale genetics, channeling whole societies toward progress or stagnation. A hundred years ago not even the crusading Emperor Meiji would have dreamed that "Japanese culture" would come to mean "efficiency." America is full of people who have changed their "culture" by moving away from the old country or the home town or the farm. But a culture-breaking change of scene is not an answer for the people still in the Philippines—there are 55 million of them, where would they go?—and it's hard to know what else, within our lifetimes, the answer might be.

America knows just what it will do to defend Corazon Aquino against usurpers, like those who planned the last attempted coup. We'll say that we support a democratically chosen government, that this one is the country's best hope, that we'll use every tool from economic aid to public-relations pressure to help her serve out her term. But we might start thinking ahead, to what we'll do if the anti-coup campaign is successful—to what will happen when Aquino stays in, and the culture doesn't change, and everything gets worse. □

*In future articles on the Philippines, James Fallows will discuss the communist insurgency in the islands and the long-standing issue of the U.S. bases there.*

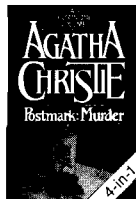




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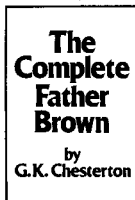
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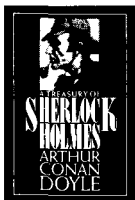
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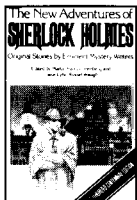
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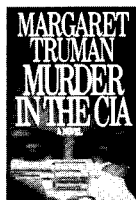
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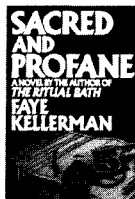
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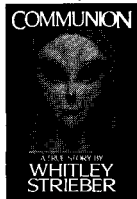
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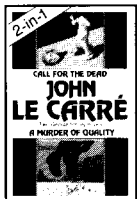
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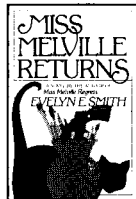
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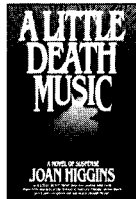
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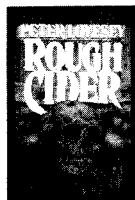
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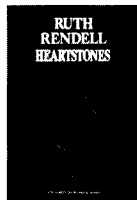
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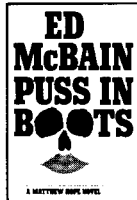
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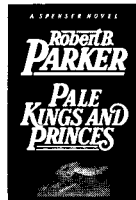
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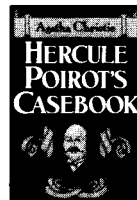
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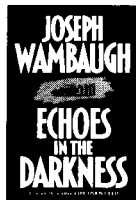
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*Paul Erdős is certainly the most prolific—  
and probably the most eccentric—mathematician in the world*

## THE MAN WHO LOVES ONLY NUMBERS

BY PAUL HOFFMAN

IT IS DINNERTIME IN GREENBROOK, NEW JERSEY, AND Paul Erdős, seventy-four, has lost four mathematical colleagues, who are sitting fifty feet in front of him, sipping green tea. Squinting, Erdős scans the tables of the small Japanese restaurant, one arm held out to the side like a scarecrow's. He is angry with himself for letting his friends slip out of sight. His mistake was to pause at the coat check while they charged ahead. His arm is flapping wildly now, and he is coughing. "I don't understand why the SF has seen fit to send me a cold," he wheezes. (The SF is the Supreme Fascist, the Number-One Guy Up There, God, who is always tormenting Erdős by hiding his glasses, stealing his Hungarian passport, or, worse yet, keeping to Himself the elegant solutions to all sorts of intriguing mathematical problems.) "The SF created us to enjoy our suffering," Erdős says. "The sooner we die, the sooner we defy His plans."

Erdős still does not see his friends, but his anger dissipates—his arm drops to his side—as he hears the high-pitched squeal of a small boy, who is dining with his parents. "An epsilon!" Erdős says. (*Epsilon* is Erdős's word for a small child; in mathematics that Greek letter is used to represent small quantities.) Erdős moves slowly toward the child, navigating not so much by sight as by the sound of the boy's voice. "Hello," he says, as he reaches into his ratty gray overcoat and extracts a bottle of Benzedrine. He tosses the bottle into the air and catches it at the last second. The epsilon is not at all amused, but, perhaps to be polite, his parents make a big production of applauding. Erdős repeats the trick a few more times, and then he is rescued by one of his confederates, Ronald Graham, the director of the Mathematical Sciences Research Center at AT&T Bell Laboratories, who calls him over to the table where he and Erdős's other friends are waiting.

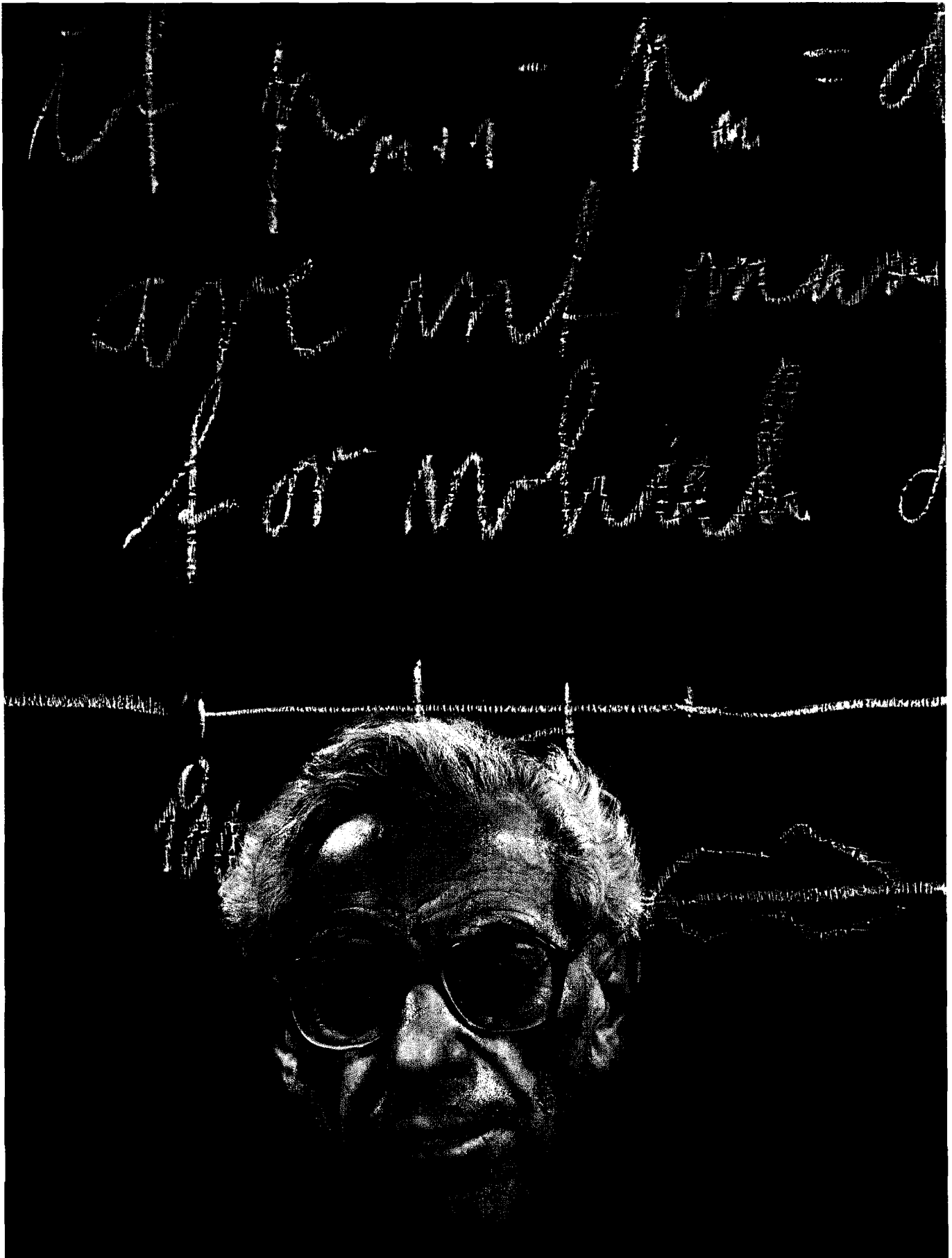
The waitress arrives, and Erdős, after inquiring about each item on the long menu, orders fried squid balls. While the waitress takes the rest of the orders, Erdős turns over his placemat and draws a tiny sketch vaguely resembling a rocket passing through a hula hoop. His four dining companions lean forward to get a better view of the world's most prolific mathematician plying his craft. "There are still many edges that will destroy chromatic number three," Erdős says. "This edge destroys bipartiteness." With that pronouncement Erdős closes his eyes and seems to fall asleep.

MATHEMATICIANS, UNLIKE OTHER SCIENTISTS, require no laboratory equipment. A Japanese restaurant is as good a place as any to do mathematics. Mathematicians need only peace of mind and, occasionally, paper and pencil. "That's the beauty of it," Graham says. "You can lie back, close your eyes, and work. Who knows what problem Paul's thinking about now?"

Erdős has thought about more problems than any other mathematician in history. He has written or co-authored more than 1,000 papers, many of them monumental, and all of them substantial. In the past year alone he has published fifty papers, which is more than most good mathematicians write in a lifetime. He has shown that mathematics is not just a young man's game.

Erdős (pronounced "air-dish") has structured his life to maximize the amount of time he has for mathematics. He has no wife or children, no job, no hobbies, not even a home, to tie him down. He lives out of a shabby suitcase and a drab orange plastic bag from Centrum Aruhaz ("Central Warehouse"), a large department store in Budapest. In a never-ending search for good mathematical problems and fresh mathematical talent, Erdős crisscrosses four continents at a frenzied pace, moving from one university or research center to the next. His *modus operandi* is to show up on the doorstep of an esteemed mathematician, declare, "My brain is open," work with his host for a day or two, until he's bored or his host is run down, and then move on to another home. Erdős's motto is not "Other cities, other maidens" but "Another roof, another proof." He has done mathematics since he was three, but for the past sixteen years, since the death of his mother, he has put in nineteen-hour days, keeping himself fortified with ten to twenty milligrams of Benzedrine or Ritalin, strong espresso, and caffeine tablets. "A mathematician," Erdős is fond of saying, "is a machine for turning coffee into theorems." When friends urge him to slow down, he always has the same response: "There'll be plenty of time to rest in the grave."

Erdős lets nothing stand in the way of mathematical progress. When the name of a colleague in California comes up at breakfast in New Jersey, Erdős remembers a mathematical result he wants to share with him. He heads toward the phone and starts to dial. His host interrupts him, pointing out that it's 5:00 A.M. on the West Coast. "Good," Erdős says, "that means he'll be home." When





challenged further in situations like this, Erdős has been known to respond, "Louis the Fourteenth said, 'I am the state'; Trotsky could have said, 'I am society'; and I say, 'I am reality.'" No one who knows him would argue. "Erdős has a childlike tendency to make his reality overtake yours," a friend says. "And he's not an easy houseguest. But we all want him around—for his mind. We all save problems up for him." To communicate with Erdős you must learn his language—not just "the SF" and "epsilon" but also "bosses" (women), "slaves" (men), "captured" (married), "liberated" (divorced), "recaptured" (remarried), "noise" (music), "poison" (alcohol), "preaching" (giving a mathematics lecture), "Sam" (the United States), and "Joe" (the Soviet Union). When he says someone has "died," Erdős means that the person has stopped doing mathematics. When he says someone has "left," the person has died.

At five foot six, 130 pounds, Erdős has the wizened, cadaverous look of a drug addict, but friends insist that he was frail and gaunt long before he started taking amphetamines. His hair is white, and corkscrew-shaped whiskers shoot out at odd angles from his face. He usually wears a gray pin-striped jacket, dark trousers, a red or mustard shirt or pajama top, and peculiar pockmarked Hungarian leather shoes, made specially for his flat feet and weak tendons. His whole wardrobe fits into his one small suitcase, with plenty of room left for his dinosaur of a radio. He has so few clothes that his hosts find themselves washing his socks and underwear several times a week. "He could buy more," one of his colleagues says, "or he could wash them himself. I mean, it takes zero IQ to learn how to operate a washing machine." But if it's not mathematics, Erdős won't be bothered. "Some French socialist said that private property was theft," Erdős recalls. "I say that private property is a nuisance."

All of his clothes, including his socks and custom-made underwear, are silk, because he has an undiagnosed skin condition that is aggravated by other kinds of fabric. He doesn't like people to touch him. If you extend your hand, he won't shake it. Instead, he limply flops his hand on top of yours. "He hates it if I kiss him," says Magda Fredro, sixty-six, a first cousin who is otherwise very close to him. "And he washes his hands fifty times a day. He gets water everywhere. It's hell on the bathroom floor."

Although Erdős avoids physical intimacy, and has apparently always been celibate, he is friendly and compassionate. "He exists on a web of trust," says Aaron Meyerowitz, a mathematician at Florida Atlantic University. "When I was a graduate student and we had never met before, I gave him a ride. I didn't know the route and asked him if he wanted to navigate with a map. He didn't want to. He just trusted that I, a total stranger, would get him there." What little money he receives in stipends or lecture fees he gives away to relatives, colleagues, or graduate students. A few years ago he won the prestigious Wolf prize, the most lucrative award in mathematics. He contributed most of the \$50,000 he received to a scholarship in Israel in

the name of his parents. "I kept only seven hundred and twenty dollars," Erdős says, "and I remember someone commenting that for me even that was a lot of money to keep." The two times he lectured in India he had the fee sent to a woman he has never met, the widow of Srinivasa Ramanujan, a legendary mathematical prodigy who died of tuberculosis at the age of thirty-two. Whenever Erdős learns of a good cause—a struggling classical-music radio station, a fledgling Native American movement—he promptly makes a small donation.

ERDÖS WAS BORN IN BUDAPEST ON MARCH 26, 1913, the son of two high school mathematics teachers. While his mother, Anna, was in the hospital giving birth to him, her two daughters, ages three and five, contracted septic scarlet fever and died within the day. "It was something my mother didn't like to talk about," Erdős says. "Their names were Clara and Magda, I think." Of the three children, the girls were considered to be the smart ones.

When Erdős was one and a half, his father, Lajos, was captured in a Russian offensive and sent to Siberia for six years. Erdős's mother kept him out of school, fearing that it was the source of childhood contagions. He stayed home until high school, and even then he went only every other year, because his mother kept changing her mind.

Erdős was a mathematical prodigy. At three he could multiply three-digit numbers in his head. At four he discovered negative numbers. "I told my mother," he recalls, "that if you take two hundred and fifty from a hundred you get minus a hundred and fifty." He knew then that he wanted to be a mathematician, although he would pay attention to his tutorials in history, politics, and biology. As soon as he could read, his mother plied him with medical literature, which he eagerly studied. She apparently had vague hopes that he might become a doctor.

When Erdős was seventeen, he entered the University of Budapest; he was graduated four years later with a Ph.D. in mathematics. In October of 1934 he went to Manchester, England, for a four-year postdoctoral fellowship. "I left Hungary for political reasons," Erdős says. "I was Jewish, and Hungary was a semi-fascist country. But I was very homesick, so I went back three times a year, for Easter, Christmas, and the summer. In March, 1938, Hitler went into Austria, and it was too dangerous for me to return to Hungary in the spring. I did slip back in during the summer. But on September 3, 1938, I didn't like the news—the Czech crisis—so I went back to England that evening and was on my way to the United States three and a half weeks later. The Nazis ended up murdering four of my mother's five brothers and sisters, and my father died of a heart attack in 1942.

"Then my problems started with Sam and Joe. I didn't want to return to Hungary because of Joe. In 1954 I was invited to an international mathematics conference in Amsterdam. Sam didn't want to give me a re-entry permit. It

was the McCarthy era. The immigration officials asked me all sorts of silly questions. 'Have you read Marx, Engels, or Stalin?' 'No,' I said. 'What do you think of Marx?' they pressed. 'I'm not competent to judge,' I said, 'but no doubt he was a great man.' So they denied me a re-entry visa. I had the classic American reaction: I left. I ended up mostly in Israel. In the 1960s Sam decided it was okay for me to return."

In 1964 his mother, at the age of eighty-four, started traveling with him. For the next seven years she accompanied him everywhere except to India, which she avoided because of her fear of disease. His mother hated traveling—she knew barely a word of English, and he traveled regularly to English-speaking countries—but she wanted to be with him. Wherever he did mathematics, she sat quietly, basking in his genius. They ate every meal together, and at night he held her hand until she fell asleep. "She saw in Paul the world," Fredro says. "He was her God, her everything. They stayed with me in 1968 or 1969. When they were together, I was nobody. It was like I didn't exist. That hurt me a lot, because I was very close to her. She was my aunt, and when I got out of Auschwitz, I went first to her home. She fed me and bathed me and clothed me and made me a human being again."

In 1971 Erdős's mother died of a bleeding ulcer in Calgary, Canada, where Erdős was giving a lecture. Apparently, she had been misdiagnosed, and her life might otherwise have been saved. Soon afterward Erdős started taking a lot of pills, first anti-depressants and then amphetamines. As one of Hungary's leading scientists, he had no trouble getting sympathetic Hungarian doctors to prescribe drugs. "I was very depressed," Erdős says, "and Paul Turán, an old friend, reminded me, 'A strong fortress is our mathematics.'" Erdős took the advice to heart and started putting in nineteen-hour days, churning out papers that would change the course of mathematical history. Still, math proved more of a sieve than a fortress. Ten years later, one day when Erdős was looking particularly gloomy, a friend asked him what was wrong. "Haven't you heard?" he replied. "My mother has left." Even today he never sleeps in the apartment that they once shared in Budapest, using it only to house visitors; he stays in a guest suite at the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

Long before his mother died, Erdős became preoccupied with his own mortality. "My second great discovery [the first being negative numbers]," he says, "was death. Children don't think they're ever going to die. I was like that too, until I was four. I was in a shop with my mother and suddenly I realized I was wrong. I started to cry. I knew I would die. From then on I've always wanted to be younger. In 1970 I preached in Los Angeles on 'my first two-and-a-half billion years in mathematics.' When I was a child, the earth was said to be two billion years old. Now scientists say it's four and a half billion. So that makes me two-and-a-half billion. The students at the lecture drew a time line that showed me riding a dinosaur. I was asked, 'How were the dinosaurs?' Later, the right answer oc-

curred to me: You know, I don't remember, because an old man only remembers the very early years, and the dinosaurs were born yesterday, only a hundred million years ago."

In the early 1970s Erdős started appending the initials P.G.O.M. to his name, which stand for Poor Great Old Man. When he turned sixty, he became P.G.O.M.L.D., the L.D. for Living Dead. At sixty-five he graduated to P.G.O.M.L.D.A.D., the A.D. for Archaeological Discovery. At seventy he became P.G.O.M.L.D.A.D.L.D., the L.D. for Legally Dead. And he plans next year, at seventy-five, to be P.G.O.M.L.D.A.D.L.D.C.D., the C.D. for Counts Dead. He explains, "The Hungarian Academy of Sciences has two hundred members. When you turn seventy-five, you can stay in the academy with full privileges, but you no longer count as a member. That's why the C.D. Of course, maybe I won't have to face that emergency. They are planning an international conference for my seventy-fifth birthday. It may have to be for my memory. I'm miserably old. I'm really not well. I don't understand what's happening to my body—maybe the final solution."

When Paul Turán, the man who had counseled, "A strong fortress is our mathematics," died, in 1976, Erdős had an image of the SF assessing the work he had done with his collaborators. On one side of a balance the SF would place the papers Erdős had co-authored with the dead, on the other side the papers written with the living. "When the dead side tips the balance," Erdős says, "I must die too." He pauses for a moment and then adds, "It's just a joke of mine."

Perhaps. But Erdős vigorously seeks out new, young collaborators and ends many working sessions with the remark, "We'll continue tomorrow, if I live." With more than 250 co-authors, Erdős has collaborated with more people than any other mathematician in history. Those lucky 250 are said to have "an Erdős number of 1," a coveted code phrase in the mathematics world for having written a paper with the master himself. If your Erdős number is 2, it means you have worked with someone who has worked with Erdős. If your Erdős number is 3, you have worked with someone who has worked with someone who has worked with Erdős. The mathematical literature is peppered with tongue-in-cheek papers probing the properties of Erdős numbers. Einstein had an Erdős number of 2, and the highest known Erdős number is 7.

Since 1954 Erdős has been spurring on his collaborators by putting out contracts on problems he hasn't been able to solve. The outstanding rewards total about \$10,000, and range from \$10 to \$3,000, reflecting his judgment of the problems' difficulty. "I've had to pay out three or four thousand dollars," Erdős says. "Someone once asked me what would happen if all the problems were solved at once. Could I pay? Of course I couldn't. But what would happen to the strongest bank if all the creditors asked for their money back? The bank would surely go broke. A run on the bank is much more likely than solutions to all my problems."

THOUGH HE IS CONFIDENT OF HIS SKILL WITH MATHEMATICS, outside that arcane world Erdős is very nearly helpless. Since his mother's death the responsibility of looking after him has fallen chiefly to Ronald Graham, who spends almost as much time handling Erdős's affairs as he does overseeing the seventy mathematicians, statisticians, and computer scientists at Bell Labs. Graham is the one who calls Washington when the SF steals Erdős's visa, and, he says, "the SF is striking with increasing frequency these days." Graham also manages Erdős's money, and was forced to become an expert on currency exchange rates because honoraria from Erdős's lectures dribble in from four continents. "I sign his name on checks and deposit them," Graham says. "I've been doing this so long I doubt the bank would cash a check if he endorsed it himself."

On the wall of Graham's office, in Murray Hill, New Jersey, is a sign: ANYONE WHO CANNOT COPE WITH MATHEMATICS IS NOT FULLY HUMAN. AT BEST HE IS A TOLERABLE SUBHUMAN WHO HAS LEARNED TO WEAR SHOES, BATHE, AND NOT MAKE MESSES IN THE HOUSE. Near the sign is the "Erdős room," a closet full of filing cabinets containing copies of Erdős's 1,000-plus articles. "Since he has no home," Graham says, "he depends on me to keep his papers. He's always asking me to send some of them to one person or another." Graham also handles all of Erdős's incoming correspondence, which is no small task, because many of Erdős's mathematical collaborations take place by mail. Last year Erdős sent out 1,500 letters, none of which dwelt on subjects other than mathematics. "I am in Australia," a typical letter begins. "Tomorrow I leave for Hungary. Let  $k$  be the largest integer. . . ."

Graham has had less success influencing Erdős's health. "He badly needs a cataract operation," Graham says. "I've been trying to persuade him to schedule it. But he refuses, because he'd be laid up for a week and he doesn't want to miss even seven days of working with mathematicians. He's afraid of being old and helpless and senile." Like all of Erdős's friends, Graham is concerned about his drug-taking. In 1979 Graham bet him \$500 that he couldn't stop taking amphetamines for a month. Erdős accepted the challenge, and went cold turkey for thirty days. After Graham paid up—and wrote the \$500 off as a business expense—Erdős said, "You've showed me I'm not an addict. But I didn't get any work done. I'd get up in the morning and stare at a blank piece of paper. I'd have no ideas, just like an ordinary person. You've set mathematics back a month." He promptly resumed taking pills, and mathematics has been the better for it.

Graham recently built an addition onto his house, in Watchung, New Jersey, so that Erdős would have his own bedroom and library for the thirty or so days he's there each year. Erdős likes staying with Graham because the household contains a second strong mathematician, Graham's wife, Fan Chung, a Taiwanese émigré who is the director of mathematics at Bell Communications Research, a spinoff of Bell Labs that does research for the regional

phone companies. When Graham won't play with him, Chung will, and the two have co-authored fifteen papers.

Graham and Erdős seem an unlikely pair. Although Graham is one of the world's leading mathematicians, he has not, like Erdős, forsaken body for mind. Indeed, he has pushed both to the limit. At six foot two, with blond hair, blue eyes, and chiseled features, Graham looks at least a decade younger than his fifty-two years. He is an accomplished trampolinist, and he put himself through college as a circus acrobat. He can juggle six balls and is a past president of the International Jugglers Association. He has bowled two 300 games, is vicious with a boomerang, and more than holds his own at tennis and Ping-Pong.

While Erdős can sit for hours, Graham is always moving. In the middle of solving a mathematical problem he'll spring into a handstand, grab stray objects and juggle them, or jump up and down on the super-springy pogo stick he keeps in his office. "You can do mathematics anywhere," Graham says. "I once had a flash of insight into a stubborn problem in the middle of a back somersault with a triple twist on my trampoline."

"If you add up Ron's mathematical theorems and his double somersaults," one of his colleagues says, "he'd surely have a record." Graham, in fact, does hold a world record—one no less peculiar. He is cited in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for having used the largest number in a mathematical proof. The number is incomprehensibly large. Mathematicians often try to suggest the magnitude of a large number by likening it to the number of atoms in the universe or the number of grains of sand in the Sahara. Graham's number has no such physical analogue. It can't even be expressed in familiar mathematical notation, as, say, the number 1 followed by a zillion zeros. To cite it a special notation had to be invoked, in which exponents are heaped on exponents to form a staggering leaning tower of digits.

Besides staying on the cutting edge of mathematics and acrobatics, Graham has found time to learn Chinese and take up the piano. Neither his wife nor his co-workers understand how he does it. "It's easy," Graham says. "There are a hundred and sixty-eight hours in *every* week."

Erdős and Graham met in 1963 in Boulder, Colorado, at a conference on number theory, and they have been collaborating ever since, writing twenty-five papers and one book together. That meeting was also the first of many spirited athletic encounters the two have had. "I remember thinking when we met that he was kind of an old guy," Graham says, "and I was amazed that he beat me at Ping-Pong. That defeat got me to take up the game seriously." Graham bought a machine that served Ping-Pong balls at very high speeds and went on to become Ping-Pong champion of Bell Labs. "We still play occasionally," Graham says. "Paul loves challenges. I give him nineteen points and play sitting down. But his eyesight is so bad that I can just lob the ball high into the air and he'll lose track of it."

In recent years Erdős has come up with novel athletic contests at which he'd seem to have more of a chance,



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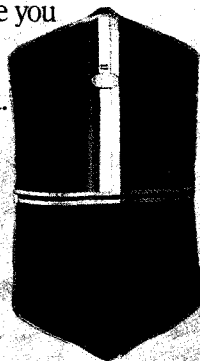


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*Some of the listings reflect preliminary information, so do confirm dates and programs before making final plans. Also, for many of the events, tickets or hotel accommodations or both are expected to sell out early, so do plan ahead.*

*Barbara Wallace*

## The WINTER TRAVEL PLANNER

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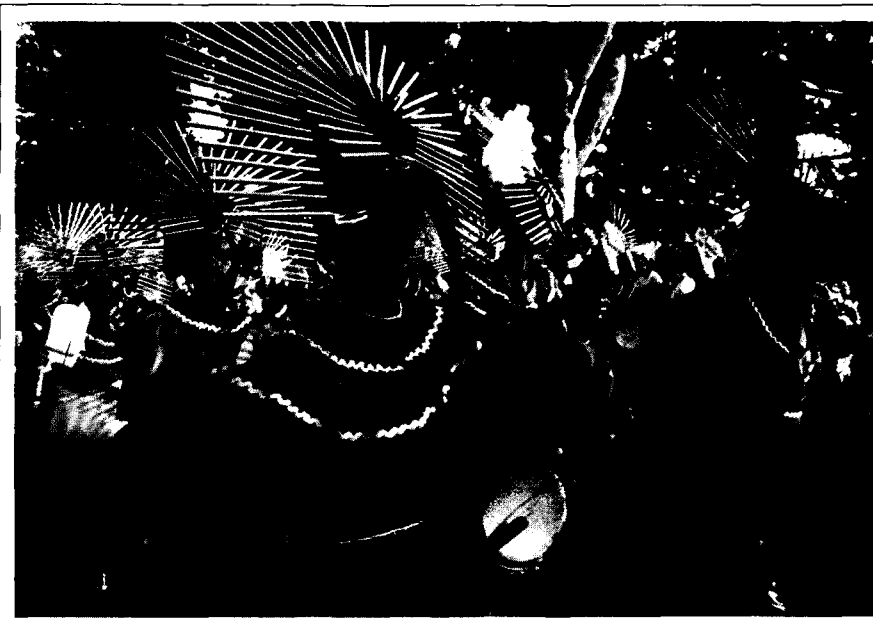
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# THE CARIBBEAN



*At Carnival at Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, in the French West Indies*

## ANTIGUA & BARBUDA

**APRIL 25-MAY 1, ANTIGUA SAILING WEEK.** The finale of the Caribbean sailing season, as far as serious yachtsmen are concerned. Besides a yachting series, there are social events, a Sunfish race, and a fishing-workboat race.

*For information: Government of Antigua & Barbuda Dept. of Tourism, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 541-4117.*

## ARUBA

**DECEMBER 31-JANUARY 1, NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION.** Groups of musicians called *dande* frolic from house to house singing good-luck songs, and of course there are fireworks at midnight. January 1 is also Aruba's Independence Day—the anniversary of the island's separation from the Netherlands Antilles and its independent membership in the Netherlands Kingdom.

**FEBRUARY 12-14, CARNIVAL.** Aruba celebrates in a big way. The big day is "Dimanche Gras," February 14.

*For information: Aruba Tourist Bureau, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. (212) 246-3030.*

## BARBADOS

**NOVEMBER 7-DECEMBER 7, NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE FESTIVAL OF THE CREATIVE ARTS.** An annual series of competitions in instrumental music, singing, dancing, and theater. The finals, and also craft and art exhibitions, are held on Independence Day, November 30.

**MID-FEBRUARY, HOLETOWN FESTIVAL.** St. James Parish. Something like the Bajan equivalent of Thanksgiving, with parades, pop and folk music performances, dancing, a rollicking street fair and market, and special church services at which ancient songs are sung—all in honor of the landing of the island's first settlers, in 1627.

**LATE MARCH, ROYAL CARIBBEAN JAZZ FESTIVAL.** Bridgetown. About a long weekend's worth, the festival is sponsored by the National Cultural Foundation.

**APRIL 16-18, OISTINS FISH FESTIVAL.** Each spring the little town of Oistins hosts a weekend of fishing-boat races, fish-boning competitions, music, dancing, and feasting.

*For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516.*

## BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

**APRIL 1-4, VIRGIN GORDA FESTIVAL.** Calypso singers and reggae bands, island specialty foods, and a festive parade.

**APRIL 15-21, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS SPRING REGATTA,** Tortola. The third leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

*For information: British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 696-0400.*

## CAYMAN ISLANDS

**APRIL 8-10, BATABANO CARNIVAL,** George Town, Grand Cayman. The Caymans hold their big carnival *after* Easter, but Batabano is otherwise right in the mainstream, featuring a colorful parade, calypso and steel-band music, and dancing.

*For information: Cayman Islands Dept. of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.*

## CURACAO

**FEBRUARY 12-14, CARNIVAL.** Curacao celebrates in a big way. The big day is "Dimanche Gras," February 14.

*For information: Curacao Tourist Board, 330 Biscayne Blvd., Suite 806, Miami, FL 33132. (305) 374-5812.*

## FRENCH WEST INDIES

**DECEMBER 3-12, INTERNATIONAL JAZZ AND POPULAR MUSIC FESTIVAL,** Fort-de-France, Martinique. The scheduled performers include Dee Dee Bridgewater and Branford Marsalis, Hermeto Pascoal, Dave Valentin, Andre Condouant, and the Caribbean Workshop.

**FEBRUARY 14-17, CARNIVAL.** The major Carnivals are in Fort-de-France, Martinique, and Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe; both keep right on going through Ash Wednesday, February 17.

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## CARIBBEAN

**MARCH 10, MI-CAREME**, Guadeloupe and Martinique. A time-out from Lent, with parades and parties and, on Guadeloupe, a mock funeral for Vaval, the King of Carnival.

**APRIL 4, EASTER MONDAY SOCCER GAME**, Martinique. When Guadeloupe plays Martinique, it's the sports event of the year. The day is a public holiday, and families unaffected by soccer fever head for the beach, to picnic on *mantoutou* crabs.

*For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.*

## JAMAICA

**NOVEMBER 14-22, JAMAICA HORSE ASSOCIATION'S INTERNATIONAL INVITATIONAL**. The 4th annual, at the Kingston Polo Club.

**DECEMBER 1-15, JUNKANOO**. Everyone dons a mask and a costume and heads for the streets, to parade, dance to the syncopated sounds of drums and bamboo flutes, and eat and drink.

**DECEMBER 1-6 AND APRIL 3, NATIONAL DANCE THEATER OF JAMAICA**, Kingston. This colorful folkloric company's interpretations of everything from plantation dances to *obeah* rites have an international following.

**FEBRUARY 5-10, MIAMI TO MONTEGO BAY RACE**. At 811 miles, this is the longest sailing race off the East Coast. It's in a new time slot on the yachting calendar this year. And there will be celebrations in honor of the 50th anniversaries of both the Storm Trifle Club (the Miami sponsor) and the Montego Bay Yacht Club (the sponsor in Jamaica). (305) 524-5508.

**FEBRUARY 11-18, JAMAICA SAILING WEEK**, Montego Bay. The finish of the highly competitive Miami to Montego Bay regatta marks the start of this series of social events and informal races.

*For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.*



## NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

**NOVEMBER 16, STATIA/AMERICA DAY**, St. Eustatius. The cannons at Fort

Oranje on this tiny island offered the first official salute to the new American nation by a foreign power, 211 years ago. (St. Eustatius, or Statia, paid for this dearly a few years later, when British Admiral George Brydges Rodney attacked the island and looted it to the tune of 5 million pounds.) Statians celebrate the anniversary by gathering at Fort Oranje at sunrise, for a re-enactment, in costume, of the historic events. Everyone sings an anthem to freedom and to friendship between the U.S. and their island, and the cannons are fired.

**FEBRUARY 12-14, CARNIVAL**, Bonaire. The big day is Sunday.

*For information: Bonaire Government Tourist Office, 275 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001-6708. (212) 242-7707.*

*St. Maarten/Saba/St. Eustatius Tourist Office, 275 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001-6708. (212) 989-0000.*



## PUERTO RICO

**JANUARY 6-20, SAN SEBASTIAN STREET FESTIVAL**, San Juan. Parades, singing and dancing, and exhibitions of Paso Fino horses on the streets of Old San Juan.

**FEBRUARY 11-22, WORLD SURFING CUP CHAMPIONSHIP**, Aguadilla and Isabela.

**MARCH 14-16, COPA VELASCO**, San Juan. The first leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

*For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10104. (212) 541-6630.*

## ST. KITTS & NEVIS

**DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 2, CARNIVAL**. It's hard to know whether this carnival is getting the jump on or lagging behind the usual Caribbean Carnival season. The local Last Lap dancers could be a hint either way, depending on whether you zero in on their behavior or their name. The event is primarily a holiday homecoming—but visitors are cordially invited to join in.

*For information: St. Kitts & Nevis Tourist Board, 414 E. 75th St., New York, NY 10021. (212) 535-1234.*



## CARIBBEAN

### ▲ ST. LUCIA

**DECEMBER 13, ST. LUCIA DAY.** Sports contests and folk-cultural activities highlight one of the biggest events of the year—the island's official discovery day (whether you believe it's the actual one depends on whether you read a Spanish or a French history) and, not coincidentally, its traditional patron saint's day as well.

**JANUARY 1-2, NEW YEAR'S,** Castries. This revel has its roots in the French Le Jour de l'An. A family of devils roams the streets, and bands of dancers, more cheerfully costumed, strut their stuff.

**FEBRUARY 13-16, CARNIVAL,** Castries. Parades, and calypso and steel-band competitions.

*For information: St. Lucia Tourist Board, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 867-2950.*

### ▀ TRINIDAD & TOBAGO

**FEBRUARY 15-16, CARNIVAL.** The 155-year-old Trinidadian Carnival is among the most venerable in the New World. The centers of activity these days are Port of Spain, Trinidad, and Scarborough, Tobago.

*For information: Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board, 400 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 838-7750.*



### U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

**DECEMBER 25-JANUARY 6, CRUCIAN CHRISTMAS FIESTA,** St. Croix. An all-out Christmas party, with Carnival-style festivities as well as more specifically Christmasy traditions, such as carol-singing (from 4 to 7 each morning, yet). The big finale comes on Three Kings Day, when a grand and fanciful costume parade calypsos through Christiansted.

**APRIL 1-3, ROLEX CUP REGATTA,** St. Thomas. The second leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

*For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Dept. of Commerce, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.*



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# THE BAHAMAS & BERMUDA

## THE BAHAMAS

**DECEMBER 26–JANUARY 1, JUNKANOO**, Nassau and Freeport. The “rush,” or parade, of fantastically costumed celebrants, to the beat of cowbells, horns, whistles, and goatskin goombay drums, begins at 4 A.M. on December 26.

**JANUARY 23–31, BAHAMAS INTERNATIONAL WINDSURFING REGATTA**, Cable Beach, Nassau. The richest pro-am event in the North Atlantic, attracting a world-class field of competitors. For information: (305) 856-3474.

**MARCH 15–18, CONCLUSION OF THE SORC YACHTING SERIES**, Nassau. The Southern Ocean Racing Conference races move from Florida to the Bahamas March 15–16, with the Miami to Nassau Race. The series concludes with the Nassau Cup Race, March 18, from Nassau to Porpoise Rocks and back. For information: (305) 667-1671.

**APRIL 27–MAY 1, FAMILY ISLANDS REGATTA**, George Town, Great Exuma. A favorite with the locals. The race for Bahamian work sloops is the highlight: the competition at sea is as fierce as the celebration on the harbor is friendly.

*For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 150 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 757-1611.*



## BERMUDA

**JANUARY 11–FEBRUARY 20, BERMUDA FESTIVAL**, Hamilton. An eclectic, international celebration of the arts. This year the performers will include the Vienna Boys' Choir, the Royal Danish Ballet, the McGill Chamber Orchestra, the Cleveland String Quartet, the Mo Kaufman Quintet, the guitarist Eduardo Fernandez, and the French-Canadian Puppet Company.

**APRIL–JULY, BEATING RETREAT CEREMONY**, Hamilton and St. George's.

In these months (and also in September and October), the Bermuda Regiment Band and the Bermuda Cadet Pipe Band perform this traditional ceremony twice a month—once on Hamilton's Front Street and once in St. George's—at 9 P.M., under floodlights.

**APRIL 1, BERMUDA KITE FESTIVAL**, Southampton. Kite-flyers battle it out on heavenly Horseshoe Bay. Awards are given for the most original, the most beautiful, the best over-all, the best giant, and the best small kite; no new-fangled plastic kites allowed.

**APRIL 20, PEPPERCORN CEREMONY**, St. George's. The Masonic Lodge of Bermuda has its headquarters at the State House, and when it comes time for the Lodge to pay the government its annual rent—namely, one peppercorn—the governor acts as rent collector, amid pomp and military fanfare.

*For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 310 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 818-9800.*

# LATIN AMERICA

## ARGENTINA

**JANUARY 1, UNDERWATER FISHING FESTIVAL**, Puerto Madryn. An aquatic welcome to the new year from this small town on the Golfo Nuevo. Puerto Madryn, founded by Welsh immigrants, retains Welsh as its official language. It is popular among skin divers as a base from which to visit the Valdes Peninsula, which is the home of large herds of sea elephants.

**FEBRUARY 13–16, CARNIVAL**, Corrientes and La Quiaca. Corrientes, in the northeastern cattle-ranching country of Mesopotamia (and not far from Iguazu Falls), puts on a stylish, Rio-influenced Carnival. Also, the celebration in La Quiaca, on the Bolivian border, in the Andes, is lively.

*For information: Aerolineas Argentinas, Commercial Dept., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. (212) 974-3300.*



## BELIZE

**DECEMBER 12, FIESTA DE LOS INDIOS**, Punta Gorda Town. Celebrations by Maya

Indians, Belize's original ethnic group. Mopan and Kekchi Mayas parade in ceremonial dress to the accompaniment of marimbas and homemade Maya harps. Maya food, drink, and handicrafts are available.

*For information: Embassy of Belize, 1575 I St. NW, Washington, DC, 20005. (800) 368-5909.*



## BRAZIL

**NOVEMBER 27–29, FESTIVAL OF GUARANA**, Maues. This village on the Maues Guacu tributary of the Amazon celebrates the harvest of the guarana, a local fruit said to be an aphrodisiac. With the new crop on display, Maues turns the festive red and green of the guarana's skin.

**DECEMBER 8, FESTIVAL OF NOSSA SENHORA DA CONCEICAO**, Salvador (Bahia). This day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, is the Latin American Mother's Day. In Salvador everyone dons traditional clothes and dances down the street in procession. That over, people head for the beach. A similar, if less famous, procession—complete with the trip to the beach—takes place in Recife,

where also the day is anticipated with a week-long fair.

**DECEMBER 31, FESTIVAL TO IEMANJA**, Rio de Janeiro. Perhaps the most spectacular introduction to *macumba*, a voodoo-related cult to which a vast number of Brazilians subscribe. On New Year's Eve thousands of *macumbeiros* gather on Copacabana and other beaches and place offerings of fruit, flowers, lipsticks—whatever might please Iemanja, the goddess of the sea—along the tide line. The scene is lit by candles; drummers drum and dancers dance, until dawn. By then the waves will have either accepted or rejected the offerings.

**JANUARY 15, LAVAGEM DO BOMFIM FESTIVAL**, Salvador (Bahia). According to tradition, women in Bahian costume open the festival by washing the front steps of the Bomfim church. But in reality the washing is accomplished by a long line of people who bring jars of water and wait their turn to pour them out. Flowers, fruit, and other foods are displayed and sold, and musicians play.

**FEBRUARY 13–16, CARNIVAL**, Rio de Janeiro.



## LATIN AMERICA

For information: Brazilian Government Trade Bureau, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10176. (212) 916-3206.

### ECUADOR

DECEMBER 1-6, ANNIVERSARY OF THE SPANISH FOUNDING OF QUITO. Ecuador's biggest annual event celebrates the founding of Quito (whose full name is San Francisco de Quito) with parades, dancing in the streets, and bullfights.

For information: Embassy of Ecuador, 2535 15th St., NW, Washington, DC 20009. (202) 234-7200.

### MEXICO

THROUGH 1988, BALLET FOLKLORICO, Mexico City. The company gives a lively show derived from the traditional folk dances of Mexico. Performances Wednesday and Sunday evenings, and Sunday mornings.

DECEMBER 14-21, CANCUN WINDSURFING REGATTA, Cancun. Mexico's largest windsurfing event, with competitions for professionals and amateurs. For information: (203) 967-3200.

DECEMBER 23, FESTIVAL OF THE RADISHES, Oaxaca. At booths that fill the town square, farmers display large radishes that they have carved in fantastic shapes. The whole city turns out to tour the radish galleries.

JANUARY 6-16, BAJA INTERNATIONAL WINDSURFING REGATTA, Los Barriles, Baja California. An international event attracting top pros. For information: (800) 222-5697.

FEBRUARY 13-16, CARNIVAL. Mazatlan, Veracruz, and Merida hold the most popular and traditional celebrations.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 755-7212 or (800) 331-1100.

### URUGUAY

FEBRUARY 14-16, CARNIVAL, Punta del Este. Costume balls, special performances in the theaters, and Rio-style parades. A local favorite is the parade featuring traditional *canvombe* music and dance by Uruguayan blacks.

For information: Embassy of Uruguay, 1918 F St., NW, Washington, DC 20006. (202) 331-1313.



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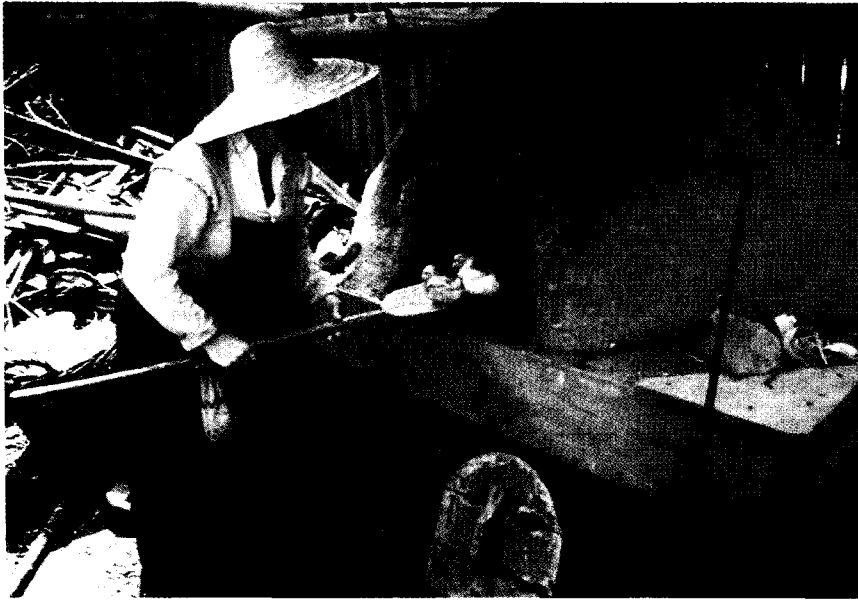
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# THE UNITED STATES



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## NEW ENGLAND

**THROUGH APRIL 26, BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SEASON,** Mass. Seiji Ozawa's orchestra performs most Friday afternoons and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, and has open rehearsals some Wednesday evenings. (617) 266-2378.

**THROUGH MAY 26, YALE REPERTORY THEATER SEASON,** New Haven, Conn. Lloyd Richards's company will present Bernard Pomerance's *Melons* through November 14; August Wilson's *Piano Lesson* November 23–December 19; the Winterfest Series, world premieres of four plays, in repertory January 11–February 6; a classic comedy (to be announced) February 16–March 12; and, in honor of the centennial of Eugene O'Neill's birth, *A Long Day's Journey Into Night* and *Oh, Wilderness!*, in repertory March 22–May 26. Performances Monday through Saturday evenings, with some Wednesday and Saturday matinees. (203) 432-1234.

**THROUGH JUNE 12, LONG WHARF THEATRE SEASON,** New Haven, Conn. Arvin Brown's company will present Richard Dresser's *Downside* through November 29; Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* December 4–January 17; J. B. Priestley's *Eden End* January 22–March 6; Brian Friel's *Fathers*

and *Sons* (an adaptation of Turgenev's novel) March 11–April 24; and Marc Blitzstein's *Regina* (a musical based on Lillian Hellman's *Little Foxes*) April 29–June 12. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, with matinees on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. (203) 787-4282.

**THROUGH JUNE, OPERA COMPANY OF BOSTON SEASON,** Mass. Sarah Caldwell's company will perform Cherubini's *Medea* January 22–31, Shchedrin's *Dead Souls* March 16–April 3, Verdi's *Traviata* April 22–May 1, and one other opera, in late May and early June. Performances Wednesday and Friday evenings and Sunday afternoons. (617) 426-2786.

**THROUGH JULY 17, AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE SEASON,** Cambridge, Mass. Robert Brustein's company will present a repertory season of William Hauptman's *Gillette* November 27–January 22; Pirandello's *Right You Are—If You Think You Are* December 11–January 31; Heiner Muller's *Quartet* February 5–March 6; and two more productions in May and June. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, with Saturday and Sunday matinees. (617) 547-8300.

**NOVEMBER 26-29, THANKSGIVING WEEKEND AT PLIMOTH PLANTATION,** Plymouth, Mass. In a re-creation of a Pilgrim settlement and aboard the *Mayflower II*, a full-scale replica of its

namesake, people too outgoing to be real Pilgrims demonstrate activities necessary to life in the 1620s. Thanksgiving dinner is served in the museum restaurant; reservations are required. (617) 746-1622.

**DECEMBER 1-31, CHRISTMAS IN NEWPORT, RI.** Candlelight tours of the historic homes, a concert at Marble House, and social events. (401) 847-1600.

**DECEMBER 5-13, CANDLELIGHT STROLL AT STRAWBERRY BANKE,** Portsmouth, NH. On the Saturday and Sunday evenings musicians will be scattered through the district's candlelit streets and buildings (two newly restored ones were opened this fall). (603) 433-1100.

**DECEMBER 31, FIRST NIGHT,** Boston, Mass. Environmental art, ice sculptures, music, dance, theater, performance art, storytelling, film, poetry, and, finally, fireworks greet the new year. (617) 542-7623.

**JANUARY 15-24, WINTER CARNIVAL,** Stowe, Vt. (802) 253-7326.

**FEBRUARY 12-14, WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SLED DOG DERBY,** Laconia, NH. (603) 253-6265.

**MARCH 24-27, U.S. FREESTYLE SKIING CHAMPIONSHIPS,** Stratton Mountain, Vt. Competitions in moguls, ballet, and aericals. (303) 578-4600.

## MID- ATLANTIC

**THROUGH JANUARY 3, "AMERICAN PARADISE: THE WORLD OF THE HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL,"** New York City. 88 examples of 19th-century American landscape painting. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (212) 879-5500.

**THROUGH JANUARY 3, JULIAN SCHNABEL EXHIBIT,** New York City. 35 paintings from 1975 to 1986. At the Whitney Museum of American Art. (212) 570-3600.

**THROUGH FEBRUARY 21, GEORGIA O'KEEFE EXHIBIT,** Washington, D.C. A centennial show: 110 paintings, pastels, watercolors, and drawings. At the National Gallery of Art. (202) 842-6353.

**THROUGH APRIL 16, METROPOLITAN OPERA SEASON,** New York City. Bruce Crawford's company will have 22 operas in the season's repertory, including new productions of Wagner's *Rheingold* through January 16, Verdi's *Trovatore* November 12–

## UNITED STATES

April 15, and Wagner's *Siegfried* February 12-March 5. Performances every night of the week except Sunday, and Saturday matinees. (212) 362-6000.

**THROUGH MAY 14, PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA SEASON**, Pa. Nicholas Thorne's *Revelation* will have its premiere, conducted by William Smith, on December 18. Riccardo Muti's orchestra performs most Tuesday and Saturday evenings, most Friday afternoons or evenings, and some Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings. (215) 893-1930.

**THROUGH MAY 27, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SEASON**, New York City. Zubin Mehta returns from a year's sabbatical December 29. Performances most Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, and some Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings and Friday afternoons. (212) 799-9595.

**THROUGH MAY 29, PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY SEASON**, Pa. Lorin Maazel is the principal conductor this season, though he won't take over the baton officially until next fall. Three or four performances weekly, Thursday through Sunday evenings. (412) 392-4800.

**THROUGH MAY, NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL SEASON**, New York City. Joe Papp's company will begin its repertory season with *Old Business*, written and directed by Joe Cacaci, opening October 27; Rinaldo Pavod's *Bitch of a Life*, opening November 3; and Caryl Churchill's *Serious Money* (with the West End cast), opening November 27. Performances Tuesday through Saturday evenings, with Saturday and Sunday matinees. (212) 598-7150.

**THROUGH JUNE 5, ARENA STAGE SEASON**, Washington, D.C. Zelda Fichandler's company will present, in repertory, August Wilson's *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* and Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men*, in a new adaptation by Adrian Hall, both through November 22; Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky* December 11-January 17; Pirandello's *Enrico IV* January 1-February 21; *Les Blancs*, by Lorraine Hansberry, February 5-March 13; the Stage Four series of three new American plays, through April 3; George S. Kaufman and Irving Berlin's *Cocoanuts* April 15-June 5; and Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* April 29-June 5. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, with Saturday and some Wednesday matinees. (202) 488-3300.

**THROUGH JUNE 28, OPERA COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA SEASON**, Pa. Margaret Anne Everitt's company will present Britten's *Peter Grimes* November 30

and December 4, a new production of Boito's *Mefistofele* January 18 and 22, Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte* April 18 and 22, and the finals of the Opera Company of Philadelphia/Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition June 23-28. (215) 732-5813.

**NOVEMBER 16-22, VIRGINIA SLIMS TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS**, New York City. At Madison Square Garden the world's top 16 women will compete. (305) 856-4030.

**NOVEMBER 17-FEBRUARY 21, NEW YORK CITY BALLET SEASON**, NY. The company, under balletmasters-in-chief Peter Martins and Jerome Robbins, will present its traditional production of *The Nutcracker* December 3-January 3. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, with Saturday and Sunday matinees. (212) 870-5570.

**DECEMBER 2-7, NABISCO MASTERS TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP**, New York City. At Madison Square Garden the world's top eight men will compete. (212) 838-8450.

**DECEMBER 2-MAY 2, "CARTHAGE: A MOSAIC OF ANCIENT TUNISIA"**, New York City. 17 large pictorial mosaics, several heroic bronzes, and hundreds of other objects. At the American Museum of Natural History. (212) 769-5000.

**JANUARY 2-31, WINTER OLYMPIC TRIALS**, Lake Placid, NY. The final competition for places on the U.S. Olympic team. Bobsled trials will be held each weekend; biathlon January 2-6; luge January 8-17; freestyle skiing January 16-18; ski jumping, Nordic skiing, and combined events January 20-24 (the Nordic combined competitions will also serve as the U.S. National Championships); and Alpine skiing January 29-31 (also the North American Championships). (800) 462-6236 within NY, and (800) 255-5515 elsewhere.

**FEBRUARY 10-14, WINTER CARNIVAL**, Saranac Lake, NY. (518) 891-1990.



## SOUTHEAST

**THROUGH MAY 21, ATLANTA SYMPHONY**, Ga. Robert Shaw's 21st, and last, season as music director. The orchestra will present the world premieres of a Violin Concerto by Stephen Paulus on November 5 and a work by Alvin Singleton on January 7. Performances most Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. (404) 898-1189.

**NOVEMBER 19-21, HISTORY FORUM**, Williamsburg, Va. With this event Colonial Williamsburg begins an annual series of history forums open to the public. This

year's theme will be "The Constitution Makers 1750-1784." (804) 229-1000.

**DECEMBER 1-31, CHRISTMAS IN CHARLESTON, SC.** House tours, parades, caroling, and more. (803) 723-7641.

**DECEMBER 4-6, ARKANSAS TERRITORIAL RESTORATION OPEN HOUSE**, Little Rock. The 20th annual. The Restoration's historical structures are decked out for the holidays 19th-century-style, and 19th-century skills and crafts, ranging from tomahawk throwing to quilting, are demonstrated. (501) 371-2348.

**DECEMBER 27-JANUARY 2, ATLANTIC CUP WINDSURFING REGATTA**, Riviera Beach, Fla. Amateurs compete December 27-31 and professionals December 29-January 2, at Palm Ocean Reef Park. (808) 579-8144.

**JANUARY 14-17, FORT LAUDERDALE TO KEY WEST RACE**, Fla. The beginning of the season, as far as serious yachtsmen are concerned. (305) 524-5508.

**FEBRUARY 5-10, MIAMI TO MONTEGO BAY RACE**, Fla. and Jamaica. At 811 miles, the longest sailing race off the East Coast. This year there will be celebrations in honor of the 50th anniversaries of the Storm Trifle Club (the Miami host) and the Montego Bay Yacht Club (the host in Jamaica). (305) 524-5508.

**FEBRUARY 5-16, MARDI GRAS**, New Orleans, La. Two or more parades are scheduled every day, and 18 are scheduled for Fat Tuesday alone. (504) 566-5011.

**FEBRUARY 10-20, EDISON PAGEANT OF LIGHT**, Fort Myers, Fla. An annual celebration at what was Thomas Edison's winter home, and in its environs. The festivities include a marching-band competition, a birthday bash for Edison, and a parade through Fort Myers on the final day. (813) 335-2631.

**FEBRUARY 19-21, EAGLES WEEKEND**, Golden Pond, Ky. Speakers, films, and field trips to observe the gold and bald eagles that winter at the 170,000 acre Land Between the Lakes recreational area. (502) 924-5602.

**FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 18, SORC YACHTING SERIES**, Fla. and the Bahamas. The Southern Ocean Racing Conference rally will take place in Upper Tampa Bay on February 20. The series will proceed as follows: February 25-26, two triangular races in South Tampa Bay, at St. Petersburg. February 28-March 1, St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale Race. March 10, Lipton Cup Race, from Port Everglades to Miami. March 12-13, Ocean Triangle



## UNITED STATES

Race, from Miami to Ocean Cay to Port Everglades, and back to Miami. March 15-16. Miami to Nassau Race. The series will conclude in the Bahamas on March 18, with the Nassau Cup Race. (305) 667-1671.

**FEBRUARY 25-MARCH 26, HUMANA FESTIVAL OF NEW AMERICAN PLAYS,** Louisville, Ky. Jon Jory's Actors Theater of Louisville will present commissioned works by Jimmy Breslin, Susan Sontag, and Marsha Norman, and also half a dozen other American plays in their first major productions. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, with Saturday, Sunday, and some Wednesday matinees. (502) 584-1205.

**MARCH 25-27, TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FESTIVAL,** New Orleans, La. Performances of and symposiums on his plays, and tours of his French Quarter haunts. (504) 566-5011.



## MIDWEST

**THROUGH FEBRUARY 6, LYRIC OPERA OF CHICAGO SEASON,** Ill. Ardis Krainik's company will present seven operas in repertory, including new productions of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* November 14-December 8, Berg's *Lulu* November 24-December 19, and Strauss's *Fledermaus* December 12-January 21. Performances three or four evenings most weeks. (312) 332-2244.

**THROUGH FEBRUARY 14, GUTHRIE THEATER SEASON,** Minneapolis, Minn. In Garland Wright's first full season as artistic director the company will present Federico Garcia Lorca's *House of Bernard Alba* and Georg Buchner's *Leon and Lena (and lenz)* in repertory through November 21 and 22, respectively; Dickens's *Christmas Carol* November 24-January 3; and Shakespeare's *Richard III* January 9-February 14. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. (612) 377-2224.

**THROUGH MAY 14, MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA SEASON,** Minneapolis and St. Paul. The orchestra's 85th anniversary season, in celebration of which Edo de Waart will conduct special performances of Wagner's *Rheingold* on April 15 and 16. The orchestra performs in Minneapolis on Wednesdays, Fridays, and some Saturdays, and in St. Paul on Thursdays and other Saturdays. Additional performances at each location on some Thursday and Friday mornings. (612) 371-5656.

**THROUGH MAY 21, CLEVELAND SYMPHONY SEASON,** Ohio. Christoph von Dohnanyi's orchestra will screen the

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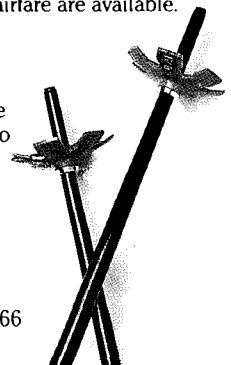
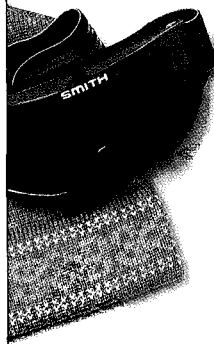
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## UNITED STATES

1938 Russian film *Alexander Nevsky* and play Prokofiev's score for it, under Vladimir Ashkenazy's baton, on November 22. Performances most Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and some Tuesday and Sunday evenings. (216) 231-7300.

**THROUGH MAY 21, ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY SEASON**, Mo. Leonard Slatkin's symphony will present the world premiere of a Guitar Concerto by Joseph Schwantner on January 8. The orchestra performs on many Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons, and some Wednesday and Thursday evenings. (314) 534-1700.

**THROUGH JUNE 22, CHICAGO SYMPHONY SEASON**, Ill. Sir Georg Solti's symphony will present the world premiere of Karel Husa's Concerto for Trumpet on February 11. Performances most Thursday and Saturday evenings, some Tuesday and Friday evenings, and some Friday and Sunday afternoons. (312) 435-8111.

**THROUGH JULY 10, GOODMAN THEATRE SEASON**, Chicago, Ill. Robert Falls's company will present Dickens's *Christmas Carol* November 22–December 30; Peter Nichols's *Passion Play* January 8–February 13; John Guare's *Landscape of the Body* February 26–April 2; a new adaptation of Georges Feydeau's *Flea in Her Ear* April 15–May 21; and one other production in June and July. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, with Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday matinees. (312) 443-3800.

**DECEMBER 5–JANUARY 3, CHRISTMAS AT THE HENRY FORD MUSEUM AND GREENFIELD VILLAGE**, Dearborn, Mich. Amid the world's largest collection of 19th-century Americana. (313) 271-1620.

**DECEMBER 12–FEBRUARY 14, "AN AMERICAN VISION,"** Chicago, Ill. 115 paintings by N.C., Andrew, and Jamie Wyeth. At the Terra Museum of American Art. (312) 664-3939.

**JANUARY 21–24, INTERNATIONAL FINALS RODEO**, Tulsa, Okla. (405) 238-6488.

**JANUARY 27–FEBRUARY 7, ST. PAUL WINTER CARNIVAL**, Minn. With an "erupting" volcano made out of snow. (612) 222-4416.

**JANUARY 30–APRIL 3, "IMPRESSIONIST AND POST-IMPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECES,"** Kansas City, Mo. 48 paintings from London's Courtauld Institute of Art. At

the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art. (816) 561-4000.

**FEBRUARY 20, AMERICAN BIRKEBEINER**, Hayward to Cable, Wis. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (55 km). (715) 634-5025.

**FEBRUARY 26–27, SHARPING BROTHERS LONGHORN AND EXOTIC ANIMAL SALE**, Chamberlain, SD. Friday's auction will feature hooved animals, such as watusi, buffalo, yaks, and exotic sheep. On Saturday they'll do the elk, auodads, camels, zebras, nilgais, eland, ostriches, emus, and so forth. (605) 894-4335.

**MARCH 11–MAY 22, FREDERIC REMINGTON EXHIBIT**, St. Louis, Mo. The first major retrospective of Remington's work: 50 paintings and 20 sculptures. At the St. Louis Art Museum. (314) 721-0067.

**MARCH 12–JUNE 26, GEORGIA O'KEEFFE EXHIBIT**, Chicago, Ill. A centennial show: 110 paintings, pastels, watercolors, and drawings. At the Art Institute of Chicago. (312) 443-3600.



## WEST

**THROUGH NOVEMBER 29, "AN AMERICAN VISION,"** Dallas, Texas. 115 paintings by N.C., Andrew, and Jamie Wyeth. At the Dallas Museum of Art. (214) 922-0220.

**THROUGH DECEMBER 27, DALLAS OPERA SEASON**, Texas. The opera's 30th season. The company, under artistic director Nicola Rescigno, will present Puccini's *Tosca* November 5–14, Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri* November 19–28, Massenet's *Werther* December 3–12, and Puccini's *Turandot* December 19–27. Each opera is performed on three evenings, including a Saturday, and at a Sunday matinee. (214) 871-0090.

**THROUGH JANUARY 17, "TREASURES OF THE HOLY LAND,"** Houston, Texas. Some 200 objects, 12,000 B.C. to A.D. 700, from the Israel Museum, Jerusalem. At the Museum of Fine Arts. (713) 526-1361.

**THROUGH MAY 13, HOUSTON GRAND OPERA SEASON**, Texas. It's David Gockley's company's first season in the new Wortham Theater Center. The company will present, in repertory, the world premiere of *Nixon in China*, a collaboration by John Adams, Alice Goodman, and Peter Sellars, through November 7; and six other operas, including new productions of Verdi's *Aida* through November 6, Mozart's *Abduction From the Seraglio* through

November 10, and Mozart's *Così fan tutte* January 21–February 10. Performances Tuesday through Saturday evenings, and Sunday afternoons. (713) 546-0246.

**DECEMBER 4–12, NATIONAL FINALS RODEO**, Las Vegas, Nevada. (702) 731-2115.

**JANUARY 15–24, U.S. FILM FESTIVAL**, Park City, Utah. The 10th annual showcase for new American films. (801) 328-3456.

**JANUARY 17–24, SUN VALLEY WINTERFEST**, Idaho. (208) 726-3423.

**JANUARY 30–31, U.S. SKI JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIPS**, Steamboat Springs, Colo. 70 and 90 meter jumping, including a 70 meter night jump. (303) 879-0740.

**FEBRUARY 1–7, STEAMBOAT WINTER CARNIVAL**, Steamboat Springs, Colo. The 75th annual. (303) 879-0695.

**FEBRUARY 4–8, SUBARU U.S. ALPINE SKIING CHAMPIONSHIPS**, Crested Butte and Copper Mountain, Colo. Men's and women's downhill February 4, men's and women's super-giant slalom February 5, women's giant slalom February 6, men's giant slalom February 7, and men's and women's slalom February 8. (303) 578-4600.

**FEBRUARY 20–APRIL 17, "AMERICAN WOMEN ARTISTS, 1830–1930,"** Dallas, Texas. More than 100 paintings and sculptures. At the Meadows Museum. (214) 692-2516.

**MARCH 5–6, GUILD INDIAN FAIR**, Phoenix, Ariz. The 30th annual, at the Heard Museum. Indian food, performances of Indian music and dance, and both demonstrations of arts and crafts and the opportunity to buy the finished products. (602) 252-8840.

**MARCH 28–29, BORAH SYMPOSIUM**, Moscow, Idaho. An annual public event intended to call attention to "the causes of war and the conditions of peace." The focus is generally on an aspect of U.S. foreign policy. (208) 882-3581.

**MARCH 28–APRIL 3, SPRING SKI FESTIVAL**, Jackson Hole, Wyo. (307) 733-4005.



## PACIFIC

**THROUGH DECEMBER 13, SAN FRANCISCO OPERA SEASON**, Calif. Terence McEwen's company will present, in repertory, a new production of Beethoven's *Fidelio* through November 5; a new production of Verdi's *Traviata* through

## UNITED STATES

November 7; Verdi's *Nabucco* through November 22; Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman* November 11–December 8; Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* November 14–December 4; and Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* November 23–December 13. Performances most Tuesday through Saturday evenings, and Sunday matinees. (415) 864-3330.

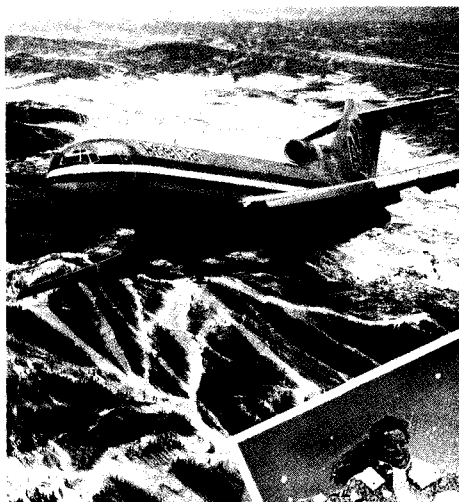
**THROUGH APRIL 29, LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA SEASON, Calif.** On November 3 Andre Previn's orchestra will screen the 1938 Russian film *Alexander Nevsky* and play Prokofiev's score for it. Also, the Philharmonic will be participating in the UK/LA celebration (described below), performing a Britten program February 18-21 and, with the Los Angeles Master Chorale, Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* April 7-10. Performances most Thursday through Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons, and some Wednesday evenings and Friday afternoons. (213) 410-1062.

**THROUGH MAY 14, SEATTLE OPERA SEASON, Wash.** Speight Jenkins's company will present Mozart's *Magic Flute* through November 7, a new production of Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* January 16-23, Verdi's *Rigoletto* March 5-12, and Strauss's *Fledermaus* May 7-14. Performances usually on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, with Sunday matinees. (206) 443-4711.

**THROUGH MAY 28, AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATER SEASON, San Francisco, Calif.** Edward Hastings's ACT will present, in repertory, Shakespeare's *King Lear* through December 5, Sam Shepard's *Lie of the Mind* through December 12, Dickens's *Christmas Carol* December 5-26, Woody Allen's *Floating Light Bulb* December 29–January 9, Mark Harelik's *Immigrant* January 11–February 13, Mae West's *Diamond Lil* February 1–March 19, Arthur Kopit's *End of the World With Symposium to Follow* February 22–April 15, Clifford Odets's *Golden Boy* March 14–May 13, and Aristophanes' *Birds* April 18–May 28. Performances most Monday through Saturday evenings, with Saturday and some Wednesday matinees. (415) 673-6440.

**THROUGH JUNE 26, SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY SEASON, Calif.** The symphony's "New and Unusual Music" series will include a computer-music week in mid-December, and three concerts conducted by composer-in-residence Charles Wuorinen. Herbert Blomstedt's symphony performs most Wednesday through Saturday evenings and some Thursday and Sunday afternoons, and has open rehearsals some Wednesday mornings. (415) 864-6000.

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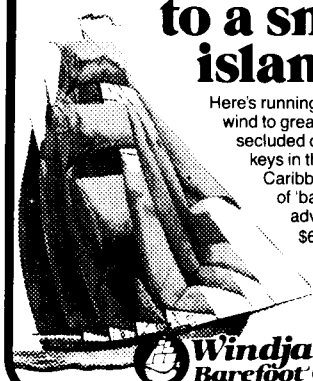
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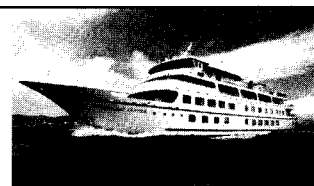
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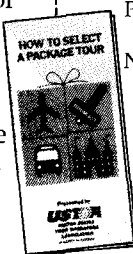


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## UNITED STATES

**THROUGH AUGUST 21, MARK TAPER FORUM SEASON, Los Angeles, Calif.** Gordon Davidson's company will present *Hunting Cockroaches*, by Janusz Glowacki, through December 13; *A Lie of the Mind*, by Sam Shepard, January 10-March 6; *Made in Bangkok*, by Anthony Minghella, March 13-April 17; *The Piano Lesson*, by August Wilson, April 24-June 19; and one other production in July and August. Performances Tuesday through Sunday evenings, and Saturday and Sunday matinees. (213) 410-1062.

**NOVEMBER 29-DECEMBER 5, HAWAII INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, Honolulu, Hawaii.** New films from Asia, the Pacific, and the U.S. (808) 944-7200.

**DECEMBER 5-JANUARY 31, "AMERICAN WOMEN ARTISTS, 1830-1930," San Diego, Calif.** More than 100 paintings and sculptures. At the San Diego Museum of Art. (619) 232-7931.

**FEBRUARY 4-APRIL 30, UK/LA, Los Angeles, Calif.** An all-out celebration of British arts. Some highlights:

*February 4-April 24, David Hockney Exhibit.* A "mid-career retrospective" of 150 paintings, 60 drawings, and 30 photographs, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

*February 16-21, A Midsummer Night's Dream.* A new production of Britten's opera by the Los Angeles Music Center Opera.

*March 10-20, The Mikado.* A co-production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta by the Los Angeles Music Center Opera and the English National Opera.

*March 31-April 3, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra concerts,* conducted by Simon Rattle.

*April 23-28, Academy of St. Martin in the Fields concerts,* conducted by Sir Neville Marriner.

Also, performances by Ballet Rambert and the National Theatre of Great Britain, and new British art, music, film, television, and video. (213) 282-8918.

**MARCH 4-13, SNOWFEST, Calif.** More than 100 events, ranging from ski races to a vintage-wine auction to the Dress Up Your Dog contest, in Squaw Valley, Alpine Meadows, Incline Village, and Truckee, atop Donner Summit, and at the ski resorts along Lake Tahoe's north and west shores. (916) 583-7625.

**MARCH 14-20, U.S. CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Royal Gorge, Calif.** (303) 578-4600.

**APRIL 6-17, MARUO'NEIL WINDSURFING MEET, Maui, Hawaii.** This event attracts top windsurfers. (808) 579-9765.

# CANADA



*At the Festival du Voyageur, in the St. Boniface district of Winnipeg, Manitoba*

**THROUGH MAY 7, VANCOUVER OPERA SEASON, BC.** Brian McMaster's company will present Janacek's *Cunning Little Vixen* January 30–February 6, Britten's *Turn of the Screw* March 12–19, and Strauss's *Fledermaus* April 30–May 7. Performances Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings. (604) 682-2871.

**THROUGH JUNE 19, TORONTO SYMPHONY SEASON, Ont.** This is Andrew Davis's final season as the symphony's music director. Performances most Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, some Monday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings, and some Sunday and Monday afternoons. (416) 593-7769.

**NOVEMBER 6–MAY 13, NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA SEASON, Toronto.** Among the highlights of the current season of Valerie Wilder and Lynn Wallis's company will be the world premiere of a ballet by Glen Tetley, on a program with Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco*, presented in repertory November 6–26. (416) 362-1041.

**DECEMBER 1–MAY 25, MONTREAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SEASON, Quebec.** Charles Dutoit's orchestra will present the world premieres of a Trumpet Concerto by Malcolm Forsyth, on January 12; Francois Morel's *Aux couleurs du ciel*, on January 26; a Bass Concerto by Anne Lauber, on May 3, and a Viola Concerto by Robert Turner, on May 24; each work will be performed again on the night following

the premiere. The symphony performs most Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, some Monday evenings, and some Sunday afternoons. (514) 842-3402.

**JANUARY 23–FEBRUARY 21, WORLD CHESS FESTIVAL, Saint John, New Brunswick.** All of the world's 32 grand masters, including the world champion, Garry Kasparov, are planning to attend and play. (800) 561-0123.

**JANUARY 23–FEBRUARY 28, OLYMPIC ARTS FESTIVAL, Calgary, Alberta.** Actually, the events will begin well before the festival's official opening. Listed here are some highlights.

*January 6–February 27, Theater Performances.* Alberta Theatre Projects will present five new Canadian plays January 6–February 21. Sharon Pollock's *Walsh* will be given its world premiere by Theatre Calgary January 15, with additional performances through February 6. And the Shaw Festival company will present a new production of *You Never Can Tell* February 23–27.

*January 15–April 30, Visual Arts Exhibits.* For the duration "The Spirit Sings," comprising more than 600 examples of Indian and Inuit art will be on view at the Glenbow Museum.

*January 23, Opening Gala.* A jazz suite commissioned from Oscar Peterson and a work for orchestra and chorus commissioned from another Canadian composer will be performed. At the Olympic Saddledome.

*January 24–February 20, Dance*

*Performances.* The National Ballet of Canada and Les Grands Ballets Canadiens will appear together January 24–26. The six winners of the Olympic Modern Dance Commissions will present their new works January 28–30. The Joffrey Ballet will perform February 1–3; one evening's program will include the world premiere of an Olympic commission from James Kudelka. The Alberta Ballet Company will give *The Snow Maiden* its world premiere February 18; there will be additional performances February 19 and 20.

*January 24–February 26, Music and Opera Performances.* Canada's four professional choirs will join forces for a concert January 24. The Julliard String Quartet will perform February 1. The Calgary Opera Association will present Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* February 10–15. The Toronto Symphony will perform February 17 in Banff. And the Centre International de Creations Theatrales will present (in French) Peter Brook's *Carmen* February 17–23.

In short, 2,200 artists in 18 disciplines will be giving some 600 performances and exhibitions. (403) 270-6088.

**FEBRUARY 4–14, QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL, Quebec City.** Including night parades on February 6 and 13, and an international canoe race across the St. Lawrence on February 14. (212) 397-0200.

**FEBRUARY 5–14, WINTERLUDE, Ottawa, Ontario.** The 10th edition. A 150-foot-high ice palace is planned. (613) 239-5018.

**FEBRUARY 12–21, FESTIVAL DU VOYAGEUR, St. Boniface, Manitoba.** The French-speaking district of Winnipeg salutes the fur-trading past. Sled-dog races, demonstrations of frontiersman's skills, fiddling contests, and lots of French-Canadian food and *joie de vivre*. (204) 945-3777.

**FEBRUARY 13–28, 1988 OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES, Calgary, Alberta.** It's late, but not hopelessly so, to be thinking of attending the Winter Olympics. The Olympics ticket-information people, at (403) 270-6088, can tell you which events tickets are still available for.

**FEBRUARY 14, GATINEAU 55, Gatineau to Gatineau, Quebec (loop route).** A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (55 km). (715) 634-5025.

**MARCH 25–27, CARIBOU CARNIVAL AND CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP DOG DERBY, Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.** Traditional and not-so sporting contests and frolics, simultaneous with a 150-mile sled-dog race on Great Slave Lake. (403) 873-2719 for Carnival information; (403) 873-7458 for Dog Derby information.

# EUROPE



*At Carnival in Nice*

## AUSTRIA

**THROUGH JUNE 30, STAATSOPER SEASON, Vienna.** Virtually every night an opera, a ballet, or, occasionally, a concert is on. The opera and ballet companies, which are under the general direction of Claus Helmut Drese, both have large ongoing repertoires and will perform many works in addition to those named here. The opera company will present new productions of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* January 31–February 25 and May 12–23 and Puccini's *Fanciulla del West* April 12–25. Entering the repertory of the ballet company will be a program of de Falla's *Three-Cornered Hat*, Tchaikovsky's *Serenade*, and Hindemith's *The Four Temperaments* December 16–January 4 (the common thread here is that all the sets and costumes were designed by Picasso); and a program of Berio's *Dream Dances*, Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, and Stravinsky's *Les Noces* April 30–June 8. The Vienna Philharmonic, under Claudio Abbado, will perform independent of the opera and ballet on November 4 and at the traditional New Year's concerts December 31 and January 1.

**DECEMBER 17–JUNE 12, "BIEDERMEIER," Vienna.** The "Fin du Siecle" exhibit of two years ago will be a hard act to follow, but with this exhibit its organizers are doing their best. The full title is "The Age of the Bourgeoisie and the Spirit of Conflict—Biedermeier and the

Pre-Revolutionary Period in Vienna, 1815–1848." At the Kunsterhaus.

**JANUARY 22–31, MOZART WEEK, Salzburg.** The Salzburg Orchestra and the Choir of the Salzburg State Theater, directed by Hermann Prey, will perform *The Marriage of Figaro*—and so, in its own way, will the Salzburg Marionette Theater. And groups including the London Philharmonic, the Vienna Philharmonic, and London's Academy of Ancient Music will give orchestral and chamber concerts.

**JANUARY 24, DOLOMITENLAUF, Lienz to Lienz (loop route).** A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (60 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

**FEBRUARY 13–MARCH 26, DANCE '88, Vienna.** Performances by the Joffrey Ballet, Vienna: Lusthaus, the Netherlands Dance Theater, the Jose Limon Dance Company, the National Folklore Ensemble of Cuba, the Moscow Gypsy Dance Theater, a selection of up-and-coming companies, and the Staatsoper Ballet.

For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

## BELGIUM

**FEBRUARY 16, GILLES OF BINCHE CARNIVAL.**

For information: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151. (212) 758-8130.



## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

**THROUGH APRIL 26, CZECH PHILHARMONIC SEASON, Prague.** Vaclav Neumann's orchestra performs several times a week, usually including Thursday through Sunday evenings.

For information: Czechoslovak Travel & Hotel Corporation, 10 E. 40th St., New York, NY 10016. (212) 689-9720.

## DENMARK

**MARCH 14–19, 1000TH ANNIVERSARY WEEK, Odense.** To celebrate its millennial, the town where Hans Christian Andersen was born will present entertainment by citizens of Odense's 7 sister cities. At the end of the week Queen Margarethe will pay a visit and open a new museum.

**MARCH 30–OCTOBER, KING CHRISTIAN IV EXHIBIT, Copenhagen.** In honor of the 400th anniversary of King Christian IV's accession to the throne, Denmark has proclaimed 1988 his year. This exhibit, of the art, jewelry, and ivories that Christian collected, at Rosenborg Castle, which he built, is only the beginning; exhibits and festivals this summer will highlight the cultural, scientific, and military achievements of his reign.

For information: Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events Desk, (800) 221-2350.

## FINLAND

**FEBRUARY 28, FINLANDIA HIIHTO, Hameenlinna to Lahti.** The world's largest cross-country skiing marathon, with more than 15,000 participants each year. The 75 km Finlandia is on the Worldloppet circuit. For information: (715) 634-5025.

**APRIL 9–10, REINDEER CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, Inari.** The Association of Reindeer Owners maintains a registry of racing reindeer, which currently lists nearly 400 animals.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events Desk, (800) 221-2350.





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## FRANCE

**THROUGH NOVEMBER 22, PARIS DANCE FESTIVAL.** Performances by the Monte Carlo New Ballet, the Danish Royal Ballet, the Dance Forum, the Kirov, the Riga Ballet, the London Festival Ballet, and the Peking Ballet.

**THROUGH JUNE 30, ORCHESTRE DE PARIS SEASON.** It's the orchestra's 20th season, in celebration of which a special concert will be given on November 14; music director Daniel Barenboim and Sir George Solti will each conduct the orchestra and play piano. Performances most Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and some Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons.

**THROUGH JULY 16, PARIS OPERA SEASON.** Either Rudolf Nureyev's opera company or his ballet company performs virtually every night, and there are weekend matinees too. The new productions entering the opera's repertory will be Bellini's *Norma* November 13–December 11 and June 25–July 15; Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* January 19–February 2; Janacek's *Katya Kabanova* February 18–March 1 and his *In the House of the Dead* March 10–April 1; Massenet's *Thais* May 16–June 14; and Ohana's *Celestine*, in its world premiere June 13, with additional performances June 17–29.

**NOVEMBER 23–27, BONNE CUISINE FESTIVAL,** Lyon. A new, ambitious event, at which Paul Bocuse and the members of Arts Culinaires will act as hosts. There will be cooking demonstrations, food and wine tastings, restaurant and market visits, workshops, seminars, and special dinners at participating restaurants, after which the diners will be able to talk with the chefs.

**FEBRUARY 11–24, NICE CARNIVAL.** The theme this year is "Le Roi de la Côte d'Azur."

**FEBRUARY 21, TRANSJURASSIENNE,** Lamoura to Mouthe. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (76 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

*For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020-2452. (212) 757-1125.*

## EAST GERMANY

**THROUGH JUNE 24, GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA OF LEIPZIG SEASON.**

Kurt Masur's orchestra performs most Thursday and Friday evenings and some Tuesday evenings as well.

*For information: Embassy of the German Democratic Republic, 1717 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20036. (202) 232-3134.*

## WEST GERMANY

**THROUGH JUNE, BERLIN PHILHARMONIC SEASON.** Herbert von Karajan's orchestra performs three or four nights a week, usually including Friday and Saturday.

**THROUGH JUNE, STUTTGART BALLET SEASON.** Marcia Haydee's company performs Tuesday through Sunday evenings, and presents some matinees.

**THROUGH JULY 31, BAVARIAN STATE OPERA SEASON,** Munich. August Everding's and Wolfgang Sawallisch's distinguished company.

**FEBRUARY 7, KOENIG LUDWIG LAUF,** Ettal to Oberammergau. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (65 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

**FEBRUARY 14–16, CARNIVAL,** Munich. Everyone's a participant; there's no parade. The big day is Sunday, on the Marienplatz, in front of City Hall.

*For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.*

## GREECE

**FEBRUARY 20–21, CARNIVAL,** Patras.

**APRIL 8–10, GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION AND GREEK EASTER.** Athens. On Good Friday a large and solemn candlelit procession travels from the ornate Cathedral—the Greek Orthodox Mother Church—to cosmopolitan Syntagma Square and back. On Easter morning the solemnity gives way to the nation's largest, happiest annual celebration.

*For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.*

## IRELAND

**MARCH 13–19, SAINT PATRICK'S WEEK,** Dublin. About a quarter of a million

Irishmen, honorary or otherwise, annually turn out for the Gaelic football, hurling, horse racing, and concerts and dancing on St. Stephen's Green. The Lord Mayor's Ball, the band and drill-team competitions, and the parade are among the highlights.

**MARCH 18–28, CHURCH MUSIC INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL,** Limerick City. Traditional and modern music are sung, competitively, in the 12th-century St. Mary's Cathedral.

*For information: Irish Tourist Board, 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 418-0800.*

## ITALY

**DECEMBER 7–JUNE 31, LA SCALA OPERA SEASON,** Milan. Under the direction of Riccardo Muti.

**JANUARY 6, LIVING TABLEAU OF THE CHRISTMAS CRECHE,** Rivisondoli. Virtually all of the residents of this little town in the Abruzzi don costumes and take part in the traditional live Christmas creche, presented in a magnificent mountain setting.

**JANUARY 31, MARCIALONGA,** Moena to Cavalese. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (70 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

**FEBRUARY 6–16, CARNIVAL IN VENICE.**

**APRIL 1, GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION,** Rome. The Pope leads a religious procession along a torchlit route from the Colosseum past the Forum and up the Palatine Hill.

*For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.*

## MONACO

**JANUARY 28–FEBRUARY 1, INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL,** Monte Carlo. Leading circus attractions from many nations.

**APRIL 1–24, PRINTEMPS DES ARTS DE MONTE-CARLO.** Including orchestral and chamber concerts, ballets, the first presentation anywhere since the 18th century of Domenico Cimarosa's opera *Il Pittore Parigino*, and visual-arts exhibits.

*For information: Monaco Government Tourist and Convention Bureau, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-5227.*

## EUROPE



### NETHERLANDS

THROUGH MAY 14, CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA SEASON, Amsterdam. Riccardo Chailly's orchestra gives two to four evening performances most weeks and plays some Sunday matinees.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 355 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-7367.



### NORWAY

MARCH 17-20, HOLMENKOLLEN SKI FESTIVAL, Oslo. Excluding Worldloppet events, the world's largest competition for amateur cross-country skiers.

MARCH 20, BIRKEBEINER RENNEN, Lillehammer to Rena. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (55 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events Desk, (800) 221-2350.



### POLAND

DECEMBER 15-JANUARY 6, CRACOW COMPETITION OF CHRISTMAS CRIBS. Whole families in Cracow are already at work already constructing ornate creches, many of which are inspired by Cracow's historical architecture. During these weeks all entries are displayed in the Main Square, at the foot of the Adam Mickiewicz statue; afterward they go on exhibit in the Cracow Historical Museum.

For information: Polish National Tourist Office, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601. (312) 236-9013.

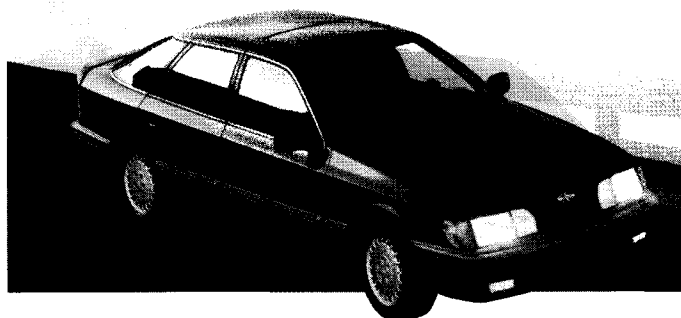


### PORTUGAL

MARCH 13, TERTIARY PROCESSION, Ovar. Hundreds of brothers wearing the habit of St. Francis escort 14 floats bearing life-size images crafted in the 18th century.

MARCH 25-APRIL 25, MARCH FAIR, Aveiro. In the fair's water parades and flower battles, brightly painted *moliceiros*, the local workboats, play starring and supporting roles, respectively.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.



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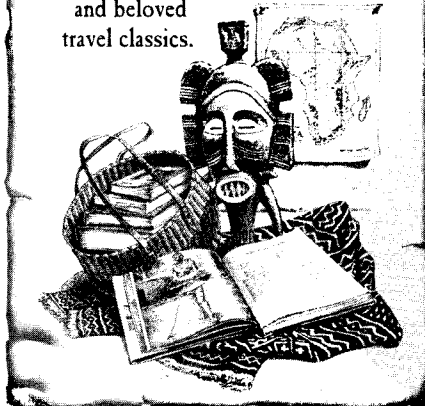
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## EUROPE

### SPAIN

**FEBRUARY 17-20, CARNIVAL**, Santa Cruz de Tenerife. This town in the Canary Islands prides itself on celebrating Carnival in the traditional way, without incursions of modernity.

**MARCH 12-19, FALLAS DE SAN JOSE**, Valencia. Satirical cardboard *falla* figures—some several stories high—are on display throughout this mischievous festival. At midnight on the final night, the Nit del Foc, they are ignited, to spectacular effect.

**APRIL 17-21, SEVILLE FAIR**. The town, transformed by avenues of colorful tents, wreaths, paper lanterns, and strings of tiny lights, gives itself over to singing, dancing, and admiring the cavalcades of riders in traditional dress.

*For information: National Tourist Office of Spain, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.*

### SWEDEN

**FEBRUARY 4-6, GREAT LAPP WINTER FAIR**, Jokkmokk. Traditional since 1605. There's a church festival, a Lapp Parliament, and a crafts market.

**MARCH 6, VASALOPPET**, Salen to Mora. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (89 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

*For information: Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events Desk, (800) 221-2350.*



### SWITZERLAND

**DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 3, BEJART BALLET LAUSANNE PERFORMANCES**. The successor to Maurice Bejart's XXe siècle company is performing in the south of France in November but will return to its new home to give *Souvenir From Leningrad* its world premiere.

**MARCH 13, ENGADIN SKIMARATHON**, Maloja to Zuoz/s-Chanf. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (42 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

*For information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-5944.*

### TURKEY

**JANUARY 10, CAMEL WRESTLING FESTIVAL**, Selcuk. The camels wrestle each other, to the accompaniment of drums and flutes. Actually, the whole month is Turkey's camel-wrestling season, and other exhibitions of the sport take place at various locations in the province of Aydin, south of Izmir, on Turkey's Aegean coast.

*For information: Turkish Consulate General, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-2194.*

### UNITED KINGDOM

**THROUGH FEBRUARY 27, SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET SEASON**. Peter Wright's company will perform in Birmingham November 9-14, Leeds November 17-21, Southampton November 24-28, Oxford December 1-5, at home in London's Sadler's Wells Theatre January 5-16, and in Liverpool February 15-20 and Plymouth February 22-27. The season's highlights include Britten's *Gloriana* choreographed by Michael Corder, which will be given its world premiere this month, and a new ballet by Graham Lustig, which will be given its premiere in January.

**THROUGH JUNE 16, ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA SEASON**, London. Music director Vladimir Ashkenazy and principal conductor Andre Previn will each conduct, as will no fewer than 21 guest conductors. Two to four concerts most weeks, at Royal Festival Hall, Barbican Hall, or Croydon's Fairfield Hall.

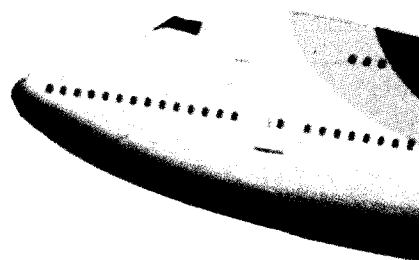
**THROUGH JULY, SEASON OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN**, London. This season the new productions in Bernard Haitink's Royal Opera company's (large) repertory are Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and *Abduction From the Seraglio*, both this month; and Strauss's *Salome* and Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* in April and May. Anthony Dowell's Royal Ballet will be presenting (among the many other works in its repertory) a new production of Prokofiev's *Cinderella* in December and January, the world premiere of a new ballet by David Bintley in February, and a revival of Hans Werner Henze's *Ondine* in April and May.

**THROUGH AUGUST, LONDON SYMPHONY SEASON**. Michael Tilson Thomas's first season as principal conductor. The orchestra will be participating in the Festival of British Music (described below).

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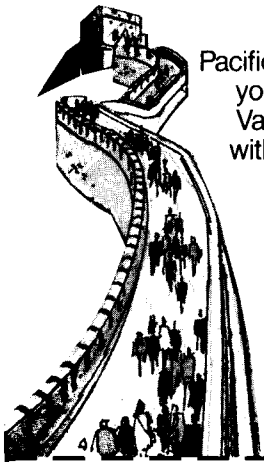
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## EUROPE

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### DECEMBER 9-13, NABISCO MASTERS DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP, London.

The premier doubles tennis tournament, at Royal Albert Hall.

### JANUARY 8-JUNE 18, FESTIVAL OF BRITISH MUSIC, London.

20 concerts of music by traditional and modern British composers. The London Symphony, the BBC Symphony, the London Symphonietta, the National Youth Orchestra of Britain, and the Grimethorpe Colliery Band will all take part. The opening concert, by the London Symphony, conducted by Sir Colin Davis, will include the world premiere of a Guitar Concerto by Steve Gray. On January 31 the London Symphony will give a work commissioned from Robert Saxton its premiere.

For information: British Tourist Authority,  
40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700.



## USSR

### THROUGH MAY, PERFORMING ARTS SEASONS, Moscow and Leningrad.

Moscow's Bolshoi Opera and Ballet, the Moscow Symphony, Leningrad's Kirov Opera and Ballet, and the Leningrad Philharmonic don't publish their schedules more than a month ahead, but they do perform regularly from September to May. This is also the season for the circuses in the two cities, which are said to be just as popular with tourists.

### DECEMBER 25-JANUARY 5, RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, Moscow.

A kaleidoscopic compilation of performances by Russia's major classical and folk music and dance groups, special museum exhibits, and traditional Russian winter pageants and games. Although the festival is at its most festive in Moscow, it's also celebrated in Vladimir and Suzdal (ancient towns east of Moscow), Leningrad, Novgorod (south of Leningrad), and Irkutsk (north of the Mongolian border).

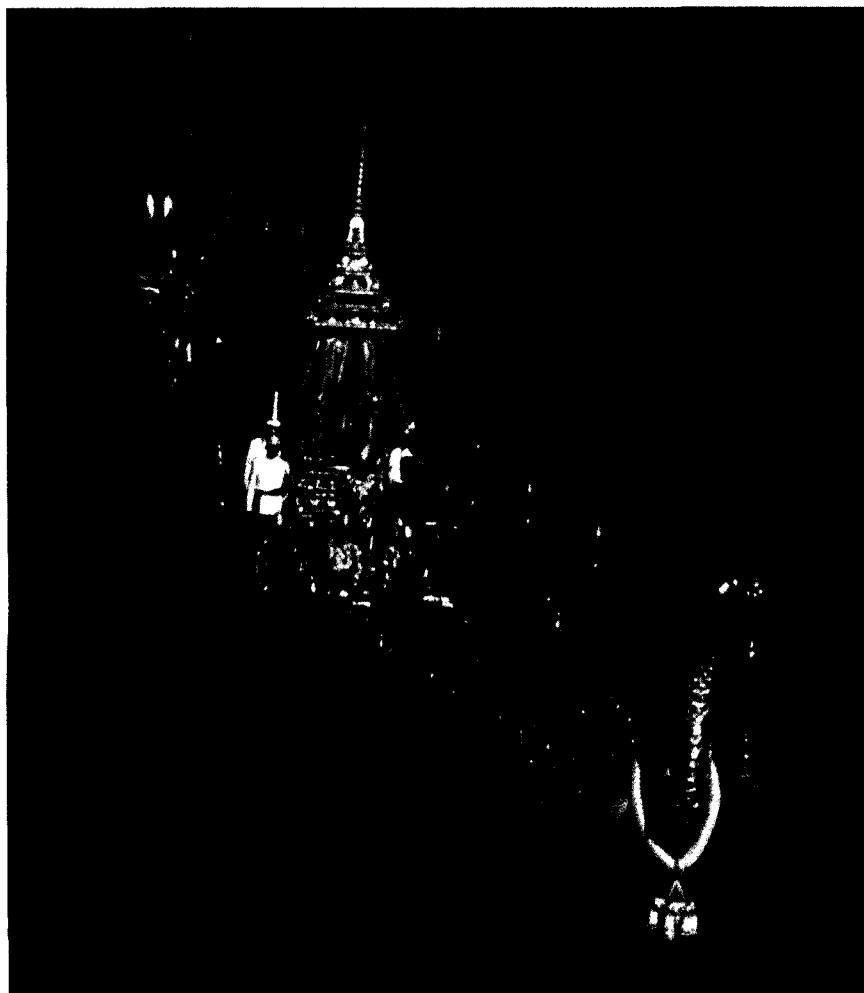
### APRIL 2, MURMANSK FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH.

A main component of the festival is a 60 km cross-country ski race, which proceeds along a loop outside Murmansk, far to the north of the Arctic Circle. Each year some 3,000 skiers take part. There's also a traditional-style folk fair, complete with reindeer races. For information: (414) 367-7227.

For information: Intourist, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10021. (212) 757-3884.



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*Thailand's royal barge, to be on view during the King's 60th Birthday Celebration*



## AUSTRALIA

**DECEMBER 31–FEBRUARY 29, FESTIVAL OF SYDNEY.** Australia's premier summer arts festival. The highlights will include outdoor performances by the Australia Opera Company, the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and jazz artists.

**JANUARY 1–DECEMBER 31, AUSTRALIAN BICENTENARY.** Actually, some of the birthday celebrations are going to jump the gun; others will begin throughout 1988. Here are some of the highlights of the Australian summer season.

*December 8–January 26, Tall Ships Visits and Race.* The international fleet (or a part of it) is scheduled to visit Fremantle December 8–12, Adelaide December 22–26,

Brisbane December 30–January 2, Melbourne December 31–January 5, and Hobart, Tasmania, January 10–14. From there the ships will race to Sydney, arriving, most likely, on January 19. They will remain in port through January 26, to enhance the festivity of the First Fleet Re-enactment's arrival at Botany Bay.

*January 26, First Fleet Re-enactment's Arrival at Botany Bay,* Sydney. Since last April, 11 brigs, brigantines, and full-rigged ships—the largest convoy to cross the ocean under sail in more than a century—have been retracing the route that the first fleet to arrive in Australia took from London (via Portsmouth, Tenerife, Rio de Janeiro, Cape Town, Mauritius, and Fremantle). The ships are scheduled to make a triumphant entrance into Sydney's Botany Bay on the anniversary itself, January 26, and to remain on display for some time thereafter.

*March 31–April 14, Trans-Australia Balloon Challenge,* Perth to Sydney. Ballooning teams are coming from all over the world to participate. The race will proceed in nine stages—though of course the take-off, all together in Perth, will be the grandest sight.

**JANUARY 12–26, AUSTRALIAN OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT,** Melbourne. One of the four "Grand Slam" tournaments; 128 men and 128 women will compete.

**FEBRUARY 12–MARCH 11, FESTIVAL OF PERTH.** An indoor/outdoor festival of music, theater, visual art, and sports.

**APRIL 30–OCTOBER 31, WORLD EXPO,** Brisbane. Nearly three dozen nations and a score of corporations will present variations on Expo's theme of "Leisure in the Age of Technology." Every day there will be a laser show, an aquatic show, fireworks, marching-band performances, two parades, three or four circus shows, and four popular-music performances. Other events will be keyed to a theme of the week, such as Aviation, Children, or The Year 2000, or to a participating country of the day.

*For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-6300.*



## CHINA

**FEBRUARY 17–19, SPRING FESTIVAL,** throughout China. Chinese New Year, by another, official name. Everyone is on his best behavior, to create good luck for the rest of the year. The major cities have fireworks displays and other festivities.

**FEBRUARY 29–MARCH 4, LANTERN FESTIVAL,** Harbin. The population of the capital of China's northernmost province flocks to the park bordering the Sunghua River, to see the spectacular display of illuminated ice sculptures there. The day that *everyone* celebrates is March 2.

*For information: China National Tourist Office, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10165. (212) 867-0271.*



## EGYPT

**DECEMBER 19–29, INTERNATIONAL ROWING FESTIVAL,** Cairo and Luxor. This 2,000 meter international rowing competition is modeled on an ancient Egyptian event, for which the endpoints were Luxor and Karnak temples.

*For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.*

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## ASIA, OCEANIA, & AFRICA



## HONG KONG

**FEBRUARY 17, CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS.** Huge illuminated decorations adorn the streets of the central district and Tsimshatsui, in Kowloon, and everyone is in a celebratory mood. For the residents this is the biggest festival of the year. New Year is family-oriented, much as Christmas is in the United States.

**MARCH 2, LANTERN FESTIVAL.** Colored lanterns are alight everywhere, and traditional cultural performances are given at Ko Shan Park, in Kowloon. At the Sung Dynasty Village, also in Kowloon, the day is celebrated as it was a thousand years ago, with lantern auctions and a cultural show.

*For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.*



## INDIA

**NOVEMBER 14-15, BALLOON MELA,** New Delhi. A world-class hot-air-balloon rally. For information: (515) 961-8415.

**JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 2, DESERT FESTIVAL,** Jaisalmer. This town near the southern Pakistani border (and not far from the city after which jodphurs are named) puts on a display of the cultural heritage of the Rajasthan region. There's music, snake-charming, puppetry, dancing by people and camels, and camel acrobatics and races.

*For information: India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.*



## INDONESIA

**DECEMBER 8, KESODO,** Mt. Bromo, East Java. Thousands of people, bearing offerings of rice, fruit, vegetables, and flowers, gather at the foot of this large, active volcano. They are met by Tenggerese Buddha-Dharma priests, who consecrate their offerings before they ascend to the rim in procession. At midnight everyone throws his offering into the crater, in hopes of securing the blessings of the god of the volcano, Betoro Bromo.

**DECEMBER 9, GALUNGAN DAY,** Bali. Galungan, which commemorates the world's creation and an early victory of good over evil, is considered the most important day on beautiful Bali's calendar of temple festivals. Festivals occur at Pura Dukuh Sakti, Kediri, and Tabanan.

*For information: Indonesian Consulate General, 3457 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. (213) 383-5126.*



## ISRAEL

**DECEMBER 16-23, CHANUKAH CELEBRATIONS,** Jerusalem. A torch race, candle-lighting ceremonies, and torch-lighting at the ancient Western Wall.

**DECEMBER 20-JANUARY 3, DAYS OF VOCAL MUSIC,** Jerusalem. The performers will include the Israel Sinfonietta Be'er-Sheva, the Christmas International Choir Assembly (singing in Bethlehem), and Dusseldorf's Musikverein Choir. On December 25 the Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir and the Israel Chamber Orchestra will perform Puccini's *La Boheme*.

**APRIL 20-APRIL 20, 1989, 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE.** A busy program of cultural events is planned for Israel's 41st year of nationhood. It will begin on the evening of April 20, with a ceremony to mark the end of Israel's Memorial Day for its war dead and the beginning of Independence Day. The Israel Philharmonic will give an outdoor concert in Tel Aviv, and there will be a torch-lighting ceremony and a show of folk songs and dances in Jerusalem. On the 21st Jerusalem will host another folkloric show, a re-enactment of the 1948 signing of the Declaration of Independence, a parade of international bands, and another Philharmonic concert.

*For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.*



## JAPAN

**NOVEMBER 18-23, SAGA INTERNATIONAL BALLOON FIESTA.** A world-class hot-air-balloon rally. For information: (515) 961-8415.

**NOVEMBER 27-JANUARY 9, TOKYO BALLET.** Tadatsugu Sasaki's company will present two world premieres: *The Kabuki*, choreographed by Maurice Bejart and composed by Toshiro Mayuzumi, on November 27; and Haydn's Symphony in D choreographed by Jiri Kylin, January 7-9.

**FEBRUARY 5-11, SAPPORO SNOW FESTIVAL,** Sapporo. The biggest festival of the year on the northern island of Hokkaido. Magnificent snow sculptures are exhibited on the city's main street. There's also a parade, skating contests and other sporting events, and various cultural activities.

## ASIA, OCEANIA, & AFRICA

**FEBRUARY 21, SAPPORO INTERNATIONAL SKI MARATHON**, Sapporo to Sapporo (loop route). A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (50 km). For information: (715) 634-5025.

**MARCH 20–AUGUST 31, SETO OHASHI BRIDGE EXPO**, Sakaide City. The opening of an engineering marvel of a bridge between the main island of Honshu and semi-rural Shikoku is the excuse for devoting 150 acres (on the Shikoku side) to the theme of "Communication and Creativity for the 21st Century." There will be exhibits relating to robots, transportation systems, and communications equipment, and also to nature, food, health, and sports.

*For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.*



## KENYA

**NOVEMBER–JANUARY, SERENGETI MIGRATION**, Maasai Mara National Game Reserve. One of the world's great natural spectacles. Hundreds of thousands of wildebeest, thousands of zebra, and predators such as lions, hyenas, jackals, and vultures, return from Kenya to the Serengeti, in Tanzania, as the plains grow green again.

*For information: Kenya Tourist Office, 424 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 486-1300.*



## SOUTH KOREA

**NOVEMBER 23-25, KAECHON ARTS FESTIVAL**, Chinju. Korea's oldest regional festival, in a historic south-central city near the coast. There are exhibitions of sword dances and traditional archery, performances of classical music, and contests in calligraphy, Chinese poetry, music, and drama.

**MARCH 24, SOKCHONJE**, Seoul. One of the nation's major Confucian rites, presided over by officials in full court regalia. A traditional court orchestra performs too.

*For information: Korea National Tourism Corporation, 460 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-7543.*



## MALAYSIA

**DECEMBER 1-31, PESTA PULAU PINANG**, Penang. Performances of Malay,

Indian, and Chinese theater; dragon-boat races; parades of floats; and a Chingay procession, in which the marchers balance huge triangular flags on their lower jaws, foreheads, and shoulders, are among the highlights of this celebration on the resort island of Penang.

**FEBRUARY 12, THAIPUSAM**, Kuala Lumpur. The shrine in Kuala Lumpur's Batu Caves is the site of one of the world's most awesome observances of this hellish Hindu religious spectacle. Devotees doing penance stick long needles into their backs and chests, or push skewers through their tongues and cheeks, or carry a *kavadi*—a heavy wooden altar supported by steel spikes that pierce their skin. Incredibly, they don't bleed.

*For information: Malaysia Tourist Information Center, 818 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles, CA 90017. (213) 689-9702.*



## NEPAL

**FEBRUARY 16, MAHA SHIVARATRI**, Kathmandu. Hundreds of thousands of Hindus visit the temple of Pashupatinath to offer flowers, fruit, coins, prayers, and hymns to Shiva. At Tundikhel, in the afternoon, the Royal Nepalese Army makes its offering in the form of ceremonial volleys of gunfire.

*For information: Royal Nepalese Embassy, 2131 Leroy Place, NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 667-4550.*



## NEW ZEALAND

**JANUARY 31, AUCKLAND ANNIVERSARY DAY REGATTA**, New Zealand. Since 1880, yachts have converged on Auckland's harbor for the anniversary of the city's founding. By now the regatta is the world's largest single-day sailing event, with 20,000 or so boats participating.

**MARCH 5-26, FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS**, Wellington. The second annual. Among the highlights will be performances by Rudolf Nureyev and six of the Paris Opera Ballet's principal dancers, the Japanese buto dance company Sankai Juku, the Pocket Opera Company of Nuremberg, Mstislav Rostropovich, Pierre Boulez's Ensemble Intercontemporain, and Sarah Vaughan. Seven foreign and various domestic writers will give readings and seminars. And holograms, sculptures, New Zealand folk art, and "tapa" bark cloth will be exhibited.

**MARCH 14-20, NGARUAWAHIA RIVER REGATTA**, Rotorua. A traditional festival of the Maori, New Zealand's original inhabitants. Maoris in colorful native costume give performances of songs and dances and have a big canoe race on the river.

*For information: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 586-0060.*



## SINGAPORE

**FEBRUARY 21, CHINGAY PARADE**. More than 1,500 Singaporeans take part, riding on gaily decorated floats, playing in Chinese bands, doing lion and dragon dances, roller skating, demonstrating martial arts, walking on stilts, twirling swords, and tossing back and forth three-story-high flags.

**MARCH 2-3, BIRTHDAY OF THE MONKEY GOD**. The monkey god has birthdays twice a year, spring and fall, and yet is immortal—he's that resourceful. Mediums preside over a series of rather strong ceremonies at several Chinese temples, while in the temple courtyards Chinese operas and puppet plays are performed.

*For information: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 342 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10173. (212) 687-0385.*



## THAILAND

**DECEMBER 3-6, CELEBRATION OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S 60TH BIRTHDAY**, Bangkok. Depend on this to be a high point of the current "Visit Thailand Year." British feeling for Queen Elizabeth is as nothing, it seems, compared with Thai feeling for King Bhumibol Adulyadej. There will be much pageantry, a viewing of the royal barge and its auxiliary vessels, religious ceremonies at the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, and a rare public audience on the birthday itself, December 5.

**DECEMBER 26–JANUARY 3, TOURISM FESTIVAL AND NATIONAL IDENTITY EXHIBITION**, Bangkok. Dancers, musicians, martial-arts experts, craftsmen, and cooks from all regions of Thailand will descend on the capital to show their stuff.

*For information: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10048. (212) 432-0433.*



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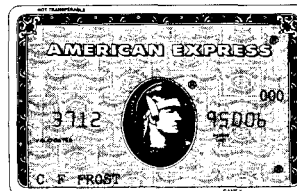
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though he invariably loses. "Paul likes to imagine situations," Graham says. "For example, he wondered whether I could climb stairs twice as fast as he could. We decided to see. I ran a stopwatch as we both raced up twenty flights in an Atlanta hotel. When he got to the top, huffing, I punched the stopwatch but accidentally erased the times. I told him we'd have to do it again. 'We're *not* doing it again,' he grumbled, and stalked off.

"Another time, in Newark Airport, Erdős asked me how hard it was to go up a down escalator. I told him it could be done, and I demonstrated. 'That was harder than I thought,' I said. 'That looks easy,' he said. 'I'm sure you couldn't do it,' I said. 'That's ridiculous,' he said. 'Of course I can.' Erdős took about four steps up the escalator and then fell over on his stomach and slid down. People were staring at him. He was wearing this ratty coat and looked like he was a wino from the Bowery. He was indignant afterward."

Erdős and Graham are like an old married couple, happy as clams but bickering incessantly, following scripts they know by heart though they are baffling to outsiders. Many of these scripts center on food. When Erdős is feeling well, he gets up about 5:00 A.M. and starts banging around. He'd like Graham to make him breakfast, but Graham thinks he should make his own. Erdős loves grapefruit, and Graham stocks the refrigerator when he knows Erdős is coming. On a recent visit Erdős, as always, peeked into the refrigerator and saw the fruit. In fact, each knew that the other knew that the fruit was there.

"Do you have any grapefruit?" Erdős asked.

"I don't know," Graham replied. "Did you look?"

"I don't know where to look."

"How about the refrigerator?"

"Where in the refrigerator?"

"Well, just look."

Erdős found a grapefruit. He looked at it and looked at it and got a butter knife. "It can't be by chance," Graham explains, "that he so often uses the dull side of the knife, trying to force his way through. It'll be squirting like mad, all over himself and the kitchen. I'll say, 'Paul, don't you think you should use a sharper knife?' He'll say, 'It doesn't matter,' as the juice shoots across the room. At that point I give up and cut it for him."

In mathematics Erdős's style is one of intense curiosity, a style he brings to everything else he confronts. Part of his mathematical success stems from his willingness to ask fundamental questions, to ponder critically things that others have taken for granted. He also asks basic questions outside mathematics, but he never remembers the answers, and asks the same questions again and again. He'll point to a bowl of rice and ask what it is and how it's cooked. Graham will pretend he doesn't know; others at the table will patiently tell Erdős about rice. But a meal or two later Erdős will be served rice again, act as if he's never seen it, and ask the same questions.

Erdős's curiosity about food, like his approach to so many things, is merely theoretical. He'd never actually try

to cook rice. In fact, he's never cooked anything at all, or even boiled water for tea. "I can make excellent cold cereal," he says, "and I could probably boil an egg, but I've never tried." Erdős was twenty-one when he buttered his first piece of bread, his mother or a domestic servant having always done it for him. "I remember clearly," he says. "I had just gone to England to study. It was tea time, and bread was served. I was too embarrassed to admit that I had never buttered it. I tried. It wasn't so hard." Only ten years before, at the age of eleven, he had tied his shoes for the first time.

His curiosity about driving is legendary in the mathematics community, although you'll never find him behind the wheel. He doesn't have a license and depends on a network of friends, known as Uncle Paul sitters, to chauffeur him around. But he's constantly asking what street he's on and questioning whether it's the right one. "He's not a nervous wreck," Graham says. "He just wants to know. Once he was driving with Paul Turán's widow, Vera Sós. She had just learned to drive, and Paul was doing his usual thing. 'What about this road?' 'What about that road?' 'Shouldn't we be over there?' Vera was distracted and she plowed into the side of a car that must have been going forty or fifty miles an hour. She totaled it, and vowed that she would never drive with Erdős again."

But outside mathematics Erdős's inquisitiveness is limited to necessities like eating and driving; he has no time for frivolities like sex, art, novels, or movies. Once in a while the mathematicians he stays with force him to join their families on non-mathematical outings, but he accompanies them only in body. "I took him to the Johnson Space Center to see rockets," one of his colleagues recalls, "but he didn't even look up." Another mathematician took him to see a mime troupe, but he fell asleep before the performance started. A colleague whose wife is a curator at the Museum of Modern Art dragged Erdős to MOMA. "We showed him Matisse, but he would have nothing to do with it. After a few minutes we ended up sitting in the sculpture garden doing mathematics." Erdős hasn't read a novel since the 1940s, and thirty years have passed since he last saw a movie, *Cold Days*, the story of a 1942 atrocity in Novasad, Yugoslavia, in which Hungarians brutally drowned a few thousand Jews and Russians.

Erdős is a mathematical monk. He has renounced physical pleasure and material possessions for an ascetic, contemplative life, a life devoted to a single narrow mission: uncovering mathematical truth. What is this mathematics that could possibly be so diverting and consuming?

"THERE'S AN OLD DEBATE," ERDÖS SAYS, "ABOUT whether you create mathematics or just discover it. In other words, are the truths already there, even if we don't yet know them? If you believe in God, the answer is obvious. Mathematical truths are there in the SF's mind, and you just rediscover them. Remember the limericks:

There was a young man who said, 'God,  
It has always struck me as odd  
That the sycamore tree  
Simply ceases to be  
When there's no one about in the quad.'

'Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd;  
I am always about in the quad:  
And that's why the tree  
Will continue to be,  
Since observed by,  
Yours faithfully, God.'

"I'm not qualified to say whether or not God exists. I kind of doubt He does. Nevertheless, I'm always saying that the SF has this transfinite Book—transfinite being a concept in mathematics that is larger than infinite—that contains the best proofs of all mathematical theorems, proofs that are elegant and perfect." The strongest compliment Erdős can give to a colleague's work is to say, "It's straight from the Book."

"I was once introducing Erdős at a lecture," says Joel Spencer, a mathematician at SUNY at Stony Brook who has worked with Erdős since 1970. "And I started to talk about his idea of God and the Book. He interrupted me and said, 'You don't have to believe in God, but you should believe in the Book.' Erdős has made me and other mathematicians recognize the importance of what we do. Mathematics is there. It's beautiful. It's this jewel we uncover."

That mathematics could be a jewel may come as a surprise to those of us who struggled with multiplication tables as kids and now need help completing W-4 forms. Mathematics is a misunderstood and even maligned discipline. It's not the brute computations they drilled into us in grade school. It's not the science of reckoning. Mathematicians do not spend their time thinking up cleverer ways of multiplying, faster methods of adding, better schemes for extracting cube roots. Even those drawn to the subject have had misconceptions. "I always wanted to be a mathematician," Spencer says, "even before I knew what mathematicians did. My father was a CPA, and I loved numbers. I thought mathematics was about adding up longer and longer lists. I found out what it really was in high school. I'd undoubtedly be a lot richer now if I were making my living adding up long lists of numbers."

Erdős's cousin Magda Fredro hasn't the slightest idea what he does, even though she has known him for sixty years and has accompanied him on mathematical sojourns from Florida to Israel. "Tell me, what is this about?" she asked me, flipping through her copy of Erdős's book *The Art of Counting*. "It looks like Chinese. Also, tell me, how famous and brilliant is he? I know so little about him. He once looked up six phone numbers. Then we talked for half an hour before he phoned them all, from memory. More than all his scientific work, that impressed me."

For Erdős, Graham, and their colleagues, mathematics is order and beauty at its purest, order that transcends the physical world. When Euclid, the Greek geometer of the

third century B.C., spoke of points and lines, he was speaking of idealized entities, points that have no dimension and lines that have no width. All points and lines that exist in the real world—in, say, physics or engineering—do have dimension and thus are only imperfect imitations of the pure constructs that geometers ponder. Only in this idealized world do the angles of every triangle always sum to precisely 180 degrees.

Numbers, too, can have this transcendent quality. Take the prime numbers, integers like 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, and 17, which are evenly divisible only by themselves and the number 1. We happen to have ten fingers, and our number system is conveniently based on ten digits. But the same primes, with all the same properties, exist in any number system. If we had twenty-six fingers and constructed our number system accordingly, there would still be primes. The universality of primes is the key to Carl Sagan's novel *Contact*, in which extraterrestrials, with God only knows how many fingers, signal earthlings by emitting radio signals at prime-number frequencies. But little green men need not be invoked in order to conceive of a culture that doesn't use base 10. We have had plenty here on Earth. Computers use a binary system, and the Babylonians had a base-60 system, vestiges of which are evident in the way we measure time (sixty seconds in a minute, sixty minutes in an hour). Cumbersome as this sexagesimal system was, it too contained the primes.

Prime numbers are like atoms. They are the building blocks of all integers. Every integer is either itself a prime or the unique product of primes. For example, 11 is a prime; 12 is the product of the primes 2, 2, and 3; 13 is a prime; 14 is the product of the primes 2 and 7; 15 is the product of the primes 3 and 5, and so on. Some 2,300 years ago, in proposition 20 of Book IX of his *Elements*, Euclid gave a proof, "straight from the Book," that the supply of primes is inexhaustible. As of this writing, the largest known prime is a 65,050-digit number formed by raising 2 to the 216,091st power and subtracting 1. But Euclid's work shows that there are infinitely many others. Only in mathematics, of all the sciences, do the ancients occasionally have the final word.

Prime numbers have always had an almost mystical appeal. "I even know of a mathematician who slept with his wife only on prime-numbered days," Graham says. "It was pretty good early in the month—two, three, five, seven—but got tough toward the end, when the primes are thinner, nineteen, twenty-three, then a big gap till twenty-nine." Prime numbers are appealing because, in spite of their apparent simplicity, their properties are extremely elusive. All sorts of basic questions about them remain unanswered, even though they have been scrutinized by generations of the sharpest mathematical minds. In 1742, for example, Christian Goldbach conjectured that every even number greater than 2 is the sum of two primes:  $4 = 2 + 2$ ,  $6 = 3 + 3$ ,  $8 = 5 + 3$ ,  $10 = 5 + 5$ ,  $12 = 7 + 5$ ,  $14 = 7 + 7$ , and so on. With the aid of computers, twentieth-century mathematicians have decomposed all even num-



bers up to 100 million into the sum of two primes, but they have not been able to prove that Goldbach's simple conjecture is universally true. Similarly, computer searches have revealed numerous "twin primes," pairs of consecutive odd numbers both of which are prime: 3 and 5; 5 and 7; 11 and 13; 71 and 73; 1,000,000,000,061 and 1,000,000,000,063. Number theorists believe that the supply of twin primes is inexhaustible, like the supply of primes themselves, but no one has been able to prove this. On an even deeper level, no one has found an easy way of telling in advance how far one prime number will be from the next one.

The prime numbers are Erdős's intimate friends. He

In 1939 Erdős attended a lecture at Princeton by Marc Kac, a Polish émigré mathematical physicist who would contribute to the American development of radar during the Second World War. "He half-dozed through most of my lecture," Kac wrote in his autobiography. "The subject matter was too far removed from his interests. Toward the end I described briefly my difficulties with the number of prime divisors. At the mention of number theory Erdős perked up and asked me to explain once again what the difficulty was. Within the next few minutes, even before the lecture was over, he interrupted to announce that he had the solution!"

In 1949 Erdős had his greatest victory over the prime



understands them better than anyone else does. "When I was ten," he says, "my father told me about Euclid's proof, and I was hooked." Seven years later, as a college freshman, he caused a stir in Hungarian mathematics circles with a simple proof that a prime can always be found between any integer (greater than 1) and its double. This result had already been proved in about 1850 by one of the fathers of Russian mathematics, Pafnuty Lvovitch Chebyshev. But Chebyshev's proof was too heavy-handed to be in the Book. He had used a steam shovel to transplant a rosebush, whereas Erdős managed with a silver spoon. News of Erdős' youthful triumph was spread by the ditty "Chebyshev said it, and I say it again/ There is always a prime between  $n$  and  $2n$ ."

numbers, although the victory is one he doesn't like to talk about, because it was marred by controversy. Although mathematicians have no effective way of telling exactly where prime numbers lie, they have known since 1896 a formula that describes the statistical distribution of primes, how on average the primes thin out the further out you go. Like Chebyshev's proof, the 1896 proof of what's called the Prime Number Theorem depended on heavy machinery, and the brightest mathematical minds were convinced that the theorem couldn't be proved with anything less. Erdős and Atle Selberg, a colleague who was not yet well known, stunned the mathematics world with an "elementary" proof. According to Erdős's friends, the two agreed that they'd publish back-to-back papers in a

leading journal delineating their respective contributions to the proof. Erdős then sent out postcards to mathematicians informing them that he and Selberg had conquered the Prime Number Theorem. Selberg apparently ran into a mathematician he didn't know who had received a postcard, and the mathematician immediately said, "Have you heard? Erdős and What's His Name have an elementary proof of the Prime Number Theorem." Reportedly, Selberg was so injured that he raced ahead and published without Erdős, and thus got the lion's share of credit for the proof. In 1950 Selberg alone was awarded the Fields medal, the closest equivalent in mathematics to a Nobel Prize, in large part for his work on the Prime Number Theorem.

Priority fights are not uncommon in mathematics. Unlike other scientists, mathematicians leave no trail of laboratory results to substantiate who did what. Indeed, Erdős has been spending much time these days mediating a priority fight among three of his closest collaborators. "When I was a graduate student," Joel Spencer says, "I thought only third-rate mathematicians would have these fights. But it's actually first-rate mathematicians. They're the ones who are passionate about mathematics." If they can't fathom what's in the SF's Book, they don't want anyone else to. The late R. L. Moore, a strong Texas mathematician, put it bluntly: "I'd rather a theorem not be thought of than I not be the one who thinks of it."

In February, Erdős and 320 of his colleagues gathered at Florida Atlantic University, in Boca Raton, for the largest conference ever in combinatorics, a burgeoning branch of mathematics that encompasses problems involving objects that must be counted and classified. (Combinatorics was officially launched in 1736 in the East Prussian city of Königsberg, now the Soviet town of Kaliningrad, when Leonhard Euler, a twenty-nine-year-old mathematical phenom, proved that one couldn't take a round-trip stroll across all of the city's seven bridges without crossing at least one bridge more than once, and then generalized his argument to apply to any odd number of bridges.) At Boca Raton one of the combinatorialists gave a formal talk in which he presented a result but refused to share the proof. The proof apparently introduced a powerful technique that he wanted to keep secret until he had squeezed it dry of whatever other results it might yield.

**E**RDÖS DOESN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT SUCH COMPETITIVENESS. For him mathematics is a glorious combination of science and art. On the one hand, it is the science of certainty, because its conclusions are logically unassailable. Unlike biologists, chemists, or even physicists, Erdős, Graham, and their fellow mathematicians *prove* things. Their conclusions follow syllogistically from premises, in the same way that the conclusion "Ronald Reagan is mortal" follows from the premises "All Presidents are mortal" and "Ronald Reagan is a President." On the other hand, mathematics has an aesthetic side. A conjecture can be "obvious" or "unexpected." A result can be

"trivial" or "beautiful." A proof can be "messy," "surprising," or, as Erdős would say, "straight from the Book."

What is more, a proof should ideally provide insight into why a particular result is true. Consider one of the most famous results in modern mathematics, the four-color-map theorem, which states that no more than four colors are needed to paint any conceivable flat map of real or imaginary countries in such a way that no two bordering countries have the same color. From the middle of the nineteenth century most mathematicians believed that this seductively simple theorem was true, but for 124 years a parade of distinguished mathematicians and dedicated amateurs searched in vain for a proof (or, conceivably, a counterexample). In 1976 Kenneth Appel and Wolfgang Haken, of the University of Illinois, finally conquered this mathematical Mount Everest. I was an undergraduate at Harvard at the time, and when word of the proof reached Cambridge, my instructor in calculus cut short his lecture and served champagne. Some days later we learned to our dismay that Appel and Haken's proof had made unprecedented use of high-speed computers: more than 1,000 hours logged among three machines. What Appel and Haken had done was to demonstrate that all possible maps are variations of more than 1,500 fundamental cases, each of which the computer was then able to paint using at most four colors. The proof was simply too long to be checked by hand, and some mathematicians feared that the computer might have slipped up and made a subtle error. Today, more than a decade later, the validity of the proof is generally acknowledged, but many still regard the proof as unsatisfactory. "I'm not an expert on the four-color problem," Erdős says, "but I assume the proof is true. However, it's not beautiful. I'd prefer to see a proof that gives insight into why four colors are sufficient."

*Beauty* and *insight*—these are words that Erdős and his colleagues use freely but have difficulty explaining. "It's like asking why Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is beautiful," Erdős says. "If you don't see why, someone can't tell you. I *know* numbers are beautiful. If they aren't beautiful, nothing is."

Pythagoras of Samos evidently felt the same way. In the sixth century B.C. he made a kind of religion out of numbers, believing that they were not merely instruments of enumeration but sacred, perfect, friendly, lucky, or evil. Pythagoras saw perfection in any integer that equaled the sum of all the other integers that divided evenly into it. The first perfect number is 6. It's evenly divisible by 1, 2, and 3, and it's also the sum of 1, 2, and 3. The second perfect number is 28. Its divisors are 1, 2, 4, 7, and 14, and they add up to 28. During the Middle Ages religious scholars asserted that the perfection of 6 and 28 was part of the fabric of the universe: God created the world in six days and the moon orbits the earth every 28 days. Saint Augustine believed that the properties of the numbers themselves, not any connection to the empirical world, made them perfect: "Six is a number perfect in itself, and not because God created all things in six days; rather the in-

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verse is true; God created all things in six days because this number is perfect. And it would remain perfect even if the work of the six days did not exist."

The ancient Greeks knew of only two perfect numbers besides 6 and 28: 496 and 8,128. Since the four perfect numbers they knew were all even, they wondered whether an odd perfect number existed. Today Erdős and his colleagues know thirty perfect numbers, the largest having 130,100 digits, and all thirty are even. But they cannot rule out the possibility that the thirty-first perfect number will be odd. Whether an odd perfect number exists is among the oldest unsolved problems in mathematics. Equally daunting is the unsolved problem of how many perfect numbers there are.

Pythagoras considered the numbers 220 and 284 to be "friendly." His concept of a friendly number was based on the idea that a human friend is a kind of alter ego. Pythagoras wrote, "[A friend] is the other I, such as are 220 and 284." These numbers have a special mathematical property: each is equal to the sum of the other's divisors. That is, the divisors of 220 are 1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 11, 20, 22, 44, 55, and 110, and they sum to 284; the divisors of 284 are 1, 2, 4, 71, and 142, and they sum to 220. Like perfect numbers, friendly numbers appear in the Bible. In Genesis 32:14, Jacob gives Esau 220 goats ("two hundred she-goats and twenty he-goats") as a gesture of friendship.

A second pair of friendly numbers (17,296 and 18,416) was not discovered until 1636, by Pierre de Fermat. By the middle of the nineteenth century many able mathematicians had searched for pairs of friendly numbers, and some sixty had been found. But not until 1866 was the second *smallest* pair, 1,184 and 1,210, discovered, by a sixteen-year-old Italian. By now hundreds of friendly numbers have been discovered, but, as with perfect numbers and twin primes, even today no one knows whether their supply is inexhaustible. Erdős thinks it is, and he wrote one of the earliest papers in the literature on the distribution of friendly numbers. Why it should be so much easier to prove that the number of primes is infinite is one of the great unanswered meta-questions of mathematics.

Perfect numbers and friendly numbers are among the areas of mathematics in which child prodigies tend to show their stuff. Like chess and music, such areas do not require much technical expertise. No child prodigies exist among historians or legal scholars, because years are needed to master those disciplines. A child can learn the rules of chess in a few minutes, and native ability takes over from there. So it is with areas of mathematics like these, which are aspects of elementary number theory, or the study of the integers, and combinatorics. You can easily explain prime numbers, perfect numbers, and friendly numbers to a child, and he can start playing around with them and exploring their properties. Many areas of mathematics, however, require technical expertise, which is acquired over years of assimilating definitions and previous results. By the time mathematical prodigies mature and enter college, they usually have the patience to master these more tech-

nical areas—and often go on to make great discoveries in them. Erdős is an exception. He has stuck chiefly to areas of mathematics in which prodigies excel.

This is not to say that his mathematical interests are narrow. On the contrary, he has opened up whole new areas of mathematics. But, like number theory, these areas typically require a minimum of technical knowledge. These are areas that the next generation of prodigies will find captivating.

Erdős's forte is coming up with short, clever solutions. He solves problems not by grinding out pages of equations but by constructing succinct, insightful arguments. He is a mathematical wit, and his shrewdness often extends to problems outside his areas of specialty. "In 1976 we were having coffee in the mathematics lounge at Texas A & M," recalls George Purdy, a geometer who has worked with Erdős since 1967. "There was a problem on the blackboard in functional analysis, a field Erdős knew nothing about. I happened to know that two analysts had just come up with a thirty-page solution to the problem and were very proud of it. Erdős looked up at the board and said, 'What's that? Is it a problem?' I said yes, and he went up to the board and squinted at the tersely written statement. He asked a few questions about what the symbols represented, and then he effortlessly wrote down a two-line solution. If that's not magic, what is?"

Erdős is the consummate problem solver. Most elderly mathematicians, if they're still going strong, are theory builders. They have stopped solving problems and are setting a general agenda for mathematical research, pointing to new or neglected areas that younger talent should pursue. Not Erdős. As long as problems remain to be solved, he'll be slugging it out in the trenches.

ONE OF THE AREAS IN WHICH ERDÖS HAS PIONEERED is a philosophically appealing aspect of combinatorics called Ramsey theory. It is the area in which Graham's record-setting number comes into play. The idea underlying Ramsey theory is that complete disorder is an impossibility. The appearance of disorder is really a matter of scale. Any mathematical "object" can be found if sought in a large enough universe. "In the TV series *Cosmos*, Carl Sagan appealed to Ramsey theory without knowing that's what he was doing," Graham says. "Sagan said people often look up and see, say, eight stars that are almost in a straight line. Since the stars are lined up, the temptation is to think that they were artificially put there, as beacons for an interstellar trade route, perhaps. Well, Sagan said, if you look at a large enough group of stars, you can see almost anything you want. That's Ramsey theory in action."

In Sagan's example the mathematician would want to know the smallest group of arbitrarily positioned stars that will always contain eight that are lined up. In general, the Ramsey theorist seeks the smallest "universe" that's guaranteed to contain a certain object. Suppose the object is

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not eight stars in a row but two people of the same sex. In this case the Ramsey theorist wants to know the smallest number of people that will always include two people of the same sex. Obviously, the answer is three.

Ramsey theory takes its name from Frank Plumpton Ramsey, a brilliant student of Bertrand Russell, G. E. Moore, Ludwig Wittgenstein, and John Maynard Keynes, who might well have surpassed his teachers had he not died of jaundice in 1930, at the age of twenty-six. While his brother Michael pursued the transcendent reality that theology offers (he became the Archbishop of Canterbury), Frank Ramsey, a spirited atheist, pursued the transcendent reality that mathematics offers. He also studied philosophy and economics, writing two papers on taxation and savings that were heralded by Keynes and are still widely cited in the economics literature. But it is eight pages of mathematics that have made him eponymous—eight pages that Erdős seized on and developed into a full-fledged branch of mathematics. Like all the problems Erdős works on, Ramsey problems can be simply stated, although the solutions are often hard to come by.

The classic Ramsey problem involves guests at a party. What is the minimum number of guests that need to be invited so that either at least three guests will know each other or at least three won't? Mathematicians, as is their trademark, are careful to articulate their assumptions. Here they assume that the relation of knowing someone is symmetric: if Sally knows Billy, Billy knows Sally.

With this assumption in mind, consider a party of six. Call one of the guests David. Now, since David knows or doesn't know each of the other five, he will either know at least three of them or not know at least three. Assume the former (the argument works the same way if we assume the latter). Now consider what relationships David's three acquaintances might have among themselves. If any two of the three are acquaintances, they and David will constitute three who know each other—and we have our quorum. That leaves only the possibility that David's three acquaintances are all strangers to one another—but that achieves the quorum too, for they constitute three guests who do not know each other. To understand why a party of five is not enough to guarantee either three people all of whom know each other or three people none of whom do, ponder the case of Michael, who knows two and only two people, each of whom knows a different one of the two people Michael doesn't know.

Q.E.D., or *quod erat demonstrandum*, as Erdős would say. We have just written out a mathematical proof—perhaps not one from the Book, but a proof nonetheless. And the proof provides *insight* into why a party of six must include at least three mutual acquaintances or three mutual strangers. Another way to prove this is by brute force, listing all conceivable combinations of acquaintanceship among six people—32,768 such possibilities exist—and checking to see that each combination includes the desired relationship. This brute-force proof, however, would not provide insight.

Suppose we want not a threesome but a foursome who either all know each other or are strangers. How large must the party be? Erdős and Graham and their fellow Ramsey theorists can prove that eighteen guests are necessary. But raise the ante again, to a fivesome, and no one knows how many guests are required. The answer is known to lie between forty-two and fifty-five. That much has been known for two decades, and Graham suspects that the precise number won't be found for at least a hundred years. The case of a sixsome is even more daunting, with the answer known to lie between 102 and 169. The ranges grow wider still for higher numbers.

Erdős likes to tell the story of an evil spirit that can ask you anything it wants. If you answer incorrectly, it will destroy humanity. "Suppose," Erdős says, "it decides to ask you the Ramsey party problem for the case of a fivesome. Your best tactic, I think, is to get all the computers in the world to drop what they're doing and work on the problem, the brute-force approach of trying all the specific cases"—of which there are more than 10 to the 200th power (the number 1 followed by 200 zeros). "But if the spirit asks about a sixsome, your best survival strategy would be to attack the spirit before it attacks you. There are too many cases even for computers."

Graham's record-setting number comes up in a similar problem. Take any number of people and list every possible committee that could be formed from them, including committees of one and a committee of the whole. The "object" Graham wants to find is four committees that can be split into two groups of two committees each in such a way that each person belongs to the same number of committees in each group. How many people are required to guarantee the presence of four such committees? Graham suspects that the answer is six, but all that he or anyone else has been able to prove is that four such committees will always exist if the number of people is equal to his record-setting number. This astonishing gap between what is suspected, based on observations of specific cases, and what is known shows how hard Ramsey theory is.

Graham, whose license plate reads RAMSEY, thinks that centuries may pass before much of Erdős's and his work in Ramsey theory has applications in physics, engineering, or elsewhere in the real world, including his place of employment, AT&T. "The applications aren't the point," Graham says. "I look at mathematics pretty globally. It represents the ultimate structure and order. And I associate doing mathematics with control. Jugglers like to be able to control a situation. There's a well-known saying in juggling: 'The trouble is that the balls go where you throw them.' It's just you. It's not the phases of the moon, or someone else's fault. It's like chess. It's all out in the open. Mathematics is really there, for you to discover. The Prime Number Theorem was the same theorem before people were here, and it will be the same theorem after we're all gone. It's the Prime Number Theorem."

"In a way," Erdős says, "mathematics is the only infinite human activity. It is conceivable that humanity could

eventually learn everything in physics or biology. But humanity certainly won't ever be able to find out everything in mathematics, because the subject is infinite. Numbers themselves are infinite. That's why mathematics is really my only interest." One can reconstruct chapters of the SF's Book, but only the SF has it from beginning to end.

"The trouble with the integers is that we have examined only the small ones," says Graham. "Maybe all the exciting stuff happens at really big numbers, ones we can't get our hands on or even begin to think about in any very definite way. So maybe all the action is really inaccessible and we're just fiddling around. Our brains have evolved to get us out of the rain, find where the berries are, and keep us from getting killed. Our brains did not evolve to help us grasp really large numbers or to look at things in a hundred thousand dimensions. I've had this image of a creature, in another galaxy perhaps, a child creature, and he's playing a game with his friends. For a moment he's distracted. He just thinks about numbers, primes, a simple proof of the twin-prime conjecture, and much more. Then he loses interest and returns to his game."

We earthlings, where are we in our understanding of numbers? Each result—say, Erdős's proof that a prime can always be found between an integer and its double—although touted in the mathematics journals, is only an imperceptible advance toward some kind of cosmic understanding of the integers. "It will be millions of years before we'll have any understanding," Erdős says, "and even then it won't be a complete understanding, because we're up against the infinite."

IT IS LATE JANUARY IN SAN ANTONIO, AND MAYOR HENRY Cisneros, a rising star in Democratic politics, has proclaimed Math Day, in honor of the 2,575 mathematicians who have descended on the city for the annual conferences of the American Mathematical Society and the Mathematical Association of America. Cisneros's gesture has not advanced his cause with the conferees I am with, who wonder whether he has ever met a mathematician, let alone heard of Paul Erdős. The schedules include meetings to discuss whether mathematicians should accept Star Wars money and whether the National Security Agency, whose code-cracking wing is the largest employer of mathematicians in the United States, qualifies for corporate membership in the AMS. But except for a few zealots, most of the mathematicians have come to San Antonio not to discuss ethics and politics but to do mathematics. At physics conferences or psychoanalytic meetings, the participants do not perform experiments on subatomic particles or practice psychotherapy—they just talk about it. At mathematics conferences the attendees actually do mathematics, on blackboards, napkins, placemats, and toilet-stall walls, and in their minds.

Erdős rarely attends the scheduled talks at these meetings, preferring to work simultaneously with several mathematicians in a hotel room. Today Erdős has taken over

someone else's room at the Marriott and is working on six problems with six different mathematicians, who are sprawled across two double beds and the floor. "What about 647? Is it a prime?" asks a man who looks like a plump Moses. "I can no longer do them in my head." A woman in a multicolored dress comes to his rescue by pulling out a 276-page printout of all the primes up to two million—148,933 of them, ranging from 2 to 1,999,993. Sure enough, 647 is on the list.

Erdős doesn't seem to be paying attention. He is slumped over in a chair, his head in his hands, like an invalid in a nursing home. But every few minutes he perks up and suggests a line of attack to one of his colleagues, who then scrambles to implement the master's suggestion. The others wait patiently for Erdős to have a flash of insight about their problem. Sometimes when Erdős raises his head, he fools them, and they lean forward like the people seeking hot tips in an E. F. Hutton commercial. Instead of sharing a mathematical inspiration, he utters an aphoristic statement having to do with death—"Soon I will be cured of the incurable disease of life" or "This meeting, like life, will soon come to an end, but the meeting was much more pleasant"—and then bows his head again. No one picks up on these comments, and the cycle of mathematical insights and reflections on death continues all morning.

"In ten years," says the man who looks like Moses, "I want you to talk to the SF on my behalf."

"What do you want from the SF?" Erdős says.

"I want to see the Book."

"No one ever sees the Book. At most, you get glimpses."

Moses turns on the TV. "Television," Erdős says, "is something the Russians invented to destroy American education." The news comes on, and Ronald Reagan fills the screen. "Eisenhower was an enthusiastic but not very good golfer," Erdős says. "Someone said at the time that it was okay to elect a golfer, but why not a good golfer? I say, it's okay to elect an actor, but why not a good actor, like Chaplin?" Reagan dissolves, and the newscast switches to a story about AIDS. "Both bosses and slaves tell me people are less promiscuous," Erdős says, "but I wouldn't know." When the conversation strays from mathematics and death, it's a sure sign that Erdős is bored and ready to find new mathematical soul mates.

Two hours and five milligrams of Benzedrine later, Erdős is on a flight to Newark. From there he'll be going in quick succession to Memphis, Boca Raton, San Juan, Gainesville, Haifa, Tel Aviv, Montreal, Boston, Madison, DeKalb, Chicago, Champaign, Philadelphia, and Graham's house. His schedule has a small problem, however: two mathematicians in different states want him to open his brain to them at the same time. "You've heard about my mother's theorem?" Erdős says. "My mother said, 'Even you, Paul, can be in only one place at one time.' Maybe soon I will be relieved of this disadvantage. Maybe, once I've left, I'll be able to be in many places at the same time. Maybe then I'll be able to collaborate with Archimedes and Euclid." □

*The industrial brewers continue to prosper, but now they are facing a new challenge from local brewers across the country who are dedicated to turning out brews that have only one thing in common with industrial beer—wetness*

## A GLASS OF HANDMADE

BY WILLIAM LEAST HEAT MOON



**J**ACK KEROUAC, OR MAYBE IT WAS HIS CHARACTER SAL Paradise, once went in search of an ideal American bar—a quest that I have furthered, with results steadily diminishing, mostly because of the closing of many regional American breweries. Today only six companies brew 92 percent of American beer; Anheuser-Busch and Miller control more than half of the output, and by 1990, I read, they will have two thirds of domestic brewage. Now, if you consider Lite a beer—rather than, say, a beverage—or if Budweiser satisfies you, then you have no reason for concern. But if you desire beers regional and traditional, in these statistics you will see alarm. How can an ideal bar exist without genuine brews? Drinking Lite in a fine bar is like watching donkeyball at Wrigley Field.

A grand friend, a man of Scotch and Ojibway ancestry, whom I call The Venerable Tashmoo, had recently heard that an authentic traditional brew was available in Albany,

New York, a city once notable for its ales. (While all ales are beer, the difference is that ale is made with a yeast that floats to the surface of the fermentation tank, whereas a larger yeast works on the bottom. Top-fermenting yeasts produce a fruity, even vinous, beer; lager, although aged longer than ale, has a more watery taste.) Our quest for a glass of good handmade began there, began in the industrial district not far from the Hudson River; in an old warehouse, a fellow, William Newman, had opened a tiny brewery in 1981, after learning the craft in England. He makes Newman's Amber, Winter, and Pale ales in the traditional way, using only barley, water, hops, yeast. His annual production being fewer than 10,000 barrels (at thirty-one gallons each), Newman's operation is a boutique, or micro-, brewery. Last year he hand-made some 4,600 barrels of beer, about what (by my figures) Anheuser-Busch pumps out in thirty minutes.



One September afternoon The Venerable and I watched Bill Newman work; we gnawed grains of his various malted barleys; we helped him stir the mash; we tasted the sweet wort, the hopped wort, the green beer, and the finished ale fresh from the maturing tank. Young Newman (to be a micro-brewer is to be under forty) wanted to give his city a choice of flavors, to fill a cranny that the industrial breweries left as they bought up regional companies. He wanted a beer distinctively local and good, worth the price of a visit, and he wanted to make everything himself rather than resorting to contract brewing, whereby a larger brewery turns out a beer according to a recipe provided. Pennsylvania Pilsner, of Philadelphia, and Samuel Adams, of Boston, are contract brews, not micros. Newman also produces a contract lager, his Albany Amber Beer.

From Newman's old warehouse The Venerable and I broadened our search for a good beer—beer of another time, we were coming to believe—to Rochester, New York, where the California Brew Haus serves more than 150 kinds of beer. We refreshed memories of domestic brews we hadn't poured in months, like Yuengling's Porter and Ballantine India Pale Ale, and imports we'd never poured, from Norwegian Aass to Polish Zywiec. "Years ago," The Venerable said over an Old Peculier, "I ordered a corned-beef sandwich and a beer. 'What flavor?' the waitress asked. That was the time when a brand was synonymous with an individual flavor."

In October we learned of a bar in Washington, D.C., in the basement of a hotel. The Brickskeller offered some 500 beers. Twice that winter we visited. Late on the second evening (Pfungstädter, Stingo, Gorilla, Leopard Deluxe, Bombardier, Double Dragon, Damm, and Zipfer Urtyp behind us) The Venerable had just finished a Samuel Smith's Taddy Porter from England and I a Smith's Nut Brown Ale. The drying foam made strata inside our glasses. Looking across the table at the other empty glasses, still splendidly layered, I said, "There's the archaeology of the evening."

The Venerable, raising his glass as if hunting a small shard, added, "And impossible to accomplish with a night of insipid American brewage."

At the next table a man pointed to his Cable Car Classic, and said, "Then you don't know this one. Meet the West Coast. Meet the future of American brewing." That was the sentence that offered us a knowledge, like some people's salvation, that forever brings joy and sorrow—the one when you have it, the other when you don't.

Still, the quest might have turned out differently had I not misjudged the climate of southeast Alaska and overloaded my backpack with downy apparel. I was on my way north to write a story about fishing and logging among the Tlingit and Haida Indians, and had stopped over in Seattle for an interview. Walking, bent under my pack, down Madison Street toward the Alaska ferry slip, and needing to get from beneath my miscalculations, I passed the Mark Tobey Pub at dusk. With time to spare, I went in. It was what they call well appointed, right to the blackboard

menu: Scotch eggs, smoked salmon, mushroom canapés, brandied bread pudding. On the tap handles shone brands I'd never seen: Redhook, Pyramid Pale, Bridgeport, Hale's Pale American, Grant's Imperial Stout. Because I liked the name, I ordered a Redhook and drank, dimly aware that a fellow next to me was watching. The beer rolled and jumped in my mouth, my head; it made me drink with palate, tongue, cheeks, nose, throat, and—according to the fellow next to me, Brian Milbrath—with my eyes.

"Well?" he said.

"An American brewed this?"

"Brewed in Seattle." He understood my need to taste, to fight guzzling, to keep silent for the concentration. "I see you're not a Wet Air or a Green Death man." "Wet Air" is the American light beer with an orthographic cuteness that, Milbrath believes, is its single claim to distinction. "Green Death" is the local term for a large-selling ale named after the grand Seattle volcano.

Milbrath told me that he was a "keg specialist," a man who installs and maintains beer-tap systems. While I sampled my way down the draft line, Milbrath listed the micro-breweries of the Northwest: Redhook, Kemper, Yakima, Hart, Hale's, Kufnerbrau, all in Washington; Columbia River, Hillsdale, and Widmer, in Oregon; Sierra Nevada, Stanislaus, and Thousand Oaks, in northern California. Along the northern coast more were appearing. Throughout the region also were brewery pubs, and in San Francisco the micro-brewery that outgrew the term but retained its quality, Anchor Brewing Company. In Seattle, Cooper's tavern had twenty-two taps, nineteen of them micro-brews; another, Jake O'Shaugnessey's, had a shelf

## CRAB HOUSE

Noon at the swamp's heart, the stink  
falling from the smokestacks,  
cloaking the slender reeds that do not move.

Workboat's *kapucka-kapucka* pushes  
the dark wave in over the mud,  
then pulls it back so the skulls shine.

A gull settles on a distant swell,  
picks at white feathers like a German maid  
in a sun-dappled bed. The sound of many legs

scraping against metal, the sound of water  
boiling is in this air. I listen  
as the swamp grinds its teeth, feeds, begins to reek.

—Dave Smith

of more than a hundred bourbons and fifty single-malt scotches; a Seattle Safeway, of all places, sold more than forty roasts of coffee. Milbrath was explaining how Seattle, with its openness to new things, has become *the* city in America for serious beer explorations; the citizens like to taste what they pay for. Because even the vapors of the northwest coast, I concluded, have more color, flavor, and aroma than Wet Air, light beers do not sell as well here as in, say, Las Vegas. In Seattle it is hard to peddle a beer with the lone attribute of wetness.

The conversation drew a circle around us as if we were rolling dice. Everybody, including one brewing chemist, had a charge to make against big beer companies. The group hooted down the patently loony ones, but on three there was a consensus: Industrial brewers are turning more and more to "heavy," or high-gravity, brewing, whereby beer is made with a strong alcoholic content, only to be watered down before bottling. The "beechwood aging" advertised by Budweiser does not mean beer stored in wooden casks; rather, it refers to strips of wood thrown into the steel maturing tanks. Miller uses a seaweed extract, propylene glycol alginate, in Lite to try to provide something like taste; the extract leaves a residue on the tongue to hold a bit longer what little flavor there is. That last charge I could check, the chemist said, in a book called *Chemical Additives in Booze*, published by the Center for Science in the Public Interest.

I got a copy later and found these compounds listed for Miller Lite: the alginate (as a foam stabilizer, not as a taste enhancer), corn syrup, chemically modified hop extracts, amyloglucosidase, papain enzyme, liquid sugar, potassium metabisulfite. I called the company. A spokesman, Bob Bertini, said, "We have no additives in our beers." I read the list to him. He said, "I won't get into the items one by one, but there's no way that list is factual. Beyond corn syrup, yeasts, hop extracts, and water, we don't discuss our recipe for competitive reasons. We're advertising purity now, because we saw a growing concern regarding any products with preservatives or additives. We haven't changed our beers—we've changed our labels." I called the Center for Science in the Public Interest. They were no longer standing by their lists of ingredients, but they did send along an undated copy of a flyer from Anheuser-Busch that listed all of the ingredients supposedly in Miller Lite. This flyer was the basis for the Center's list. Of three brewing chemists that I talked with, two believed most big brewers were no longer using additives. Where was the truth? I don't know, but it was plain that the corporate warfare between the two largest American brewers had helped move some beer drinkers not away from one big brewer to another but rather away from industrial brewing altogether and toward an openness to try the beers of handcrafters who are working with only the four basic ingredients.

Before I got under my pack again to leave for Alaska, I wrote a postcard to The Venerable: THE QUEST: NEXT STOP, PUGET SOUND.



A FEW MONTHS LATER THE VENERABLE AND I ARRIVED in Seattle on an English spring day, dim and damp—just the kind of weather for a small tap-house in the late afternoon. Cooper's, although not the ideal bar, nevertheless has the feel of a fine old neighborhood place; it's a tabernacle of handmade brews and side-order food. Despite the meathook softball teams that meet here to swill pitchers of Industrial Strength, the customers, even though young, generally know what should and should not be in a glass of beer. Zymurgy is a serious topic. We had just sat down when over the television came *boom-diddyboomboom* . . . "Made the American way. . . No preservatives, no additives . . . purity you can see, quality you can taste." Someone called out a term for male bovine scat. To answer my stare, he said, repeating a common (but unproven) claim, "Clarity is not purity. You going to trust a company that manipulates its beer so that it can put it in clear bottles?"

While the city dripped, The Venerable and I sat snug and judged northwest handmade. He considered Bridgeport the best; we both deemed Pyramid Pale Ale, with its high hoppiness, a splendid thing; but I chose the whole line from the Redhook Ale Brewery: Redhook, Blackhook Porter, Winterhook Ale, Ballard Bitter. I liked moving from one to another.

A man trying to save money—micro-beers are about half-again higher—ordered a Bud Light. The Venerable said, "Want to save money? Order a seltzer with lemon." The fellow did. Later my friend lectured a dieting woman: "Look, a Bud Light has three quarters the calories of a regular Bud. Forty calories less is all. You know what forty calories is? Half a cup of soybean sprouts. Light beers are jokes as beer and hoaxes as dietetics."

I told the bartender what I'd seen at lunch in a café downtown: a man—fifties, blue blazer, penny loafers, *USA Today* under his arm—ordered a Hale's Pale American Ale, took a single sip, and handed it back to the bartender, who dumped it and then passed across a bottle of Heineken. The bartender said, "I don't see many conversions of middle-aged people. The beer a man's drinking when he's thirty is the one he tends to believe in the rest of his life."

The Venerable, just beyond the half-century mark, said, "Then I should still be on old Wooden Shoe, of Minster, Ohio."

Over the course of the evening this notion emerged: The micro-brewers confront a generation of Second World

War servicemen who learned beer from the 3.2 percent stuff in olive-drab cans. The GI came to believe that taste in beer, like taste in water, was to be feared. Now the small brewers face a younger generation brain-stunned by television advertising that has made the public want—even demand—just what the corporation wants to sell. They confront an American public that considers dieting to be a Pepsi Free with the french fries. And then there's the higher cost of handmade over factory beer. Yet in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, even in Boulder and Dallas, micro-brewers, if not nipping at the heels of the industrials, are at least growling low in the corner. The next day The Venerable and I went off to a growler.



THE REDHOOK BREWERY IS IN A FORMER TRANSMISSION-repair shop in Ballard, an old waterfront neighborhood of Seattle. Although the district is still kind of a seagoing place, it now also has galvanizing companies and genetic-engineering labs. It stands with one leg in the past, one in the future—about the same position as the Redhook Brewing Company.

Paul Shipman, the president of the company, grew up in Philadelphia, graduated from Bucknell in English literature, received an M.B.A. from the University of Virginia, learned winemaking in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and, in the seventies, sold wine door to door as if it were so many Bibles. When he moved to Seattle, he worked first for a winery, even though he had long been passionate about beers of full flavor. He never gave any thought to improving wine, but he knew that American beers were open territory. Trips to England confirmed how far Americans had strayed from their earlier tradition, but, he told us, he “just couldn’t see any kind of business in beer.” Then, in 1981, his friend Gordon Bowker, the chairman of Starbucks Coffee Company, gave him “a pitch” about opening a small brewery. Shipman said, “The brewing industry showed signs of being ripe for a small entrepreneur.” The mega-brewers, growing huge by acquiring smaller breweries or opening new plants, had such a lust for profit that they moved all of their beers toward the middle of public taste as they perceived it or *wanted* to perceive it. They made their lager-style beers even less flavorful when they saw they could sell slightly alcoholic soda water, a solution one micro-brewer calls “lawn-mower beer.” The brewing process changed as zymurgy developed and a drive to lower the per-barrel cost began. Brewers found ways to control the highly erratic nature of beer, some of which involved

chemical inducements. Shipman said, “The bigger the scale of operation, the safer a corporation wants to be. It moves toward the middle to avoid risk.”

With the repeal of the Volstead Act, in 1933, only about half of the roughly 1,500 breweries that had existed previously resumed operation; by 1980 just twenty-two brewers remained. Even these numbers deceive: of the few, imperiled regional breweries hanging on, virtually all now imitate the industrial brewers by turning out Velveeta beer. The result? Budweiser, Miller, Stroh (the third largest brewer), have been able to wipe them up like so many wet spots on the bar. In the final step the industrials, as if using the science-fiction novel *The Space Merchants* as a guide, have manipulated the public taste, primarily through commercials, and made it serve their ends. But for one brewery in the mid-1970s, Schlitz, cutting costs and abbreviating brewing caused sales to drop by almost half in the five years before the Stroh Brewery Company bought it.

By the late 1970s retailers began to notice increasing requests for imported beer—never mind that imports are rarely the same here as they are in their native lands. Some people, their tastes awakened and maybe even informed by the various new American wines, looked unsuccessfully for variety in domestic beers. Others bought imports to strike back at corporations that tried, by controlling a retail shelf, to determine how the rest of us should live.

Shipman and Bowker noticed all this, and in August of 1982 they brewed their first batch of Redhook. Shipman says, “We wanted an individually crafted, top-fermented brew—a real ale, not a lager—and we wanted to use only the traditional ingredients of malted barley, hops, yeast, and water. We started with Redhook because we wanted a bold statement, an ale people would not confuse with something already available. If our brew had to be more expensive, then we had to give them a reason to change. We got that in Redhook. It’s the most radical beer in America.”

Excluding some explosive accident that a home brewer might bring forth in his basement, Redhook is certainly the most radical-tasting beer in America. Joseph Owades, the brewing chemist who invented light beer, agrees. Beer drinkers who love it (“It’s why I drink beer”) and those who hate it (“Right out of the cowshed”) agree. “With Redhook,” Bowker told me, “we polarized the market. Our success began with that.” When Shipman and Bowker introduced the ale to Seattle, in the fall of 1982, the mayor publicly, grandly, tasted a glass, looked about, his eyes staggering, and said, “This is no quiche-eater’s beer.”

No eater of quiche is Rod Mason, six foot four, two hundred and fifty pounds, a former trooper in Britain’s Royal Horse Guards, Household Cavalry Regiment (the Queen’s guard). In that first Redhook autumn Mason owned the Guardsman Tavern, just north of the Redhook brewery, and he was a critic of the ale—that is, he considered it one of the few brews in America worth criticism. His grandfather, who once ran a pub in Gloucestershire,



was a cellarman who knew how to treat beer: how to store it, tap it, serve it from clean taps. He taught Mason that special knowledge, and the grandson learned, he says, "from the cellar up." A brewer can make the finest beer in the land, but if the pub owner is careless, the customer might as well buy slumgullion. At the Guardsman, Mason saw that Americans, tiring of industrial beers, were ready: "I knew the number of people who were happy with their beer was small, but they didn't know where to turn. Then came Redhook. It was alarmingly inconsistent in those days of working out the crinkles." Now the brewery employs Mason as a kind of ambassador of its new world of old-style beers. "The ales are finally perfected," he says. "They're what we want them to be. If we get a bad batch now, we sewer the whole lot."

Inconsistency is both bane and boon to the micro-brewer; Americans, Mason thinks, want strict consistency in a brew, while Englishmen realize that small variations are proof of handcrafting, something more valuable than assembly-line sameness. Shipman says, "Redhook is going to be a slightly different taste every time you drink it. It doesn't pretend to be consistent—I mean, precisely the same. That's the real nature of an ale brewed in the traditional way."

Americans once drank top-fermented, English-style ales, full of color, flavor, aroma, and variation. In the mid-nineteenth century, newly arriving Middle Europeans (Busch, Schaefer, Schlitz, Pabst) brought along the German technique for making bottom-fermented lager. In the face of a newer method and aggressive salesmanship, older American brewing methods disappeared. Now micro-brewers find themselves educating Americans to that earlier tradition. Mason says, "Six years ago this country didn't have any reference point for tasting a real ale, and even today Americans are still edgy about the very word *ale*. The color of some ales intimidates them. Few people realize that the so-called ales produced by the large regional breweries are not true ales. The word has been terribly abused in this country."

I asked Shipman, "If George Washington, who was a lover of beer, were in Seattle today, which beer would he recognize?"

"I'd guess Redhook. It's traditional—almost a barley wine, which Washington would know."

"Is the past the future here?"

"I believe we're going to leave the lager age. It's had its time, or at least its dominance. What we'll see is both industrial beers and post-industrial products that are, because of the traditional brewing, actually pre-industrial brews. We'll be here along with Budweiser, but I don't believe that Anheuser-Busch will begin making anything resembling a true ale. The economics are against it; the demand is still limited. But what you see with us is one more sign that smokestack America is dying. People aren't in love with mass production any longer. We're brand new, five years old, and already we're brewing seven thousand barrels a year. In 1985 we grew by fifty percent and in 1986



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by fifty-five percent. In 1990 we can be up to twenty-five thousand barrels. Anchor Brewing was an inspiration to us, and we can grow the way they have. We can get as big as our ability to stand the stress."

The stress lies in the touchy nature of ale brewing. When the top-fermenting yeasts go to work on the hopped wort, when they begin to shape the character of the brew, so to speak, it all happens rapidly—within a day or two. The critical time for a bottom-fermented lager may last two weeks. The brewmaster must decide quickly what to do with the fermentation, and on his decision company profits ride. The success of Redhook comes from good decisions in several places, none more critical than in the brewhouse; after all, a barrel of Winterhook is not a washing machine that can be sent back up the assembly line to have a gear replaced. It's more like a jump shot in basketball: once the ball is off the fingertips, the character of its flight is decided.

It took nine thousand dollars and thirty-two days to clean the Redhook brewhouse of its transmission crud, but that once-oily floor became the point of departure for brews that helped change the way people perceive and drink beer in Seattle. Their building clean, the partners brought from Germany a stacked copper brew kettle so fine that it's almost sculpture; all the equipage cost more than half a million dollars. Of the seven traditional steps in brewing—malting, milling, mashing, boiling, fermenting, maturing, racking—Redhook does all but the first. Their entirely American malts—they use no extracts, as do some micros that start with the boiling—come from a maltster. Redhook adheres to a modern form of the *Reinheitsgebot*, the sixteenth-century Bavarian purity law—also observed in Germany—that said a brewer may use only barley, water, and hops; the part played by yeast, then unknown, has been recognized. No adjuncts of corn (grits, flakes, starch), rice, sorghum, milo, or syrups, and no additives (chemical compounds). In this country it is legal for a brewery to introduce forty-eight additives and four adjuncts and still call its beer "pure." Several of the additives—foaming agents, head stabilizers, taste enhancers, colorings, antioxidants, emulsions—perhaps give industrial brewers reason not to list *complete* ingredients on their labels.

During our yeasty, malty explorations over the last months of our quest, The Venerable and I noticed an absence of hangovers, although on a couple of evenings we had edged, in the interest of complete reporting, toward immoderation. Although Rick Buchanan, the Redhook brewmaster, knows that not everyone agrees, he believes that "true ales tend to be less toxic (for lack of a better word) than lager yeasts that are fermented at improperly high temperatures to create an ale-like taste. The symptoms of alcohol poisoning come from fusel oil, and fermenting yeasts at higher temperatures than they are meant to be fermented, the way some industrial brewers might do, increases the oil." Maybe fusel-oil levels explain how a maid of honor in the court of Henry VIII withstood a three-gallon daily ale allowance.

When we went from the brewhouse into the conference room, Rod Mason pulled glasses of Winterhook for us. We appraised it; we sniffed and sipped, even tapped the firm head, composed of almost microscopic bubbles. The composition and durability of the froth are such useful indicators of quality that a Guinness patent on a beer tap has one single-spaced, legal-size page description of a proper head: it should be persistent from first sip to last, and its bubbles should be uniform, without randomness, and "possessed of minuteness."

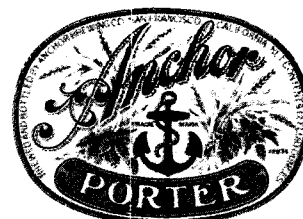
At noon we drove to the Pacific Inn, a small eatery serving good grill food, to see what can happen between the racked keg and the tapped beer. Mason said, "Most taverns, even in Seattle, set their refrigeration for Miller or Rainier, because those beers won't pour warm. They turn to foam. But you won't be able to taste a good ale at that temperature."

I remembered a combination gas station and bar in Georgia where a swagbellied fellow came to buy a bottle of beer. The proprietor asked what kind. "The kind that's froze to the coils."

"Drinkers abuse what they can't taste," Shipman said. "They drink too much to compensate."

Mason said, "Our ales lend themselves to moderation because they're flavorful. We gain customers by improving our beers. A big brewer can't do that without raising costs, and that means losing customers. Factory beer gets locked into mediocrity."

While a good micro can take sales from industrial brewers with the individual character of its beers, it has to struggle for distribution. Because bottling is expensive and retail shelf space can be hard to get, Redhook waited two and a half years before beginning to bottle a small percentage of its brews as a first step toward reaching buyers beyond Seattle. Paul Shipman sees three courses for a micro-brewery: it can remain small and sell only locally (bottles or kegs), it can serve its beer only at the brewery, piping it directly from the maturation tank to the tap (the brew pub), or it can grow into a middle-sized regional brewery, as the Anchor Brewing Company has done.



IN SAN FRANCISCO THE ANCHOR BREWERY, ON POTRERO Hill, looks onto old warehouses—one of them recently made into a mall—and tennis courts and the backs of half-century-old houses. As in Ballard, the past is cheek by jowl with the future. The Anchor building, a Depression piece, was once a Chase and Sanborn instant-coffee and pudding factory. Fritz Maytag, whose grandfather founded the Iowa washing-machine company, bought the old and

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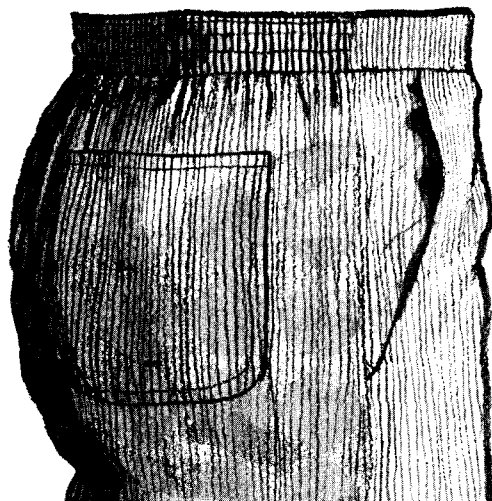
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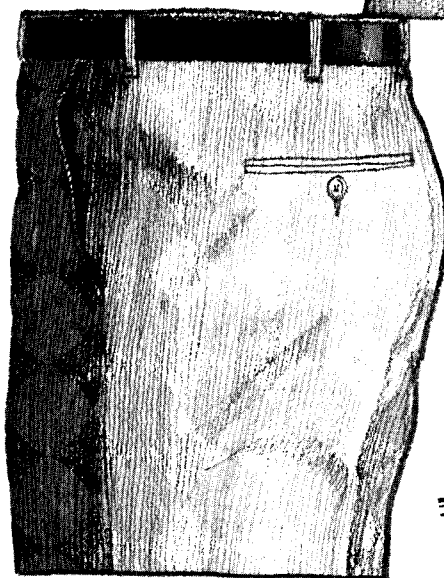
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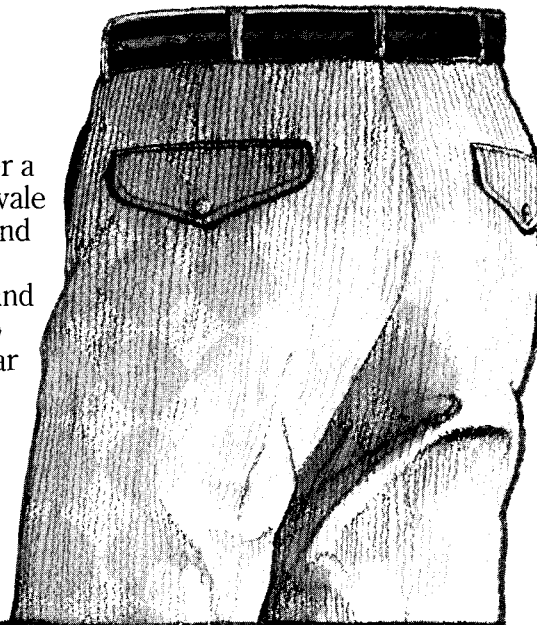
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foundering brewing company in 1965, and when he later moved it to these larger quarters, he had to sandblast the interior to get out the smell of roasted coffee. Now the brewhouse—its German kettles looking like great coppery onions, the brass fittings and knobs gleaming, the air full of hops and ferment—may be the most handsome in the country.

Maytag, a former literature student (a major he shares with newer brewers), reader of Thoreau, now a company president and brewmaster, told me, "I'm in the business of making beer that most people don't like. They say when they taste it, 'What the hell is this?'" Indigenous to San Francisco, steam brewing is a cross between English and German methods: a lager yeast is fermented at higher, ale temperatures. The "steam" appears when the pressurized maturation tanks are opened and carbon dioxide hisses out. The company that Maytag bought brewed only draft beer, and that poorly. He began by improving its quality—using the best ingredients, taking more care, reviving traditional ways. Then he started bottling. Later he added a porter (he wrote the recipe himself), then an ale and a Christmas brew, and, recently, a barley wine and a wheat beer. Eighty percent of the annual production of 38,000 barrels is Steam Beer, with Liberty Ale and the porter making up almost all of the other 20 percent.

Maytag brews the three newest, in tiny quantities, for several reasons, all of which come down to his love of beer. He says, "The Christmas ale is a brewer's midwinter custom. It's also a present to the people who support us, and it's a way of reconnecting with the roots of a Christmas tradition. This year all the barley in our Christmas beer comes from one farm near Tule Lake, California. Our employees went up there for the harvest to see the source of what we make and to see our connections with nature—the risks in nature. As for barley wine, I make it because I believe in it. I came to love it when I studied brewing in England. Our Old Foghorn requires twice as much grain for half as much brew as an ordinary beer, it's a nuisance to bottle, and it's expensive to make. But barley wine is one of the most interesting drinks on earth, although it's poorly understood and not much appreciated. It's something to sip by the hearth. A contemplative drink. It'll never have wide popularity, but I own the place and I can do what I like. A brewery should have a hallmark—a drink of absolute distinction. Old Foghorn will become ours. Wheat beer? I've said for years that it could have a big audience, and ours will. In a way, it's the opposite of Old Foghorn—it's a hot-day, light drink. It's our lawn-mower beer."

Today only 10 percent of production is draft beer, all steam, and available only locally. But Anchor and Liberty are crossing the country in bottles. Last fall they even reached my town, in the middle of Missouri. Maytag says, "If *micro* means production under ten thousand barrels a year, then we were a micro for a decade. We've grown because what we make is true, traditional, honest, and good. We celebrate the materials for what they are." By that he



means at least 80 percent of the mash is two-row barley in all of the brews, because, he believes, the cheaper, six-row variety used by the industrials gives a coarser beer. Maytag adds whole hop flowers—no hop pellets—at three different times and is willing to dump any batch that goes a bit awry. For the Liberty he uses a dry hopping that gives superb aroma and splendid taste. Nowhere an additive or adjunct. Anchor observes the *Reinheitsgebot*.

Maytag's change to quality brought recognition, and the move to bottling brought a following. Today Anchor is the fastest-growing old-name brewery in the country, but, Maytag told us when The Venerable and I toured the brewhouse, the growth will stop at 50,000 barrels. "I won't swear I'll stop there, but one should have guidelines, a controlling principle. I like a business that's small enough for the employees to see our interdependency."

Mark Carpenter, Anchor's production manager, his white overalls turned to camouflage by yeast stains and penciled brewing times, said, "One of my fears is that Anheuser-Busch will start making a real ale. I'm afraid our growth will catch their eye. Maybe keeping our customers was easier when people laughed at something called steam beer." The anxiety is whimsical. Makers of traditional brews know that the market for wet-air beers will remain large.

When we came out of the Anchor brewhouse and headed toward the tasting room, Joseph Owades stepped around the corner. Incredibly, here *he* stood—the father of Wet Air, the arch-Satan, Old Scratch incarnate. The Venerable alleges that once my surprise passed, I began tapping about my belt, as if feeling for a sidearm. Within reach stood the man who did in American beer. I asked why he did it.

Owades—suited and vested without flaw, a trim man with a clipped moustache—was there because he had just finished teaching his seminar "All About Beer" there. The biochemist was the first Ph.D. in the American brewing industry, writing his dissertation on cholesterol; he went to work for Fleischmann's Yeast, where he became interested in the microbial action of yeasts. Later he joined the Rheingold Brewery, in New York City, and became fascinated with taking out "calories that beer doesn't need." He believed that people resisted drinking beer for two reasons, taste and fear of weight gain. So, after much research, he wrote a recipe that reduced calories and "lightened" even further the mild taste of lager. Owades told me, "Lowering carbohydrates—calories—also lowers the mouth feel. The analogy's not exact, but a regular beer stays on the tongue like ice cream; a light slides off like a sherbet. That changes taste."

Rheingold produced the first light recipe, under the name of Gablinger. Soon the secret to a low-calorie beer—the enzyme amyloglucosidase—was out. After Philip Morris Companies took over Miller Brewing, the corporation bought the rights to the name Lite from the MeisterBrau Brewing Company and let go with the advertising. American beer drinking hasn't been the same since. "What can

you expect," The Venerable said, "when a tobacco company gets into brewing?"

I asked Owades what beer he drinks. "Since I live in San Francisco now, I usually drink Anchor Steam." I asked if his research had made him wealthy. "I got my usual monthly salary."

Not to atone for light beer but because he was hired, Owades wrote the generally respected recipe for the East Coast brew New Amsterdam Amber.

"Tell me," The Venerable asked, "can you tell the difference between, say, a Budweiser and a Coors?"

"All major American beers are structurally very similar. No, after two beers I won't be able to tell the difference between a Budweiser and a Coors, but with an Anchor Steam and a Redhook, I could distinguish them after a half dozen. It's true that micro-brewers are broadening the spectrum, but you'll see a lot of them fail, because brewing's hard work, and what they produce just isn't good. But for the best ones, a metropolitan area will support them."



MICRO-BREWERY FAILURES SO FAR HAVE COME more from undercapitalization than from poor brew. The New Albion Brewing Company, of Sonoma, California, the first true American micro, went under because it began bottling before it was financially able to produce beer in quantity. In distribution Jonah must face the leviathan. An industrial brewer can make distribution very difficult for a small brewer (sometimes by illegal means). One solution: eliminate distribution altogether by running beer from the maturation tank to the customer's glass, or, as The Venerable said, "Put the cat under the milk cow." In this country brew pubs are still scarce, but in colonial America a traveler could find tavern after tavern serving its own beer.

The brew pub also provides the owner with complete control over his ales and lagers, an important consideration when excellence is the aim. No other alcoholic beverage is so sensitive, so perishable, as beer. It will change from towel lint in the glass, from a refrigerator five degrees off, from sitting in a glass on a waiter's tray an extra two minutes, on and on. Virtually everything that is not beer is its enemy.

In Hayward, California, on the lower east side of San Francisco Bay, The Venerable and I went to Buffalo Bill's Brewpub, where Bill Owens, the owner, said, "The wave is the brew pub, and I'm on the crest." His influential

book of photographs titled *Suburbia* brought him a Guggenheim fellowship in 1976. Then he published *Our Kind of People* and, later, *Working: Or I Do It for the Money*. The books earned him little more than respect. Owens said, "Photojournalism had peaked. I got in on the dying days, the back end. Now I'm in on the front end of something. Now I can write checks faster than they bounce. In ten years there'll be a hundred brew pubs in the United States, and you'll see me in *Fortune*. Instead of shooting assignments on colored popcorn for them, I'll be the subject. That's the difference between back ends and front ends."

Owens began brewing a few gallons at home in the early seventies. At his fortieth-birthday party, in 1978, a friend said, "Let's open a brewery." They looked at a couple of micros and decided that a bottling line was too expensive and too complex, and so they abandoned the idea. (They do, however, bottle for takeout.) Then, the next year, they heard about brew pubs, revolting against the Americanization of British beer-making, that were opening all across Britain. In 1983, when the brew pub became legal in California, Owens set up a limited partnership, sold twenty-seven shares, and raised \$110,000. "A good idea sells much easier and for more money than a good photograph." He rented an old downtown building, once a camera store, gutted it, and built a tiny brewhouse in the back with a picture window to allow the customer to sit, sip, and see his brew made. He tore up the floor and laid sixty-two feet of pipe from the brewroom to the bar with the help of an investor who works on nuclear bombs. That sixty-two feet is his distribution system; it, as much as anything else, allows him to compete with the industrials. By scrounging equipment from a candy company, a food manufacturer, and a dairy, he assembled his brewing apparatus for \$35,000. On September 9, 1983, he opened the third brew pub in the United States. The first batch of Buffalo Bill he made went on sale, and today he's unsure whether he's ever dumped anything even if he should have. A customer told me, "That early stuff was out of the buffalo's posterior. It had hoofs and horns in it. Now he's about perfected it. I'm a fixture here, part of the pipeline."

Owens brews six barrels every Monday, about three hundred barrels a year. "For a hundred and thirty dollars' worth of ingredients I can make a twenty-five-hundred-dollar profit. A glass of lager—that's all I brew now—costs seven cents. I sell it for a dollar and a half. Compare my profit on a bottle of commercial beer—forty cents." Last year half of his \$200,000 gross income came from Buffalo Bill Beer, the rest from sandwiches and other beers.

He wrote a book titled *How to Build a Small Brewery*, which he sells over the bar and by mail, and he bought up two home-brewing magazines and consolidated them into a quarterly, *American Brewer*. Owens told The Venerable and me, "It doesn't bring in money so much as it puts me on the map as a pioneer. It keeps me in touch with people in the industry."

With plans to open two more places in 1988, he's trademarked the term *Brewpub* in California. He wants a half dozen pubs, some in malls, with the brewhouse in the front window to lure in strollers. He wants to franchise. "My fun is promoting. If the television camera is here, I get out my big paddle and stir the mash. It's not necessary to stir. It's just graphic. Look, everybody wants to be an entrepreneur now. I'm on the edge of the revolution—the making-money-and-enjoying-it revolution. A lot of micro-brewers are purists. Ale is the Holy Grail. I'm not interested in that. You find chemists and chefs—I'm a chef. I know my truth is best. I do it the easy way. I boil for an hour because my timer runs for an hour. I use pellet hops, but I don't use malt extracts and I don't filter. My water is snowmelt from the mountains, just like Anchor's. But I don't care if Americans don't know what ale is. I don't care if they're afraid of it. I know that light rum outsells dark rum three to one, and I know that Americans want their beer cold, clarified, and carbonated. I don't make an ale, and I can't waste my time educating Americans about ale. It's not my job. I'm interested in making my own kind of beer. This isn't Burger King. You can't have it your way. You get it my way. I work by one rule: Don't get complicated. Don't build a Rolls-Royce factory to make a go-cart. There's one other rule: Take the profit off the top."

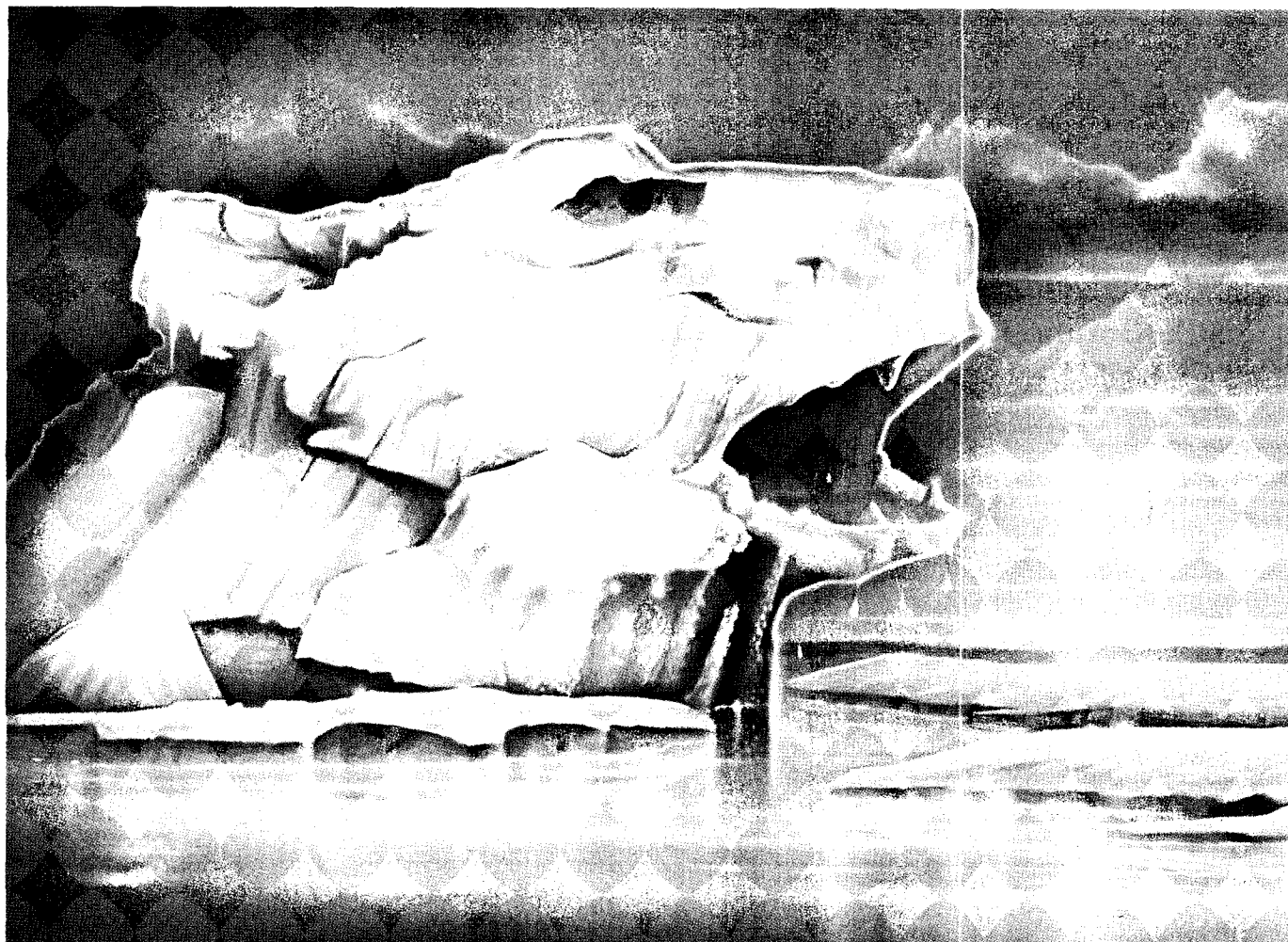
The Venerable, always ready to play advocate for the devil, asked, "Would you say that you emphasize the style of dispensing over the product?"

"The style brings a customer in, but it's the beer that has to bring him back."

South of Sacramento, near Interstate 5, we stopped in a bar overhung with ferns, stained glass, old-time signs. We went in looking not for the perfect bar but only for a working phone. We knew that men who discuss the bubbles in a head of beer, who read patterns in the Irish lace—those men do not come into bars like this. Yet we had a small hope that some bottle of an untried oddity might be tucked away. The offerings, of course, were Hobson's choice. Maybe the wish to put a touchstone to these last days of golden glasses urged us, I don't know, but we ordered our Hobson's, our industrial. The Venerable lifted his glass, drank, and set it down. He turned to me blankly and said, "Did I miss my mouth?" □

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*Thinking through a question that has  
suddenly become something more than an escapist fantasy*

## HOW THE COLD WAR MIGHT END

BY JOHN LEWIS GADDIS

### Fata Morgana

**I**N HIS SPLENDID BOOK *ARCTIC DREAMS: IMAGINATION and Desire in a Northern Landscape*, Barry Lopez describes the most striking of arctic mirages—the fata morgana, in which sharply delineated mountain ranges appear suddenly from a featureless sea, creating the illusion of land where none exists and tempting unwary explorers to set off in search of constantly receding and, in the end, unattainable objectives. Bleak horizons combined with cold climates, he suggests, can alter consciousness and redirect ambitions in wholly unpredictable ways.

What President Ronald Reagan and General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev saw on the sub-arctic horizon that lay outside Hofdi House, when they met in Reykjavik, Iceland, last October, has not been recorded. But the austere

surroundings do appear to have tempted them—briefly, at least—into contemplation of what many would regard as a political fata morgana: the question of how one might rid the world of nuclear weapons and the missiles that carry them. Only at the last minute did astonished advisers manage to pull their bosses back from the abyss that yawned before them: it was, James Schlesinger has written, quoting the Duke of Wellington, “the nearest-run thing you ever saw.”

But the view from Reykjavik may yet turn out to have been more than a mirage. The geopolitical ice is shifting beneath our feet these days in unexpected ways. For the first time since the Second World War ended, the superpowers are about to eliminate from their arsenals, by mu-





ual consent, an entire category of nuclear weapons—those carried by intermediate-range missiles. Former opponents of arms control like Richard Perle support this accord, while former supporters like Henry Kissinger oppose it. In a striking reversal of past practice, Moscow appears more willing than Washington to allow intrusive on-site inspection to verify compliance. And all of this is happening under an American Administration that only five years ago was characterizing the Soviet Union as “the focus of evil in the modern world.” Familiar verities, it seems, no longer apply; it is difficult to know where one stands.

It would be unwise, therefore, to dismiss the Reagan-Gorbachev discussions at Reykjavik as the aberrant consequence of leaving heads of government alone in the same room, with only their interpreters present. Certainly this attempt to cut through current differences by defining a vision of future harmony will merit more than the puzzled footnote that history books normally accord the summit’s only modern analogue: the treaty settling Russo-German differences which Kaiser Wilhelm II and Czar Nicholas II personally negotiated and signed in a single memorable meeting on a German warship in the Baltic in 1905, only to have their horrified governments—and allies—immediately repudiate it.

But the Reykjavik vision of a nuclear-free world implied

something larger still: the possibility that the Cold War itself—the occasion for deploying such vast quantities of nuclear armaments in the first place—might one day end, and that some of us might actually live to see the emergence of a new international system capable of moving beyond the condition of perpetual confrontation that has overshadowed our lives for the past four decades. Mirage or not, the view on the horizon was impressive, however fleeting.

But just what would constitute an end to the Cold War, and how might the elimination of nuclear weapons relate to that objective? The question did not come up at Reykjavik, nor has it received very much attention anywhere else: we have so preoccupied ourselves with the bomb and its associated technical, intellectual, and bureaucratic apurtenances that we neglect the larger geopolitical context in which these exist. Would nuclear abolition in fact end the Cold War or simply make it more dangerous? Could the Cold War end with nuclear weapons still in place? And, for that matter, would we even *recognize* an end to the Cold War, should that event someday come to pass?

Precisely because they sound naive, questions like these tend to escape the attention of geopolitical sophisticates. But there are precedents for thinking about how one would like conflicts to end even as one engages in them: in

both world wars elaborate postwar-planning exercises were under way in Washington just weeks after the fighting had begun. War, for those who lived through the upheavals of 1917–1918 and 1941–1945, was an exceptional event, to be ended as quickly as possible, but not without careful thought about what victory was supposed to accomplish.

Our generation has had the undeniable advantage of not having to fight a “hot” war on the tremendous scale and at the tragic price that our parents and grandparents had to. But a consequence may be that for us the Cold War has become a way of life: it has been around for so long that it is a thoroughly familiar, if unwelcome, presence. Few of us can remember with much precision how it started; fewer still take the time to consider what the world might look like without the Cold War. We have become so accustomed to this phenomenon—by now the dominant event in the lives of more than one generation of statesmen—that it simply does not occur to us to think about how it might end or, more to the point, how we would like it to end.

The resulting intellectual vacuum violates not only logic and good sense but also a basic Clausewitzian principle, which is that strategy has no rational basis unless it is informed by some awareness of the objective it is intended to achieve: this is what the great Prussian strategist really meant when he described war as the continuation of politics by other means. In our own time, thank goodness, the equation has been reversed: politics has become a way of conducting war by other means, and that is a considerable improvement. But the fact of the reversal hardly lessens the importance of linking the efforts we make to the objectives we seek. It is all very well to think about how one is going to make a trip—in what style, at what speed, and at what cost—but unless one has some idea of what the ultimate destination is to be, then the journey is apt to be long, circuitous, and ultimately unrewarding.

Thinking about destinations requires linking one’s direction of travel to the intended point of arrival, a task made trickier in geopolitics than in geography by the fact that such points are often indistinct to begin with, and—like the arctic ice pack—given to shifting their location in unanticipated ways. Still, the future of the Cold War is not wholly concealed: there are a few broad predictions one can make about it that may help us begin to think about how we would like it to come out.

ONE, QUITE SIMPLY, IS THAT THE COLD WAR WILL IN fact end someday, and in some form. Nothing lasts forever in history: even the Hundred Years War had a conclusion, although it took a while to get there. The Cold War may end with a bang or a whimper or—more likely—with something in between, but it will end, as all historical episodes sooner or later do. Whether we, as contemporaries, would recognize that event if it should occur in our lifetimes is, of course, another matter: contemporaries are rarely the best judges of the history through

which they live. The great Spanish monarch Philip II, were he able to return four centuries after his reign to read what historians are writing about his era, would be surprised—and not a little annoyed—to see them concentrating on things like sheepherding, the prevalence of malaria, and the Portuguese pepper trade. Historians four hundred years hence, if there are any left by then, will surely view our era from angles of vision quite different from our own; from their perspective, indeed, the Cold War could already have ended, without our even noticing.

It also seems safe to say that when the Cold War does end, it will not do so with the total victory of one side and the unconditional surrender of the other: it will not be a replay of the Second World War. The principal reason for this is obvious: today’s Great Powers possess nuclear weapons that preclude, in a manner quite unprecedented in modern history, the absolute imposition of one’s will upon the other. But even if nuclear weapons had never been invented, there would still be reason to question the prospects for total domination, because the world these days is less hospitable to hegemonial aspirations than ever before. The day when a single imperial power could, with minimal expenditure of effort and manpower, control vast territories—the Mongols in Russia, or the Spanish in Central and South America, or the British in India—has now most assuredly passed. If Americans and Russians have such difficulties managing inconvenient next-door neighbors—Cubans and Nicaraguans, for example, or Afghans and Poles—then what could ever lead either of us to believe that we could successfully dominate the other? Empires are just not what they used to be.

A third prediction that can be made with confidence is that the end of the Cold War will not bring an end to all international rivalries, or even to all aspects of the rivalry that now exists between the United States and the Soviet Union. Barring an improbable and necessarily simultaneous change in the mass consciousness of more than 150 nations, conflict in one form or another will remain a prominent feature of the international landscape, much as it was for millennia before the Cold War began.

### The Martian Scenario

FROM HERE ON, THOUGH, THINGS GET MURKIER. Consider the question of *what* might end the Cold War. One obvious possibility, of course, is a nuclear war, but there is not a great deal one can say about that, because we have so little basis for anticipating what the results of such a conflict might be. What one can say, though, is that the widespread sense of *inevitability* about a nuclear holocaust that existed during the 1950s and 1960s appears, at least among “experts” on the subject, to be waning. Although public concern about the possibility of a nuclear war remains high, specialists point to the obvious irrationality of starting such a conflict on purpose, to the remarkably low frequency of “accidental” wars in history, to the increasingly effective safeguards against unauthor-



## Would nuclear abolition in fact end the Cold War or simply make it more dangerous? Could the Cold War end with nuclear weapons still in place? Would we even recognize an end to the Cold War should that event come to pass?

ized use of nuclear weapons which exist on both sides, and to the marked decline in the incidence of both overt and implied nuclear threats which has occurred in recent years, quite independently of shifts in the Soviet-American political relationship from détente to confrontation and back again. There can be, of course, no guarantees. Irrationality in high places will always be a risk, and because Murphy's Law operates in capitalist and socialist societies alike—as the *Challenger* and Chernobyl disasters have recently reminded us—accidents can hardly be ruled out. Still, the record of four decades having passed without *any* nuclear weapon having been used for *any* military purpose whatever is an impressive one. One need only consider how improbable such an outcome would have seemed in the immediate aftermath of Hiroshima and Nagasaki to get a sense of what a remarkable development this has been.

So let us assume—because otherwise there is not much point in discussing the matter—that we will not require the services of the Apocalypse to end the Cold War. History provides more examples than one might think of Great Power rivalries that evolved unspectacularly into something else, without vast conflagrations or annihilations. It is worth looking at some of these to see what they might suggest about our own prospects for undramatic survival.

Great Power rivalries have most often ended peacefully because of the rise of some third power, equally dangerous to both sides. This possibility is known in certain circles as the Martian scenario: Reagan is said to have suggested to Gorbachev at the 1985 Geneva summit that if Martians were suddenly to land, Russians and Americans would settle their differences very quickly.

There are, in fact, a good many historical instances of the Martian scenario. One conspicuous example is the long cold war between Great Britain and czarist Russia that went on for most of the nineteenth century, erupting into actual combat only briefly, during the Crimean War, in 1853–1856. The rise of Germany finally compelled London and St. Petersburg to settle their differences in the decade before the First World War broke out. The same thing was happening at about the same time, and for much the same reason, to an even more ancient antagonism that had produced multiple wars in the past: that between Britain and France. Third-power threats also produced brief but decisive military cooperation between the Soviet Union and its Western allies against Nazi Germany during the Second World War; they have led as well, but this time with the Soviet Union as the perceived danger, to more recent and more durable reconciliations between such bitter

former enemies as France and Germany, Japan and China, and Germany, Japan, and the United States.

Is there a third power on the horizon that could compel a resolution of Soviet-American differences? What seems most likely is not that some new rival will emerge, capable of challenging the superpowers militarily, but rather that the standards by which we measure power will begin to evolve, with forms other than military—economic, technological, cultural, even religious—becoming more important. To some extent this is already happening: one superpower, the Soviet Union, will soon be eclipsed by a third power, Japan, in gross national product; another third power, China, has already demonstrated what the Soviet Union has not, which is how a socialist economy can become agriculturally self-sufficient. Nor should Americans be so complacent as to consider themselves exempt from such trends, particularly if we persist in transforming our economy from its traditional industrial and agricultural base into one geared chiefly toward the provision and consumption of “services,” the role of which, in the broad calculus of world power, is not at all clear.

The important question, therefore, may be whether the United States and the Soviet Union will continue to divert vast resources into military spending at a time when military strength is beginning to count for less than it has in the past as a determinant of world power. The answer is by no means apparent, but to the extent that both nations face at least a figurative Martian threat (by which I mean a situation in which old rules may not apply, one that might force us into new forms of cooperation), this quiet shift in the criteria by which we determine who can do what to whom would appear to be the most likely possibility.

A second way in which Great Power rivalries have traditionally ended has been through the exhaustion of one of the major competitors, while the other remains vigorous. History is not normally so obliging as to arrange for the simultaneous and symmetrical enfeeblement of Great Powers. Consider Spain's long decline in the face of first French and then English hegemony, or the slow erosion of China's strength in the nineteenth century while that of Japan was increasing, or what was by historical standards the remarkably rapid withdrawal of the European colonial powers from Asia and Africa after the Second World War.

But rivalries that end through unilateral decline do not always do so peacefully: Britain's graceful withdrawal from empire after 1945 was the rare exception. More often the fact of decline—or even the appearance of it—has induced desperate actions to reverse the trend. Historians

today would hardly describe imperial Germany prior to the First World War as a declining power, but its leaders' perception of waning strength, together with the bumptious way in which their diplomacy and strategy sought to compensate for it, made German fear of decline a major contributor to the outbreak of that great conflict. Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor now appears to have been an act of desperation set off by anxiety over a naval balance of power in the Pacific that seemed to be shifting in favor of the United States. And it is worth recalling that a recurring jus-

tification for our disastrous military involvement in Southeast Asia was the concern that if we did not demonstrate the capacity to act we would become, in President Richard Nixon's evocative phrase, a "pitiful, helpless giant."

What this suggests is that some of the most dangerous moments in world politics come when a Great Power perceives itself as beginning to decline—as standing at the top of a slippery slope—and is tempted into irresponsible action against its rival to redress the balance while it still has strength left to do so.

## TRICK OR TREAT

Holy and hokey, Hallowe'en.

That kindergarten of witches in the street,  
Skeletons (but with tummies) doorbell high  
Piping up, "Trick or treat!"

A hoyden by Goya with her Breughel chum  
Scrabbles black-orange jelly beans—then scoots.  
—To think I saw *you*, spangled so,  
Rouged, in your Puss-in-Boots

Some forty and more years ago!  
Memory: the reruns in full color seem  
As three-dimensional as *now*.  
Could it be *now*'s the dream

We've been bewitched by?—spirited  
Into this crinkled skin, this ashy hair,  
Starch at the joints—this hand-me-down  
Raggedy gear we wear?

We've dealt with clothes before; know well  
Just what they hallow, and how they fall away  
Strewing the floor in moonlight; yes,  
Into and past midday.

Good costumes then. But now let's play  
Pretend with those glittering infants at the door,  
Now that our autumn's come and soon  
The snows arrive—before

We're out of costumes and a place to play,  
Of zest for the zany carnival in the street,  
Out of breath, out of world and time  
Teasing with "Trick or treat!"

—John Frederick Nims

IT IS TOO EARLY TO SAY WHETHER THE UNITED STATES or the Soviet Union will be the first to confront that prospect, although there is reason to suspect that Gorbachev, for one, has not been wholly oblivious of the possibility. But decline on one side or the other will eventually take place: despite the fact that the two superpowers' rivalry—and the geopolitical status that results from it—has lasted for a remarkably long time, nothing in history ensures that it is permanent. Exhaustion, inflexibility, and lack of imagination will eventually take their toll in one or the other of these countries, much as they do among individuals: the problem each country will then confront (and it will be a delicate one, because both are likely still to be sitting atop huge piles of armaments) will be that of managing asymmetrical decline without provoking the violence that desperation—or, in the case of the unaffected superpower, temptation—so often brings.

But there is a third and more hopeful way in which the Cold War might end: a change in the outlook of its participants. Shifts in attitude do occur from time to time: after all, Russia and the United States abolished their ancient institutions of serfdom and slavery within a decade of each other, in the middle of the nineteenth century. Is it beyond possibility that comparable changes might occur that could bring an end to the Cold War?

Liberals have long wanted to believe that the more democratic states are at home, the less prone they are to initiate the use of force in the world at large: autocracy and aggression, by this logic, go hand in hand. The proposition is questionable on the face of it if one considers how easily a number of scrupulously democratic states—our own included—were able to justify to themselves the virtues of imperialism in the nineteenth century or the necessity for interventionism in the twentieth. But, as the political scientist Michael Doyle has recently pointed out, there is a historical basis for arguing that liberal democracies tend not to go to war with one another. This raises the question: could the extension of democracy—especially within the superpower that has not, until now, had much of it—bring an end to the Cold War?

Stranger things have happened. Both Germany and Japan were, within living memory, autocratic militaristic societies, much given to glorifying the uses of force. The experience of defeat and occupation after the Second World War changed them profoundly, in ways that at times exas-

# DEWAR'S PROFILE:

## KRIS KRINGLE

HOME: The North Pole.

AGE: Ageless.

PROFESSION: President and CEO, World Gift Distribution Network.

HOBBY: "When you only work one day a year, you need a lot of 'em."

LAST BOOK READ: The Book of Lists, David Wallechinsky, et al.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Determining who's been naughty or nice.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There'd be a lot of unhappy people if I didn't."

PROFILE: Jovial, ubiquitous, philanthropic. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

QUOTE: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."





perate even former adversaries, who would like them now to become a bit more militant than they are. But war in a nuclear age seems an improbable instrument of social and political reform, nor is there likely to be much call in the future for the services of draconian "reformers" like Generals Lucius Clay and Douglas MacArthur. What if the existence of nuclear weapons should serve, though, as the moral equivalent of a Clay or a MacArthur in reshaping Soviet and American attitudes toward military force? Might such a development help to compensate for the absence in the Soviet-American relationship of compatible domestic institutions and ideologies?

There may be something in this. History prior to 1945 provides little support for the proposition that as military strength increases, the willingness to use it correspondingly decreases. But the United States and the Soviet Union since 1945 have amassed the largest and most powerful military arsenals the world has ever known, without ever having used their weapons directly against each other and, with one or two exceptions, without even having come close to doing so. Where each has sought to challenge the other's position militarily, it has done so through proxies: North Koreans, North Vietnamese, and Cubans in the case of the Russians; Nicaraguan contras, Angolan guerrillas, and Afghan rebels in the case of the Americans. Where each superpower has actually used its military force—as the Americans did in Korea and Indochina and as the Russians have done in Afghanistan—it has consistently been against a third party.

Precisely because they possess nuclear weapons in such quantity and out of fear that any military confrontation between them might escalate, the United States and the Soviet Union have evolved a new kind of Great Power rivalry: a rivalry in which disputes are resolved not through direct combat but, as in certain animal species, through impressive but (so far) non-lethal displays of posturing, threat, and bluff. Such displays may be unnerving. They are hardly a behavior one would like to think characteristic of enlightened nations. But they do reflect a growing pessimism on both sides about what military force can accomplish, and that in itself is a considerable improvement over the old days, when periodic wars between Great Powers were routine events.

### The Virtues of Bipolarity

**E**NDING THE COLD WAR, THEN, COULD BRING BOTH rewards and risks. If the event occurred because of an emerging third-power threat or as a consequence of changing attitudes toward the uses of military force, then the result might be a relationship between Washington and Moscow not too different from the one that exists today between former adversaries like France and Germany, or the United States and Japan. But if the Cold War should seem to be ending as the result of asymmetrical decline, then the danger of a hot war might actually increase. The key to ensuring that the Cold War ends

peacefully, therefore, appears to lie in what one might at first glance regard as highly improbable: the emergence of a vested interest among Russians and Americans in the survival and even the prosperity of each other's admittedly very different institutions.

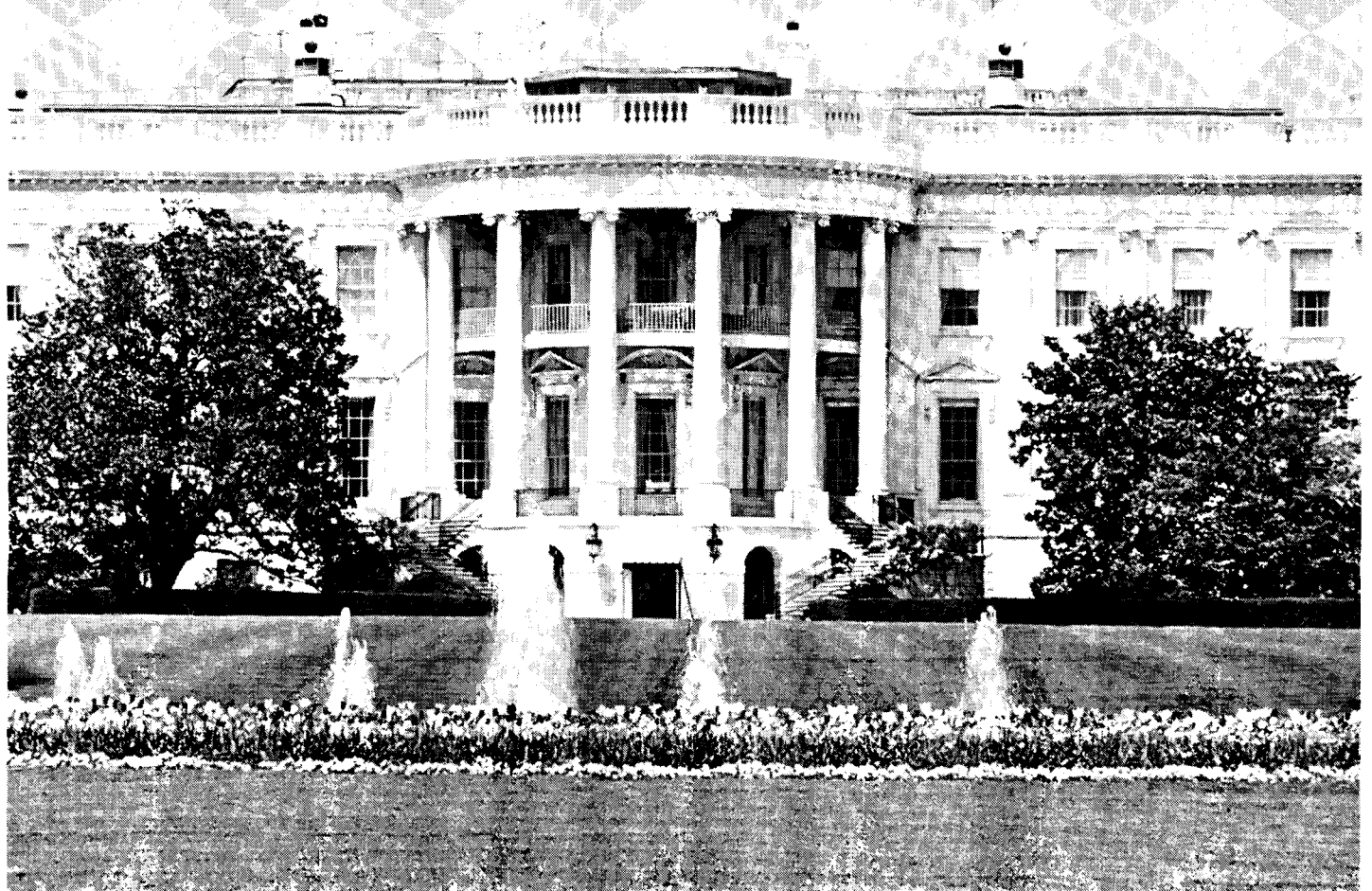
How, though, could such a thing happen in the anarchic, ideologically polarized, and highly competitive international system the two of us have been stuck with since the end of the Second World War? Theorists have long described this system as a zero-sum game, in which gains for one side automatically mean losses for the other. It has never been easy to see how concern for an adversary's interests could arise in such a setting: each state, one assumes, seeks to increase its own power at the expense of the other, thus producing the geopolitical equivalent of a seesaw. Even when one introduces into such a game the possibility that a failure to cooperate might destroy both players, simulations have shown little tendency on either side to sacrifice immediate advantages in the interest of long-term common survival, if only because one can never be sure that one's adversary will do the same.

But curious things have been happening to game theorists lately: their characteristic gloom has quietly been giving way to a measured degree of optimism. Professor Robert Axelrod, of the University of Michigan, has demonstrated that if the same players are allowed to repeat a game several times, they begin to perceive the advantages to themselves of ensuring the other's survival, even in a competitive environment. Perpetuating the game itself becomes a shared interest. The behavior of large corporations tends to confirm Axelrod's findings: they often limit competition where it might endanger the overall market within which they operate. Much the same pattern appears to hold for international banks and even for nations engaged in international trade rivalries. As a result, the possibility of "cooperation under anarchy," together with what such a pattern might imply for Soviet-American relations, is now attracting considerable attention.

International-relations theorists are also rethinking old ideas about bipolarity. For years they assumed that a multipolar world order—a system with three or more Great Powers—had to be more stable than a bipolar one: three or more points of support appeared to provide a greater likelihood of remaining upright than did only two. But now theorists are beginning to ask: Why do the rules of geopolitics have to correspond to those of geometry? International systems are not, after all, pieces of furniture. And, indeed, sophisticated theorists such as Kenneth Waltz, at the University of California, Berkeley, and Robert Gilpin, at Princeton University, have begun to argue that under certain circumstances bipolar international systems can be more stable than their multipolar counterparts.

Bipolarity tends not to require the acrobatics of a Metetrnich or a Bismarck to sustain itself, which is fortunate, since although acrobats may be plentiful, consistently successful ones are not. By reducing the number of key actors involved, bipolarity also simplifies problems of communi-

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cation in crises: this helps to explain why the European crisis of July, 1914, involving five roughly equal powers, led to war, whereas the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962, which involved only two, did not. Finally, bipolarity tolerates defections from coalitions with less damage to the overall balance of power than do more complex and hence more delicately balanced systems. Quarrels over who was to control Morocco could bring Europe to the brink of war in 1905 and 1911; but China could abandon both its American and Soviet allies in the years that followed 1945 without the superpowers' approaching anything like a direct military confrontation as a result.

SO, IN THEORY, COOPERATION IN COMPETITIVE SITUATIONS—even in the absence of a referee—is not so implausible as it might seem: given time, a mutual interest in sustaining the system within which they compete can cause even vociferous rivals to develop a stake in each other's survival. But what about the real world of international relations since the end of the Second World War? Four decades of superpower competition has provided more than enough time for the advantages of cooperation to have dawned on both Washington and Moscow. And indeed, if one looks at the actual behavior of Soviets and Americans during this period—as distinct from their frequently deceptive rhetoric—such a pattern does begin to emerge, at times in unexpected ways.

Cooperation in avoiding nuclear war is the most obvious example. Despite attempts to impress each other by suggesting the opposite, the United States and the Soviet Union have in fact reserved the employment of nuclear weapons for the ultimate extremity of all-out war. They have accepted painful military reverses in limited conflicts—Korea, Vietnam, Afghanistan—rather than resort to such use. They have even shared some nuclear technology: the United States in the early 1960s deliberately leaked to the Russians information on newly developed “permissive action links,” control devices intended to prevent the inadvertent or unauthorized detonation of nuclear weapons. Since that time exchanges on how to monitor nuclear tests have become commonplace, even to the point at which the two sides can now seriously discuss proposals for each to explode one of its own warheads at the other's test site.

Cooperation has extended to spheres of influence as well. Despite frequent condemnations of it, the United States has made no sustained effort to “roll back” Soviet control in Eastern Europe. Similarly, the Soviets, with two exceptions, have refrained from directly challenging the much larger, though less restrictive, American sphere of influence in Western Europe, the Mediterranean, the Near East, Latin America, and East Asia. The exceptions were the North Korean attack on South Korea in 1950 (which Stalin presumably authorized) and Khrushchev's decision to place missiles in Cuba in 1962. But both of those adventures followed inadvertent signals from Wash-

ington—the withdrawal of American troops from South Korea in 1949, and the failure to overthrow Fidel Castro after the Bay of Pigs landings in 1961—suggesting that it lacked the resolve to defend its interests in those parts of the world. Both probes were conducted cautiously, and the Russians abandoned them soon after the Americans had clarified their determination to resist.

Moscow and Washington have also cooperated, at times through their very competition, to impose order on third parties whose ambitions or rivalries might otherwise have produced war. The superpowers' success in avoiding escalation during a long series of Middle East conflicts provides the most visible example of how such crisis management has been made to work, but there are even more significant—if unacknowledged—instances of Soviet-American cooperation to maintain international order. Would Europe have enjoyed an unprecedented four decades without war had the superpowers—through their mutual suspicions, to be sure—not reversed the 1871 settlement that had imposed upon that continent, with such disastrous results, a unified German state? Would Eastern Europe today be an orderly place if the Soviets should suddenly leave? Or would the Korean peninsula, if the Americans should abruptly withdraw? Even to raise such questions is to induce high states of anxiety on both sides of the superpower relationship, which is why they are so rarely discussed in public. But the very existence of these anxieties suggests how important a stabilizing mechanism the Soviet-American rivalry has turned out to be in those parts of the world.

The United States and the Soviet Union have even cooperated, within limits, to facilitate espionage. Spying, after all, is what reconnaissance satellites do, even if both governments prefer to cloak their functions behind the euphemism “national technical means of verification.” These devices have taken over the role assigned Francis Gary Powers when he flew his U-2 (not very successfully) over the Soviet Union in 1960; today both sides have learned—as the Russians manifestly had not in 1960—the benefits of transparency. These add up to a greatly reduced capability on the part of either for surprise attack, and it is universally acknowledged now that both superpowers feel safer for not having impeded this particular version of an “open skies” inspection plan. Indeed, the principle of remotely conducted espionage had become so thoroughly incorporated into Soviet-American relations by 1979 that the SALT II treaty could provide, with remarkably little public comment, for the configuration of certain weapons systems on each side to ensure that they *would* be visible to the prying—if electronic—eyes of the adversary.

Moscow and Washington have exploited defections from each other's sphere of influence only when it was clear that the rival either could not or would not regain control. Hence the United States took advantage of Yugoslavia's break with the Kremlin in 1948 and, after a long delay, that of the People's Republic of China as well; it was not prepared to challenge reassertions of Soviet au-





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## What would happen if we were to begin to think of the Soviet-American relationship not as a “cold war” but as a “long peace”—as the most workable set of arrangements for maintaining international order devised in this century?

thority in Hungary in 1956, or in Czechoslovakia in 1968, or even in Poland in 1981, with the crackdown on Solidarity. The Soviet Union exploited Cuba's break with the United States after 1959, but it made no attempt to contest successful CIA intervention in Iran in 1953 and Guatemala in 1954, or our more overt moves to re-establish control in the Dominican Republic in 1965, or in Grenada in 1983. And although the Russians have provided military assistance to the Sandinistas, in Nicaragua, just as the Americans have done for the Afghan rebels, there is little reason to expect that either superpower would go out of its way to save those distant clients, should their defeat appear imminent.

Finally, Russians and Americans have refrained from obvious attempts to undermine leadership on either side. Both countries have suffered disarray at the top since 1945: in the case of the Soviet Union, the instability that followed Stalin's death in 1953, the erosion of Khrushchev's authority after the Cuban missile crisis, and the illness and death of three Kremlin leaders within as many years during the early 1980s; in the case of the United States, the Johnson Administration's obsessive preoccupation with the Vietnam War, Nixon's self-inflicted Watergate wounds, and, most recently, White House involvement in the Iran-contra scandal. What is striking about these episodes is how rarely the temptation appears to have arisen in the unaffected capital to take advantage of them. There have even been expressions of regret and sympathy—how sincere these were is difficult to say—over the difficulties rival leaders were undergoing. Game theorists, to be sure, would find nothing surprising in such a tacit acknowledgment of legitimacy on both sides: otherwise the game might not continue. But students of history will recognize just how unusual such mutual forbearance among leaders of competing Great Powers really is.

### An Agenda for Ending the Cold War

NOT ONE OF THESE EXAMPLES OF SOVIET-AMERICAN cooperation originated as the result of formal diplomatic negotiations. They arose instead from patterns of behavior both nations quietly found it in their interests to perpetuate. These patterns have survived shifts of leadership; they have proceeded more or less independent of oscillations between détente and confrontation; they appear now to be so firmly embedded in custom and tradition that it is difficult to conceive of circumstances that might lead either side to depart substantially from

them. But there are limits to tacit cooperation. One is never quite sure precisely what has been agreed to, or how long agreements will last. Not all points at issue between the United States and the Soviet Union lend themselves to such informal solutions. It is worth taking a look, then, at just what objects of contention remain, and at what an explicitly negotiated settlement of them might actually require.

First, it would appear, we would have to get around once and for all to ending the Second World War. We would have to resolve certain leftover issues from that conflict, the lifetime of which has been prolonged far beyond what anyone in 1945 would have thought possible. This would hardly be a minor undertaking: it would include finding ways to end the artificial division of Germany and Korea, to withdraw Soviet and American forces from the advanced—and therefore also artificial—positions they still occupy in Central Europe, and quite possibly to dismantle NATO, the Warsaw Pact, and the other multilateral and bilateral alliance structures established during the first tense decade of postwar Soviet-American confrontation.

Second, we would need specific agreements between the United States and the Soviet Union to refrain from projecting their influence—cultural, ideological, and economic, as well as military—elsewhere in the world in order to gain unilateral advantage at the expense of each other. Such accords would have to distinguish between deliberate and inadvertent projections of influence; they would have to be capable as well of differentiating indigenous shifts in the status quo from those set in motion for their own immediate benefit by Washington, Moscow, or their respective clients.

Third, we would require a clear understanding of what each side considers necessary for its own security. This would of course include mutually verifiable agreements on the control of both nuclear and conventional armaments but would have to extend as well to such delicate issues as levels of defense spending, the right to maintain military bases on foreign soil, access to critical raw materials, the export and import of sensitive technology, the conduct of ground-based espionage, the question of human rights and, not least, the extent to which each side's citizens would be free to have contacts with those of the other.

Finally, we would need mechanisms of some sort to counteract the effects, on the perceptions we and the Russians have of each other, of the profound differences between our ideologies, institutions, and cultures. Contrasts between communism and capitalism have had seven dec-

des now to develop. But even if the Bolshevik Revolution had never taken place, there would still be deep institutional and cultural gaps between our ways of life, arising out of centuries of dissimilar historical experience whose impact—even at the most inconvenient moments, as the Daniloff affair demonstrated last year—continues to make itself felt.

One need only run down this list to realize two things, one of them obvious, the other less so. The obvious point is that there is enough here to keep us at the negotiating table for at least the next century, so we should probably not bring out the champagne—or relax restrictions on the consumption of vodka before midafternoon—just yet. The less obvious point is that it is not at all clear, in the event we could ever get agreement on all these issues and thus relegate the Cold War to the history books, that the world would be a safer place as a result.

CONSIDER THE DIFFICULTIES OF RESOLVING ISSUES left over from the Second World War. Germans and Koreans on both sides of the lines that divide them pay lip service to reunification, but neither they nor anyone else has given much thought to the actual political basis upon which such a thing might happen. How, for example, does one “reunite” an entire generation that has never experienced unity? Nor is it apparent what the implications would be of withdrawing Soviet and American forces from Europe. Most Eastern Europeans would welcome such a move, to be sure, but how Soviet security interests could be reconciled with it is as much a question now as it was in 1945. Nor would an Eastern Europe free of Soviet domination necessarily be an orderly place: it certainly was not prior to the Second World War, and long suppressed irredentist grievances still persist in that part of the world. Would Western Europe welcome the dismantling of NATO? European members of the alliance chafe under its demands and resist meeting its obligations, but when opportunities arise for them to become even slightly more self-reliant—as with the prospect this year of a Soviet-American agreement on withdrawing intermediate-range missiles—second thoughts (along with cold feet) abruptly proliferate. There is no way to know, of course, how long the present awkward arrangements in Europe and on the Korean peninsula can last. But awkward though they may be, they have proved to be remarkably durable. No one knows what these areas left to their own devices would be like and, to be perfectly honest about it, there has been no great eagerness in either Washington or Moscow to find out.

What about agreements pledging the United States and the Soviet Union not to seek unilateral advantage at the expense of the other? Here again we have some historical basis for speculation, this time in the form of the ill-fated statement on “Basic Principles” of U.S.-Soviet relations, signed at Moscow in 1972, which promised something very much like that. The accord broke down almost at

once, because of disputes over how to apply its vague generalities to specific situations: Did the agreement require the Russians to warn Washington of Egypt’s impending attack on Israel in 1973? Was Henry Kissinger justified in freezing Moscow out of the Middle East peace negotiations that soon followed? Which side initiated covert intervention in Angola following the Portuguese withdrawal from the country? Did Moscow do all it could—or, indeed, anything at all—to prevent the final North Vietnamese offensive against Saigon in 1975? The “Basic Principles” promoted more bickering than harmony, and the reason, in retrospect, is not hard to see: when one asks Great Powers to give up the search for unilateral advantage in international relations, what one is really asking them to do is to refrain from pursuing their own perceived interests. That is hardly a realistic thing to expect, and to hold out the prospect of accomplishing it is to invite disillusionment.

Would a world in which each side undertook to respect the other’s security requirements be a more orderly place? Perhaps. Certainly it would appear more feasible to attempt to bring divergent superpower interests into approximate congruence with each other than to try to persuade each side of the merits of self-denial. And substantial areas of overlapping interest, as we have seen, already exist. But it is necessary to be realistic here, too, about what more could be achieved: mutually verifiable arms-control agreements might well fall within such a zone of congruence, but up to what point? Would they continue to do so if the effect of bilateral deep cuts in nuclear arsenals were to diminish the *joint* military pre-eminence of the United States and the Soviet Union, and to increase correspondingly the importance of other actors on the international scene? Are we sure that a shift toward multipolarity would enhance stability more than the bipolarity to which we have become accustomed? How would one handle the problem of asymmetrical threats—the fact that what one nation sees as threatening, the other may not? And, perhaps most daunting, how would one take into account the vastly dissimilar domestic systems we and the Soviets have, and the conflicting security requirements these might pose?

That last point suggests, as well, the difficulty of overcoming ideological, institutional, and cultural differences. Well-intentioned efforts to do so date back to the earliest days of the Cold War; today they take a remarkable number of forms, and proceed at a multiplicity of levels. But there remains a lurking uneasiness about “people-to-people” exchanges, “sister-city” contacts, “citizen diplomacy,” and the like: Are we really certain, if Russians and Americans had vastly expanded opportunities for contact, that we would actually like each other all that much? Virtually every major war fought during the past century and a half has taken place between nations whose people knew each other from just such intensive contacts all too well, and who came to hate each other vigorously as a result. Even today virulent “people-to-people” animosities survive among Greeks and Turks, Arabs and Israelis, Sunni



and Shiite Moslems, Irish Catholics and Protestants, Cambodians and Vietnamese. In contrast, Russians and Americans, who because we inhabit opposite sides of the earth have had so few contacts, almost alone among major nations of the world have never fought a war: the closest we have come are a few confused skirmishes during Allied intervention in Siberia and North Russia shortly after the Bolshevik Revolution.

## Peace

ARGUMENTS LIKE THESE TEMPT ONE TO INVOKE what history will record as the Bert Lance Principle: "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." There is, in fact, something to be said for that point of view. Results are difficult to argue with, and it can hardly be denied that the four decades that we think of as the Cold War, years that have seen as high and as protracted a level of international tension without war as any in modern history, have also been four decades of Great Power peace, a period that compares favorably with the longest such periods of coexistence without war in modern history.

But is it not Orwellian to call such a situation "peace," knowing that a nuclear holocaust could break out at any moment? By traditional definitions of the term, it clearly is. We normally think of peace as something that has emerged from a formal process of negotiation around a conference table, and that exists within some clearly worked out and commonly agreed upon international structure, equally binding upon all who have adhered to it: something, in other words, like the system established at Versailles in 1919. But that system lasted only half as long as the present one has, despite the fact that the latter evolved as the result of no peace conference at all and with only a minimum of formal structure to perpetuate it. What has sustained the peace since 1945, many would argue, is precisely the prospect of what might ensue if it should ever come apart—a prospect insufficiently arresting to have impressed itself upon the minds of statesmen in the days before nuclear weapons existed.

We also think of peace as consistent with justice. But history is full of wars that have been fought—with devastating effects—in the interests of justice. The term *just war* itself captures the contradiction neatly. It was indeed largely a preoccupation with justice—and a corresponding neglect of the realities of power—that produced the phenomenon of appeasement in the 1930s, which in turn led so directly and so blindly to the last great war. We might do better not to equate peace and justice so precisely, given the difficulty of defining that latter quality, let alone achieving it. The more feasible approach might be to think of peace, in the way Reinhold Niebuhr suggested, as the condition of order that *precedes* justice, as the compromise with power that has to take place before one can begin to address—as one ultimately still has to—questions of right and wrong.

Finally, we tend to think of peace as something that

grows out of harmony between nations, not out of the rivalries that exist among them. But why should that necessarily be so? After all, this nation has long extolled—to the point of having our principles quoted back at us more often than we would like these days—the virtues of competition as the path to economic prosperity and social justice. Is it not at least conceivable that a competitive superpower relationship, if carried on with the requisite degree of caution and restraint, might contribute to the maintenance of order—if not immediately justice—in international relations? The difficulty with traditional schemes for world order is their lack of realism regarding the problem of conflict in international life: they tend to take on the appearance of blurry utopias, more appropriate to some other world than to the one in which we are obliged to live. There has been nothing utopian about the order the superpowers have imposed since 1945; it has been firmly grounded in the world as it is. Perhaps that is why it has lasted as long as it has.

IT HAS BEEN CHARACTERISTIC OF REVOLUTIONARIES from the Americans and the French down through the Russians, the Chinese, and even the Vietnamese, that they have sought to confirm the victory of new orders over old ones through the simple expedient of changing names. "Change a name," the historian Crane Brinton observed many years ago, "and you change the thing." It may be that both we and the Russians, heirs of revolution as we are, can learn something from this. What would happen if we were to begin to think of the Soviet-American relationship not as a "cold war" but rather as a "long peace"—a the most workable, if still imperfect, set of arrangements for maintaining international order that the world has devised in this century? Might we gain new perspectives that could make the relationship a safer one, without compromising our vital interests and without losing touch with our principles? Might this be a way to combine the conservative's concern not to sacrifice what has worked in the past with the liberal's insistence upon progress toward a more equitable future? It is difficult to say.

But those who see images on distant horizons are rarely called upon to describe their details with cartographic precision: what is important is whether they are really there or not. The miscalculation that Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev made at Reykjavik was not that they looked too far ahead with too little attention to how they might get there: who else, if not the leaders of superpowers, ought to be focusing on long-term objectives? The difficulty was that they did not look far enough. They concentrated on how one might eliminate the Cold War's most conspicuous instruments—nuclear weapons and the missiles that carry them—but not on how one might end the Cold War itself. Had they taken that wider view, they might have discovered yet another curious way in which light can deceive the eye in arctic landscapes: that what appear to be distant objects can, at times, be close at hand. □



## FIRST ENCOUNTERS

## WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AND THE BRAHMINS

HE THOUGHT OF HIMSELF, that summer of 1860, as a young man wholly immersed in literature. He worked as a journalist in his native Ohio and had just completed a campaign biography of Abraham Lincoln, but his gods were the English poets and, more locally, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow. Above all, Heine. At twenty-three Howells had himself made a start—five or six of his poems had been accepted by James Russell Lowell, the editor of the fledgling *Atlantic Monthly*—and on the strength of that “the passionate pilgrim from the West,” as he called himself, “approached his holy land at Boston.”

His first objective was actually Cambridge, where Lowell lived. Howells was nervous—inwardly quaking, in fact, when at last he was shown into Lowell’s study. There was a moment of frosty uncertainty; then Lowell smiled and reached for his pipe. Howells could breathe easy. He might fall short—his twang grated, for example, when set against “the clear enunciation, the exquisite accent,” of his host—but he had been admitted into grace.

Before he left, Lowell asked him to dine at the Parker House, and when the day came, Howells found big, shaggy James T. Fields present and, even more remarkable, tiny Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was the first dinner served in courses that Howells had ever sat down to, and he had never before heard such talk. There seemed no cap to Dr. Holmes’s effervescent wit or Lowell’s quixotic range of subject or Fields’s jollity. However society viewed them—doctor, editor, publisher, journalist—here all were poets together, and when Holmes, with a laughing glance at their guest, observed to Lowell, “Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession; this is the laying on of hands,” Howells needed no more wine to be heady with joy. After the coffee came cognac with floating sugar lumps ablaze—who would believe that in Ohio?—but still they lingered until Lowell’s last cigar gleamed in the semi-darkness and, as Howells put it, “the time that never had, nor can ever have, its fellow for me, had . . . come to an end.” —Nancy Caldwell Sorel





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## A Short Story



## THE EXILES

BY ERNST HAVEMANN

THEY ARRIVE WITHOUT WARNING, AND CERTAINLY without invitation. We have never seen each other, but because I am black and they are black and we both had trouble *Ekhaya*—that means back at home in South Africa—they think what's mine is theirs, like we are all one big family, man, and we are all in The Struggle, brother. So a guy will land on me, here in Toronto, and stay, and eat my food, and expect drinks, and call London and Johannesburg and Lusaka on my phone. I'm supposed to feel warm inside, because it's all for The Struggle, Bigboy, man. That is my name—Bigboy! Bigboy Ntuli.

Most of the phone calls have nothing to do with fighting apartheid. It is just that these fellows are homesick. The settled exiles are just as bad. Most have passports, and jobs for at least part of the time, and some have Canadian wives, but their hearts are in Soweto or Crossroads or Sharpeville. Half the time they are telling horror stories about police bulldozers flattening peoples' homes, and the other half they are complaining that you can't get mealie meal here. They hate Boers, but one black exile can't see another without shouting to him in Afrikaans. That is, if they are talking to each other. Normally APO members don't talk to ANC, and neither talks to PAC, and so on.

They all talk to me, because anyone who is short of money puts pressure on me. Two or three come with a bottle. It is supposed to be a gift, but they settle down to drink it. Only when the bottle is three-quarters empty do they mention the problem, whatever it is, and the money needed to resolve it. They are apologetic, but they are confident, because we are all brothers, eh, Bigboy? and we all owe one another.

Well, they are wrong. I don't owe anyone except my mother, and she is dead; and Stootoot; and Mr. Ndhlovu, and he is dead.

Mr. Ndhlovu was our favorite teacher. We listened to him even when he was talking about verbs and alliterative concords. If he didn't like something, he would say, "Come the revolution"—like, come the revolution, we would hang all the school inspectors on lampposts; or come the revolution, Miriam Calata's little sister wouldn't be allowed to come to school and disturb our classes; or come the revolution, all the kids would bring lunches and the rest of us wouldn't have to give up some of ours.

It sounded as if the revolution would be a big holiday, like a special Christmas, with the kids in the township marching and singing "Jesus loves me," and white ladies giving us sausages and doughnuts and cold drinks; and after that we would have nice clothes and my ma wouldn't have to work. She would sit with her feet up on the steps and let her swollen ankles drain.

Stootoot and I were Mr. Ndhlovu's favorite boys. Stootoot's given name is Harley, so at first we called him Motorbike, like a Harley-Davidson, eh, and then Stootoot, because old-fashioned motorbikes used to go *stoo too too, stoo too too*. Stootoot made poems, like, "The policeman is a crocodile, he lies waiting in the mud. Hayi, the stench of that crocodile!" Stootoot and I helped Mr. Ndhlovu dig his garden, and he taught us all sorts of things. One was how

to make gunpowder. You need one cup charcoal, one cup sulfur, four cups saltpeter. We collected charred wood from fireplaces to make charcoal. The sulfur and saltpeter we stole from a gardening shop. Sulfur looks like yellow candles. Saltpeter is a kind of fertilizer that looks like shiny salt. The right kind is marked "K" on the sack.

To light gunpowder you need a fuse. Take a long string and soak it in fat and gasoline, so that if you light one end, the fire creeps down till it reaches the powder. Sometimes it seems to go



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT GOLDSTROM

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out when in fact it is still smoldering. Mr. Ndhlovu said revolution was like that. The shopkeepers, the army captains, the school inspectors, and the other oppressors of the people would think it was dead. However, it was only smoldering, and one day—*Bang!* It would blow up in their faces. A fellow in our school put a bomb under a police van and lit the string and waited. When nothing happened, he crawled on his stomach to look. The gunpowder blew up: *Foohh!* Right at him. He's blind, and his skin is spotted, as if he were an albino. The hospital gave him a sign to wear, saying, I TRIED TO BLOW UP A POLICE VAN, but so many people gave him money that the township supervisor took the sign away.

Mr. Ndhlovu also taught us how bad white man's liquor was: come the revolution, we would smash the beer halls and bottle stores. Another bad thing was FPCs. Government does not have money for teachers' salaries, but it has money for FPCs. They are family-planning clinics, places that show women how not to have babies. It is a Botha plot to kill our race, Mr. Ndhlovu said. If no babies are born, what will happen to the black nations? They will wither; meantime white people will have many babies, and then there will be more of them than of us. Black Power needs black people, Mr. Ndhlovu said.

ONE AFTERNOON WHEN THE SCHOOL WAS SHUT down because of a boycott, Godschild Mhuali said, "Let's burn down the FPC." Godschild was twenty and in Standard Eight. He had been loving a girl for nearly a year but she had not gotten pregnant, and the other big fellows were teasing him.

Some girls said no, but all the rest of them joined us. We all went with Godschild, because he was in the Sigeleti gang. If you didn't do what the gang said, they burned you with cigarettes. At the clinic we broke in and smashed windows and doors and made drinks from the medicines. Stootoot found a box of condoms. We blew them up like balloons and tied them round the FPC nurses. Someone started a fire. The FPC burned, and some township offices. Then we heard *rat-tat-tat-tat* and shouting and screams. Kids ran one way up the road and then back again; there were more shots, and kids lying on the ground. Some were still, but one girl was kicking and kicking. We knew it was Stootoot's sister Mayelina, because of her pink bloomers. Stootoot wanted to rush out to her, but we held him back. After a little while she stopped kicking. The ambulances came and took the kids that were sitting or crawling. The ones that weren't moving lay there till the police loaded them on a lorry. Even on the lorry we knew which was Mayelina because of her pink underpants.

I stayed hidden in a ditch until the police van went away. I thought I would be safe, but as soon as I stood up a policeman shouted "Halt!" He had been waiting for fools like me.

At the police station they stripped me, and a black policeman squeezed my bicep with one hand and weighed

my testicles with the other. He said, "A fine, strong body. It would be a pity to spoil it. Will you answer our questions, boy?" First I said no, but when he brought out the electric wires, I said yes, yes, I would. "No, Sergeant, I don't know any Communists. I don't know any people who hate the government. No, no, please, Sergeant. I can only remember Mr. Ndhlovu. Yes, Mr. Ndhlovu. His first name is Simeon, Sergeant, sir. I don't know if he is a Communist. I don't know what is a Communist, except Communists don't want people to be rich. Yes, Sergeant, I would like to be rich. No, I never heard Mr. Ndhlovu say we must kill white people, only that we must be proud to be black, and black is as good as white. No, he never said we must be African National Congress. I know he is ANC, because he marks our books in green and black ink, like a National Congress flag.

"Please, Sergeant, please, I will remember. Mr. Ndhlovu has some books that he says are dynamite. He says they will blow up the place one day. He hides them under a piece of cement next to his outhouse, sir. His house is in Moshesh Street, sir. It is number one-twenty-seven."

Next day I saw two guards dragging Mr. Ndhlovu. He was bleeding. The guard who was with me stopped the others and said, "Let the boy see. It will help him remember things when we are talking." Mr. Ndhlovu looked at me and said, "Bigboy Ntuli, my little brother, do not fight the government. It is better to live. Go well, child of our people." Then the guards took him away. I heard he died after that. I owe him, because he pretended not to suspect that I had given him away. I am sure he must have known it was me, but he did not want to make my soul sick with shame when he knew we would never see each other again. So I owe Mr. Ndhlovu.

The police let me go that night. The sergeant gave me ten rand and told me about a woman in the township. If I heard anything about ANC or Communists, I should tell her and she would give me money. But I never did.

WHEN I CAME OUT, I WAS A HERO, BECAUSE I HAD been in John Voster Square and was still alive. The Sigeleti gang made me and Stootoot members, and said we must avenge the kids that were shot at the family-planning clinic. The leader of the policemen that day had been Sergeant Ballenden. We stole some overalls with ACME DELIVERY on them from a laundry, and borrowed bicycles and went to look at his house. It had big shrubs in the front yard and fruit trees at the back. You could get right up to the house without being seen. We made two coffee tins of gunpowder and went on bikes one afternoon, again in Acme Delivery overalls. No one was about. We dodged through the pretty flower bushes up to the house, into the crawl space, and packed the gunpowder into a hole in the brick foundation. We put loose bricks against it and dribbled the last of the gunpowder along the side of the fuse. Stootoot lit the fuse, and we ran through the shrubs and pedaled off like racers. We were

wo blocks away when the gunpowder went up. It was not very loud, but it was loud enough. We saw a wisp of smoke, then big smoke, and then we heard fire engines and sirens.

The chain came off my bike. While I was fixing it, a police van came. I don't think they would have stopped for me, but Stootoot turned back and rode past the van shouting a poem: "We have made a fire, Mayelina. Warm your hands, my dead sister." I speeded around the corner, but Stootoot went on shouting, "Don't get cold, little dead sister, warm your hands," and they caught him.

They did to him all the things they do, but he acted crazy, so he was put in a place for stupid criminals. After a few months he escaped. We heard he was in Cross Roads. The police never even asked me about him, so I knew Stootoot had not said my name. That is why I owe him.

When I got out of South Africa, I didn't go to train in a guerrilla camp in Mozambique or Zambia. I didn't want any more of that stuff; I wanted a job and no passes and a civilized country, and I have it. I give a bit of money, and sometimes I go on a march, but I don't want to know what Mthethwa said or whether Tutu has a following. I never want to go back. I want to shed it all, man.

I THOUGHT I HAD SHED IT.

Then one night someone knocked and a big black shape hugged me and said in Xhosa, "Oh, my brother, Bigboy," and clasped my forearm and then my thumb and did a complicated handshake and repeated, "Bigboy, my brother of the Sigeleti." My heart sank, but I did the handshake and said, "My brother of the Sigeleti," and helped him out of his overcoat. Only then did I recognize Stootoot. "Oh, Stootoot, my brother Motorbike," I said. We did our handshake again, and he produced a bottle of South African brandy. "Look what I brought you—it's the only baggage I have. The Organization knew where you were, so I was sure I'd be okay once I got here."

We finished the brandy that evening. Next day I bought a bottle of rye, which Stootoot emptied in a couple of hours. He was insulted when I produced stewing hen for supper. "Have you forgotten, Bigboy, man, chicken is for women? If you were visiting me, I would give you red meat." He was uncooperative about seeing a lawyer to get his status legitimized. "I thought a man did not need a pass here. A paper is a pass, man." I gave him money for coffees and lunch, but only enough for each day, because otherwise he would spend what I gave him on beer. The evenings were not much better. After a few hours of "Do you remember. . . ." we had nothing to say—or at least he had plenty to say that I did not want to hear, about bombs and collaborators and how wrong the other black movements were. He could not believe that I was not in a conspiratorial group of some kind. "You can tell me, Bigboy, man. I will never give you away. I didn't give you away even when they tortured me, did I? Like you did not give Mr. Ndhlovu away. Who do you think *did* betray him?"

The only thing to do was to get him into the exile community. When someone phoned to say there was going to be a gathering at the John A. MacDonald Bar, and if I was not too proud to mix with black people . . . I accepted immediately and took Stootoot.

In ten minutes he discovered another Sigeleti, a big guy called Sipho. I had seen Sipho around for years and never knew he was a Sigeleti. Stootoot kept ordering drinks and turning to me to pay. He recited poems about Cross Roads Camp and bulldozers, and made one up about Winnie Mandela. He made it for Nyameka, who fancies herself a sort of Winnie in exile, and does her hair and earrings just like Winnie on TV. None of these guys has ever been at a tribal ceremony, but the men stamped their feet and the women ululated as if they were doing an ethnic show on TV. They were all having nostalgia highs. Except Subramooney. He's a Durban Indian, and I think to him it sounded like war songs and mobs of Zulu looters pouring into Durban's Indian areas.

All the customers who were not in our party left to go and drink somewhere else, except a sad-looking whitey sitting in a corner. One of the girls came and whispered that she had seen him several times. She thought he followed people of our lot around. He was easy to recognize on account of his fair moustache.

Stootoot and Sipho went to the bathroom and came back behind the whitey's chair. Next thing each had one of the guy's arms in a twist and they brought him over to us.

"What's your name?" Sipho said.

"Let me go!" the fellow said. "You've got no right."

His accent was pure South African. He was scared and his eyes were bulging, but he did not shout for help.

"Say your name, white man," Stootoot said.

"Dirk Maritz," the man said.

"Say 'Baas' when you speak to the ruling race," Sipho said.

Dirk Maritz said nothing. Stootoot said, "Hey, Boer boy, do like the master says, man. Don't be cheeky. Your wrist will be no good if I break it, eh."

Maritz groaned. "Yes, Baas," he said.

We all gave a little clap, and Sipho and Stootoot relaxed their grip, without releasing Maritz's arms.

"You Special Branch?" Nyameka asked. She lighted a match and held it near his cheek, singeing a few hairs of his moustache. When the match burned down she lighted another and started singeing on the other side. Maritz sat very still, his eyes on the flame. The bad part is when it reaches a nostril.

"You Special Branch?" Nyameka repeated.

"No, man, no. I'm an immigrant, like you people."

"Call me Madam," Nyameka said.

"Yes, Madam."

"You say 'Baas' and 'Madam' nicely," Stootoot said. He pulled a wallet from Maritz's pocket and emptied it on the table. There was a medical card, a driver's license, and a hundred dollars or so. "Like to buy us a drink?"

"With pleasure," Maritz said. He repeated quickly,



"With pleasure, Baas," and looked at Nyameka. "With pleasure, Madam."

We all ordered double scotches or double liqueurs.

"Why are you following people around, Boer boy?" Nyameka demanded.

"Madam, I've been here a year, and I'm still so lonely, eh. When I'm walking in this part of town, I sometimes hear Madam and another lady talk Xhosa, or even Afrikaans. Tonight I saw these baases and ladies coming here, talking like people at home, and I thought I could just sit in a corner and listen to the voices. It is like inhaling the smell of somebody else's cigarette, but secondhand is better than no smoke, eh?"

Subramooney came over. He speaks not of *Ekhaya* but of the fascist white minority regime. "What did you do in South Africa, Mr. Maritz?"

Maritz looked distressed. "Please, man. Don't hold it against me."

"Speak up," Subramooney said. "Answer my question." He had worked for some years for a criminal lawyer.

"I was a prison warden. At Kraaihoek Jail."

"Kraaihoek! Hey, Boer boy!" Stootoot shouted. "You were the woodwork instructor!" He released his hold on Maritz. "I was there from '81 till I escaped. You used to make us sing." He turned to us. "He was a good chap. At the end of the class he used to sing, 'All tools away.' Then we stopped whatever we were doing and stood to attention and sang, 'Mallet, chisel, plane, saw. All tools away.' Come on, sing it, man."

He dragged Maritz to his feet. Maritz sang quaveringly, "All tools away!" Stootoot responded, "Mallet, chisel . . ." and repeated the phrase with harmonizing variations.

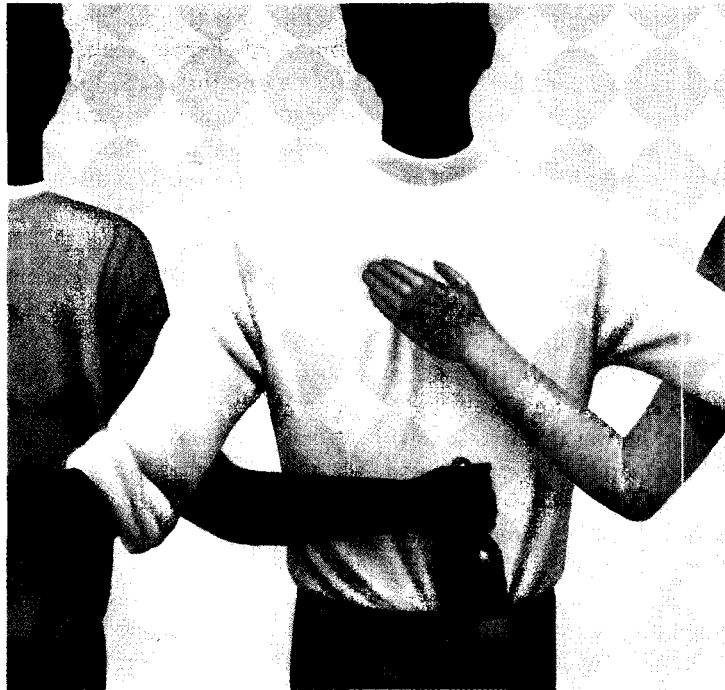
"You were in P Block," Maritz said. "You were a political, isn't it?"

"That's right. A real political. Deadly weapon and member of a banned organization. You remember me, eh." Stootoot looked round at us as if he had been awarded a prize. "He remembers me!"

"Prison warders are torturers' apprentices," Subramooney said.

"The carpentry shop looked across the Umfali River to the Panga Mountains," Stootoot reminisced. "It was best with the mist rising. In the evening big spiders spun webs across the gate of the stone quarry."

"Ja. Big brown bastards with yellow spots," Maritz said.



"Their eyes were green in the dark. When the train whistle blew at Umfali Bridge, the spiders used to run onto their webs as if insects had flown against them."

"I never liked those spiders," Maritz said. "I used to think what it would be like to be a little grasshopper when a spider was tying you up. A prisoner is like that, eh."

"Your alleged softness of heart does you credit, Mr. Prison Warden," Subramooney said. "Prison warden is a good job. Large salary and freedom to indulge your racist sadism. Why did you leave?"

"Ag, man . . .," Maritz began.

"Call him Baas too," Sipho said.

Maritz looked reluctant for a moment but said, "Baas, I had a Xhosa girlfriend and the police found out."

"So you got away and left the lady to face the music."

"No, man, we escaped together, but in Gaborone she met a rich cattle speculator and she left me." His voice broke as he said it.

"Shame," Nyameka said. "Shame. He's a whitey, but whitey can suffer too."

"Oh, Madam, Madam looks just like Winnie Mandela would look if she were young," Maritz said.

MARITZ IS A SKILLED CABINETMAKER AND CAN FIX anything made of wood. He and Nyameka and Stootoot run a repair shop in the northern part of town. They share a house that is always overflowing with refugees or poets or agitators from *Ekhaya* or Nicaragua or Uttar Pradesh. They're proud of having Boer sausages and curried mutton and yellow rice, just like *Ekhaya*. Stootoot now has papers, which may be genuine for all I know.

I went to supper with them last week. Stootoot did the Sigeleti handshake five times and then ushered me in to the other guests, singing, "The lion has entered. Behold little chiefs! It is my brother, Bigboy." Maritz proudly held up a bottle of his home brew, labeled CHATEAU KRAAIHOEK. Nyameka turned her head to show me her latest version of a Winnie Mandela coiffure and said, "We feel so guilty about taking Harley away from you." It took me a moment to realize that she was talking about Stootoot. "You must miss him and his lovely poetic speech. It is so full of the warmth and smells of *Ekhaya*."

"There is no grassy pasture that does not have a grave in it," I said. □



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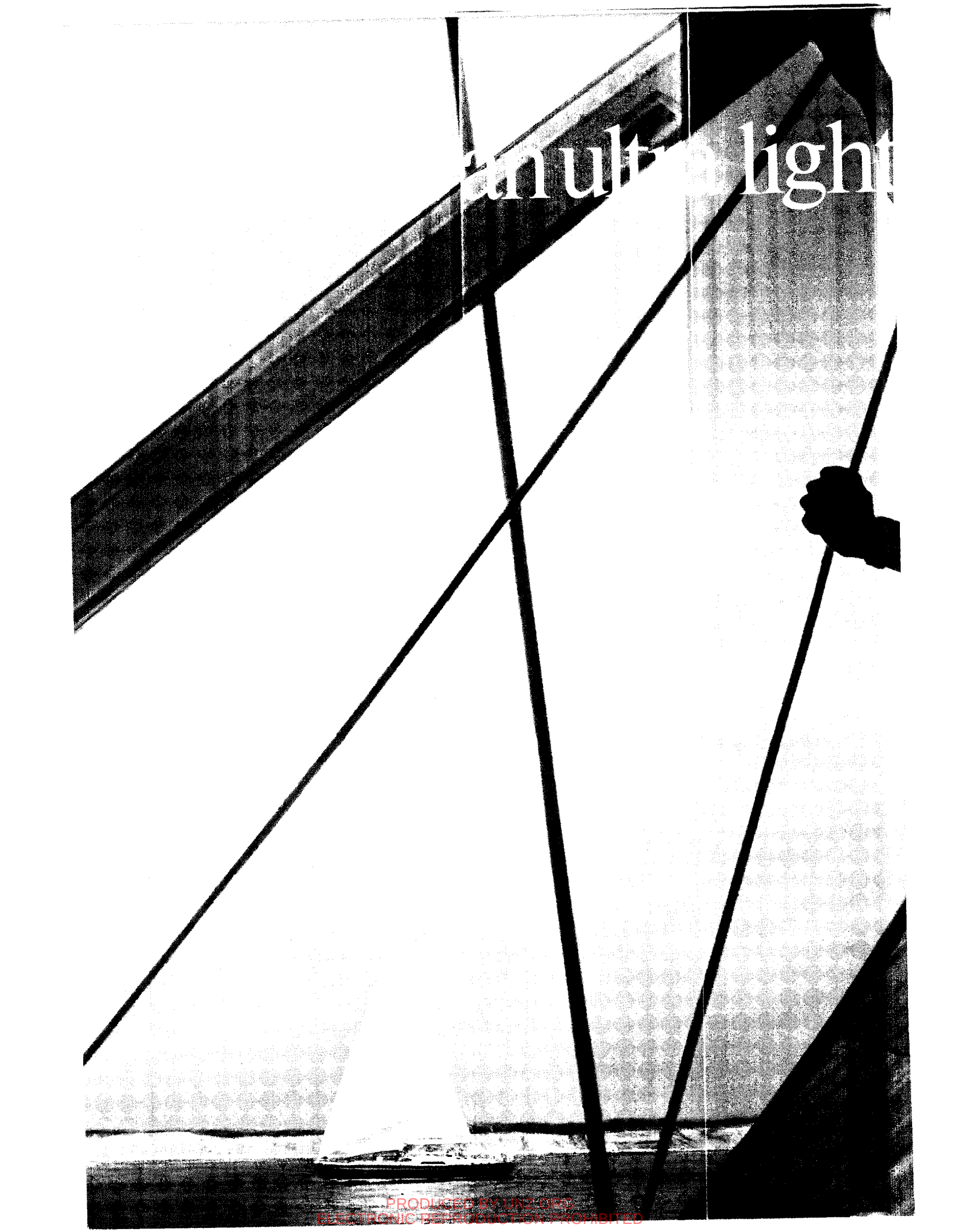
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# FASHION

## FAT PRIDE

*Fat isn't "in" but it's not so "out" as it used to be*

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

NO HORIZONTAL STRIPES. No knits. No drop waists. No bright colors. No large prints. No pastels. No shiny fabrics.

These are the rules by which fat women have traditionally been advised to dress, handed down like folk wisdom, in confidential tones, in fitting rooms and the pages of women's magazines. The clothes available have usually been inexpensive and poorly made, of cheap materials, on the grounds that fat women couldn't spend as much as other women on their clothes, because they don't take the same pride in their appearance and because they don't intend to stay fat for long. To the extent that the clothes have been at all remarkable, it's been for their timidity, an absence of style, which was thought to be for fat women's own good and, perhaps, for everyone else's as well. By following the rules, a fat woman might camouflage her size and come off looking somewhat smaller. In which case she might flatter her by remarking that her outfit was "slenderizing."

"Slenderizing" is no longer the supreme—albeit backhanded—compliment it used to be, now that fat women are being exhorted to stop trying to look like what they're not and to celebrate themselves as they are. In *Breaking All the Rules*, Nancy Roberts sounds the call, rightly insisting that it isn't a woman's size or shape but the pride she takes in herself that makes her attractive, urging women to forget the old rules, to invent a style all their own, "to create positive images of big women." Dressing well is "just the beginning," she contends. "It's the beginning of saying to ourselves and to the world, 'We're OK.'"

"We're going to go out there and grab what the world has to offer. We're entitled to the same choices that smaller women have, not only in respect of our clothes, but ultimately in respect of our lives as well." This rhetoric has a vague-familiar ring, a dim echo of the "Black beautiful" movement, which freed black women from aspiring to Caucasian

standards of beauty. Now, as then, the issues are more political than aesthetic, but the front line of the battle is being fought in matters of fashion.

Roberts would have fat women believe that fashion in all its variety is available to them for the taking. As if to prove her point, a whole new crop of specialty stores has sprung up in recent years. Surveys differ, but the estimates are that as many as a third to a half of the women in this country wear a size 14 or larger. As the Baby Boom generation ages, the large-size share of the market is, surprisingly, growing, dispelling any hopes that the fitness craze is winning out over our national tendency toward obesity. The majority of women (and men, for that matter) still put on weight as they age. One manufacturer of large-size clothing told me recently, "We figure that time and gravity are on our side."

Of the new large-size boutiques, the best known is probably The Forgotten Woman, founded in New York ten years ago, at Sixty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, by Nancy Radmin, a Riverdale housewife who had failed to lose the "substantial amount of weight" she

had gained during her pregnancy and went into business because she couldn't find anything to wear. By the end of the first week she had sold half her inventory, confirming her suspicion that "something was happening out there." Since then Forgotten Woman boutiques have opened in eighteen other cities, to lines around the block.

Radmin's was by no means the first large-size specialty store, but it was the first to cause such a sensation. Its success was based on a formula whose time had come: clothes by famous designers in large sizes. Persuading the designers to oblige has, Radmin admits, been "a slow road," but it is growing wider and better traveled all the time. Her store now stocks an impressive, if potluck, array of designer labels, including, on one recent visit, Givenchy, Laura Biagiotti, and Albert Nipon. The Forgotten Woman also sells kinds of clothing often hard to find in large sizes, such as active wear (golf and tennis clothes), bathing suits, lingerie, and blue jeans, and an extensive selection of evening wear, in which the store does a vigorous business. A beaded gown by Bob Mackie, who made his reputation designing the slithery, glittery dresses Cher used to wear on television, is available in size 22, for \$12,000. "Now that," Radmin says proudly, "is truly a first."

Half a block away from The Forgotten Woman on Lexington Avenue is Ashanti, another large-size boutique, run by Bill Michael and his wife, Sandra. The Michaels launched their store in 1968, at 132nd Street and Seventh Avenue, in Harlem, selling clothes that ranged in size from 4 to 24, but after several years





they dropped the small end of the spectrum in order to dedicate themselves to their most faithful customers. "A size eight or ten has a lot of places she can go to find clothes," Bill Michael says. "The woman who wears a size twenty can't shop around so much." Ashanti's strength—and the better part of its inventory—lies in its own label, designed by Barbara McCaine and distributed wholesale to a number of department stores and specialty shops.

What The Forgotten Woman and Ashanti share is a conviction that fat women want to express themselves through clothes, as other women do; that if they can't set trends, they can at least participate in them as they happen; and that they want quality in their clothes and are willing to pay for it. This new attitude, ratified by the commercial success of these and other specialty stores, has emboldened many manufacturers of misses clothing to enter the large-size market.

Gloria Vanderbilt, for one, has shrewdly capitalized on the credibility she acquired by being a stickler for fit in misses blue jeans and has launched a large-size line, for which 75 percent of all her misses designs for a given season are simultaneously translated into large sizes. Benard Holtzman submits the 400 or so pieces he designs each season for the Harvé Benard line to Baron Abramson, a licensee that manufactures some 60 percent of them in large sizes. Even Fred the Furrier has branched out into large-size furs.

Most of these clothes, like Vanderbilt's group of casual pieces in black acid-washed denim, look surprisingly up-to-the-minute, not at all like those that fat women have traditionally had to choose from—caught in some stylistic limbo, outside fashion, outside time. Dark-colored shapeless tents made from synthetic fabrics are gradually giving way to large-scale versions of the clothes of the moment.

Even Lane Bryant, for years the bastion of noncommittal budget-priced clothing in large sizes, has refurbished its image since being bought, five years ago, by The Limited, a national chain selling youthful, spirited sportswear. Like many other retailers, Lane Bryant has now stopped using large-size resources and has turned instead to misses and junior manufacturers, commissioning them to produce their current designs in large sizes. According to a spokeswoman for the company, "We al-

ways keep our eye on The Limited, to see what's selling well."

Ironically, one of the hallmarks of this new era in large-size fashion is that most of the designers no longer work specifically with fat women in mind. Of those I talked to, only Barbara McCaine, at Ashanti, conceptualizes her clothes for fat women, catering to four figure types: the balloon, who's widest in the middle; the barrel, large all over; the pear, bottom-heavy; and the figure eight, with a pronounced waist. While other designers are busy transposing misses styles into large sizes, and boast that they make few, if any, concessions to fat women, as if to design clothes explicitly with fat women in mind would be somehow patronizing, McCaine calls attention away from the torso by focusing on the neckline or the sleeve, or uses a horizontal seam in a shift to suggest a waistline. Though the results may not always look like the zenith of fashion, they serve as an interesting reminder that the old rules had a purpose beyond keeping a fat woman in her place: they were founded on the premises of optical illusion, which, given the chance, still works to any woman's advantage.

FOR ALL THE recent sweeping changes within the large-size industry, the world beyond has been slow to respond. More department stores have taken to carrying more large-size clothes—notably Macy's, which now devotes an entire floor to large sizes. But others serve their large-size customers with apparent reluctance, for fear, probably, that a prominently placed large-size department will compromise their prestige. Bloomingdale's large-size boutique is on the basement "Metro" level, near the entrance to the Lexington Avenue subway. In what seems like a cruel joke, the only route to the large-size department at I. Magnin in San Francisco is through the petites.

Many optimists, enumerating all the ways in which the large-size world is changing, cite the fact that *Vogue* now runs a large-size advertising supplement, called Fashion Plus, twice a year, and that a handful of large-size modeling agencies, with names like Big Beauties and Plus Models, are thriving. But the *Vogue* supplement, which is paid advertising, signifies no change in editorial policy. And, according to T. Zazzera, the director of the Today's Woman department at Ford Models, of which the large-size division is a part, most of the

bookings for large-size models are for catalogues or advertisements featuring large-size clothes. Both L'eggs and Hanes have waged vigorous ad campaigns in print and on television on behalf of their large-size pantyhose, but the day when a fat woman will be swathed in black velvet to sell a classic whiskey or draped across the hood of a car is yet to come.

There's been a lot of talk lately about the new fuller-bodied ideal. *Vogue* and *Elle* have heralded breasts, now back in style; *Vanity Fair* paid tribute to the actress Valérie Kaprisky's derrière, pictured in a molded sequined sheath. But do these developments constitute a more enlightened attitude toward the diverse sizes and shapes that women bodies take? Leafing through magazines, looking at the images that express our current fantasies about women, one realizes that what all this comes down to is not that we now recognize fat as beautiful but that anorexia is no longer the ideal—that it's okay to be normal.

I asked a friend, a size 20, whether fashion seemed to her off limits to fat women. "Well, of course," she replied. "Nobody wants to look like us, and nobody wants to look *at* us." Though fashion has gotten more democratic over the past fifteen years, some people still choose to see it as a club and designers, as its membership committee, cruelly insisting that the women who would join first conform to an image.

But to the extent that coercion is at work in fashion today, it is generally subtle and even, it seems to me, we meant, based on a superstitious conviction that if it weren't for the constant vigilance that fashion requires, most women would simply let themselves go to seed. This may be true for the woman whose weight fluctuates by five or ten pounds, but it seems clear that few women are obese for lack of incentive. We know better than to think that anorexia nervosa, bulimia, and other eating disorders can be solved by a little self-improvement. Still, it's hard to kick off the impulse to prod. One plump woman I interviewed reported finding a dress she liked at a fancy New York store and, not seeing it in her size, asking the saleswoman, "Can you get this for me in a fourteen?" "Yes," the clerk answered, "but if you were really good, you could wear the twelve."

It is only within the past few years that large sizes have been standardized from 18W to 24W, as a continuation of

misses sizes, which stop at 14 or 16. Previously, large sizes were based on waist and bust measurements, with one size range for tops and another for bottoms, and neither bearing any relation to the misses numbers.) But sizing is still highly subjective—even in the misses range. Most European sizes run a good deal narrower than their supposed American counterparts, and all vary from one manufacturer to the next. When the sizes run small, it's as if to insist that the customer meet the designer on his or her own exacting terms; when the sizes run large, the clothes seem to flatter the customer by suggesting that she's thinner than she is. Generally speaking, the higher the fashion, the less ingratiating the sizes.

share in this but in varying degrees, and they often localize their energies, concentrating on elaborate makeup, exotic perfume, or a perfect manicure.

Of the tonics the rest of us rely on, at least one—one of the most effective—doesn't seem to work for fat women at all, and that is shopping. Those of us who wear standard sizes may, if we're feeling downhearted, go browsing or buy something new, but the fat women I talked to described shopping as a demoralizing ordeal, a desperate search they dread and postpone as long as possible. Most shop alone, not wanting anyone else to witness their difficulty in finding something that fits, to say nothing of their shame at having to face their own bodies in a three-way mirror. Bill

weight has yo-yoed all her adult life, told me, "When I was a ten, I would see something and think, That'll look great on me. As an eighteen, I see something and think, Oh, well, maybe."

Stores like The Forgotten Woman provide a safe haven for these women and a decent array of clothes in their sizes. And yet, the design of these clothes is still a far cry from high fashion. For one thing, there is far too much glitz, as if, now that the old taboos have been lifted, the time has come for fat women to embark on a binge of self-decoration. Before I began my research for this piece, a linen suit with a rhinestone-studded bodice would have been unthinkable, but now I know where to go to find one.

If the current changes in the large-size clothing industry constitute a revolution, it is, it seems to me, one that is bound to be limited, because fat activists underestimate fashion. If our shifting preferences in styles of dress or in body types were capricious and purely visual, they might be easier to dismiss and, finally, to overcome. But there's more to it than that.

We interpret physical features to be manifestations of the character traits we particularly admire. Not so long ago we favored women who were rail-thin and flat-chested not simply because we liked their looks but because their looks connoted someone streamlined, who lived a fast and active life, making her way in what had been a man's world, unencumbered by the old conventions of femininity. This ideal is being supplanted by that of a woman whose body is more emphatically female, shapely but solid and lean, well exercised, as our notions of womanhood and women's place in the world are changing. If we haven't yet come around to finding fleshy, heavyset women, like those in eighteenth-century paintings, attractive, it may be in part because they signify for us docility and lethargy, and these are traits we just can't bring ourselves to sanction.

We discuss the tides of fashion—what's in or out—in terms that imply that they are subject to forces outside us, beyond our knowing. One hears women talk, for instance, about the new preoccupation with breasts as if breasts were making a comeback of their own accord. But fashion is one of the means by which we dream collectively, and whether or not the shape those dreams take suits us personally, it has a tacit logic that makes sense deep down to us all. □



THERE ARE VERY few women—and none I know—who are strangers to the despair and self-loathing that come from failing to measure up to the ideal they've set for themselves. Most of us have scrutinized ourselves and rated our body parts in a way that most men, however vain, would never think to do; we can proceed to dress so as to camouflage what women's magazines used to call our "figure flaws." The language magazines use to talk to women has changed, but the aim—the notion of helping a woman attain her best—hasn't. With careers of our own and less of an obligation to conform, we may no longer try to be all things to all people, to all men, or even to one man in particular, but on the whole we still strive to please. Self-improvement is a longstanding feminine pastime, and it is one that draws women together and gives them a sense of community. Fat women

Michael told me that on those rare occasions when a fat woman walks in the door of his boutique with a size-6 companion, who's come along to give advice, he and his sales staff know that trouble isn't far behind, especially if the thin woman is the fat woman's mother. The women I interviewed told poignant stories about their experiences shopping. Most said that salespeople in department stores often condescend to them, and that in designer boutiques, such as those that line Madison Avenue, fat women are ignored as a matter of course. Most steer clear of fashion magazines; those who read them report exercising their alter egos by looking at photographs of the latest styles and saying to themselves, If I were thin, I would wear *that*. For fat women the rewards of shopping are scant, even now that the selection of large-size clothing is better, even when something fits. One woman, whose

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# HEALTH

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## THE RISKS OF RISK STUDIES

*It is too easy to draw alarming conclusions from epidemiologic reports*

BY ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

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IT'S TEMPTING TO develop an immunity to health reporting. Many of us believe that today's ominous medical advisory will become tomorrow's tired joke, along the lines of the rat who has to drink a thousand cans of diet soda a day to get cancer. We're hardened to reports of health hazards, and have come to expect warnings to be quickly overruled by future research. This is a dangerous assumption, however. Frequently the error is not in the research but in its interpretation.

Epidemiologic evidence is particularly prone to this problem. Epidemiology, the study of the causes and patterns of disease in human populations, is misunderstood so often precisely because it appears to be so accessible. The epidemiologist's job can be likened to that of a detective—he cracks the code of the disease by uncovering its mode of operation. To do this, an epidemiologist can do several things. One is to follow a large group of people for a long period of time, see what diseases they develop, and then correlate the diseases with other factors in their lives. An example of such a "cohort study" is the Framingham heart study, in which a sample of the adult population of Framingham, Massachusetts, has been followed since 1948, in order to tease out factors that influence their risk of heart disease. Another epidemiologic method, called the case-control approach, involves comparing victims of a particular disease or condition with people who don't have it, and looking for a significant difference between the groups in some variable like diet, living conditions, age, or ethnic background. An example would be a study published in 1979 in *The Lancet*, for which the researchers had looked at oral-contraceptive use by a group of women who had suffered heart attacks and by another group who hadn't.

The purpose of both approaches is to piece together a pattern that will point to the underlying cause, or causes, of a particular disease or syndrome. An individ-

ual study provides clues but is not designed to provide proof that a particular disease is caused or prevented by a particular agent. Since epidemiologic research involves people rather than laboratory animals, it is especially tempting to extrapolate from the sample in a particular study to the public. This is generally a mistake.

THE RECENT FRONT-PAGE reports of a link between breast cancer and moderate alcohol consumption offer an excellent example of how misleading such extrapolations can be. The studies prompting the headlines, published last May in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, were done by Dr. Arthur Schatzkin, a senior staff fellow at the National Cancer Institute, and Dr. Walter Willett, an associate professor of epidemiology at the Harvard School of Public Health. Both were cohort studies. Both found an association between moderate alcohol consumption—as few as three drinks of beer, wine, or liquor a week—and an increased risk of breast cancer, an increase of as much as 50 percent. These papers were accompanied by an editorial by Saxon Graham, an epidemiologist at the State University of New York at Buffalo. Graham recommended that women at high risk of breast cancer "curtail their alcohol ingestion." Such women, he said, include those who have a family history of the disease, who are obese, who were older than twenty-five when they had their first child, or who have few or no children.

This, clearly, is no small group, and it would seem that millions of women are risking decades of life for the sake of an occasional quick one. Such is not, however, the case. Understanding why requires a grounding in statistics.

Breast cancer is an extremely common disease. One in eleven women, or about nine percent of all women, will get it at some point. It seems logical to infer from this fact, in combination with the studies' estimates of increased risk, that

drinking half a bottle of wine a week increases one's risk of breast cancer from nine to nearly 14 percent—a sobering prospect. Several reports made just this inference, but it is incorrect. As the *Harvard Medical School Health Letter* points out in a follow-up of the Schatzkin and Willett studies, published last July, the figure of nine percent includes all women, while the estimates of a 50 percent increased risk given by both studies are based on a comparison between drinkers and non-drinkers. Also, the studies suggest that the women whose risk of breast cancer is most increased by drinking are women otherwise at low risk for the disease—young women of normal weight with no family history of breast cancer. Very few people in this category get breast cancer, so it is easy for any variable to appear to the lay person to modify greatly their risk. A statistician's evaluation of the data, undertaken at the request of the Harvard newsletter, concludes that if these studies accurately reflect incidence in the population as a whole, moderate drinking is responsible for only one or two percent of all breast cancer cases.

Does this mean that one to two percent of all women who get breast cancer bring it upon themselves by enjoying occasional beer? Not necessarily. There are factors that confound even this relatively modest conclusion—factors that have to do with the way the research chose to frame their studies. For example, neither study took the subjects' early diet into consideration. What a woman ate as a child and teenager suspected of having a significant effect on her risk of breast cancer. But since the diet-cancer connection has not been proved, and since it is almost impossible to get information on early diet (how many fifty-year-olds remember in detail what they ate as teenagers?), early diet was not taken into consideration in either the Willett or the Schatzkin studies.

Nor was exercise considered. A search done at the Harvard School of Public Health and the State University of New York at Buffalo suggests that exercise, especially during childhood and adolescence, decreases the risk of breast cancer. But, again, this research is inconclusive, so exercise was not included as a variable in either study.

This does not mean that the studies are incorrect or misleading. In fact, there have been at least a dozen other reports linking breast cancer with alcohol consumption. One recent study



published in the April issue of the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*. Elizabeth Harvey, an epidemiologist who was also a co-author on the Schatzkin study, included in the *NCI Journal* report that drinking even moderate amounts of beer, wine, or liquor was, indeed, associated with increased breast-cancer risk, not only for women who began drinking when they were under thirty years old, but that women drank after they hit thirty seems to have had no significant effect on their risk. Harvey told me that this paper received little publicity, and it was not acknowledged in the *New England Journal of Medicine* editorial. But what concerns her is that all the press and television reports have called for a change in women's drinking habits because of the other studies. She considers particularly misleading the comments of network-television medical reporter, who suggested that viewers already at high risk of breast cancer should abstain entirely. However, such comments are certainly understandable in light of Sax-Graham's *NEJM* editorial. Graham recommended that women at high risk go back on their drinking not because science necessarily dictated it but because he believed it to be prudent. Journalists simply took his recommendations one step further.

The *NEJM* published the Schatzkin and Willett studies back to back, along with the Graham editorial, because the journal's editors realized that they were provocative, not only to the informed academic community but also to the public. Health and medical reporters normally subscribe to *The New England Journal of Medicine*—it is the most comprehensive, easily understood, and highly publicized journal in its field—so the Schatzkin and Willett papers received much more attention than they could have if they had appeared in some more obscure or specialized publication. It is clear that the authors wanted as broad an audience as possible—an audience that would include journalists and other lay people.

The alcohol-and-breast-cancer studies are valid and important pieces of work, but, as the authors insisted, they are preliminary. No one can assume a cause-and-effect relationship between drinking moderate amounts of alcohol and contracting breast cancer. It is quite possible that something that goes along with drinking, such as eating cocktail drinks or sitting on bar stools, is what increases the risk of cancer. It could also

be that women who drink, on average, exercise less or eat more fat or consume fewer vitamins than women who do not drink. Drinking might thus be a mere artifact, the fall guy for some other, as yet unknown culprit.

EPIDEMIOLOGIC STUDIES are particularly vulnerable to premature interpretation by both the press and scientists eager to stimulate public interest. They are naturally intriguing. But they cannot, by definition, provide proof of the cause of a problem. The associations they uncover can seem overwhelming, and when enough studies over a long period have pointed to the same conclusion, scientists will agree to accept an agent or combination of agents as the "cause" of a disease. The majority of



smokers, for example, do not get lung cancer, and scientists cannot say with absolute certainty that some other, predisposing factor is not involved. Still, the association between lung cancer and smoking is so strong—smokers have a risk of developing lung cancer ten to twenty times greater than that of non-smokers—that smoking is generally accepted to be an important cause of lung cancer. Tobacco interests continue to dispute this assumption. The statistical link between breast cancer and moderate alcohol consumption is by comparison extremely weak: light drinking appears not even to double a woman's risk of getting cancer. Such a weak association does not allow conclusions to be drawn. It merely suggests a relationship that deserves further exploration.

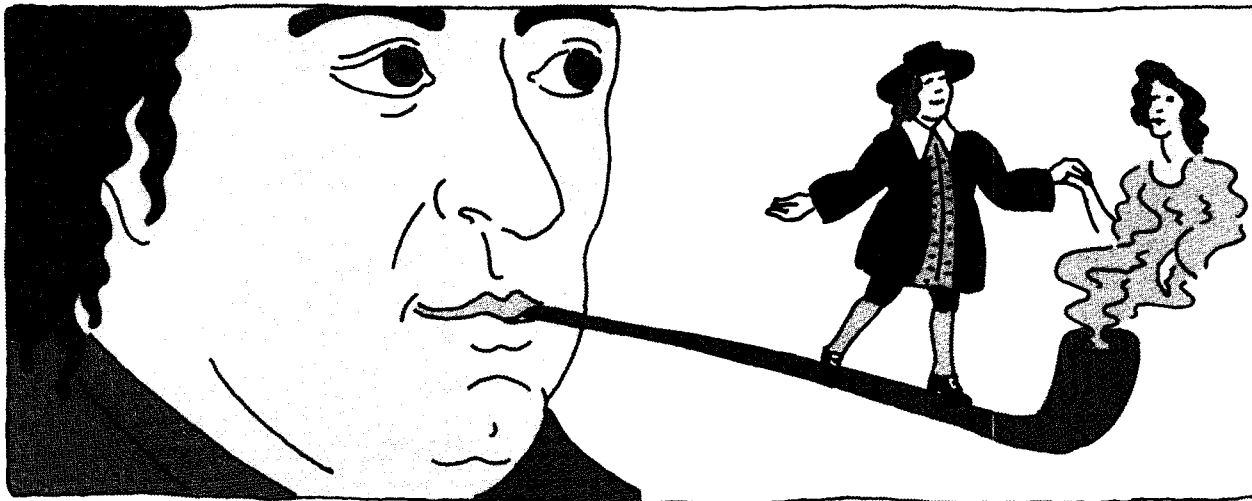
Epidemiologic studies are prone to

misinterpretations for other reasons, too. For example, it is almost impossible to get a truly random sample of the population to study, and the choice of study participants can markedly bias results. A rather extreme example of this is a study done several years ago that showed an association between pancreatic cancer and coffee consumption. It was a retrospective study, in which patients hospitalized for the treatment of pancreatic cancer were compared with a control group of patients, over 30 percent of whom were hospitalized for other digestive disorders. The authors of the study found that the cancer patients drank significantly more coffee than the other patients, which caused them to suspect a link between coffee drinking and cancer. Their methods were later challenged by other experts, who pointed out that patients with digestive disorders are likely to restrict their coffee intake. Clearly, the control group selected by the research team was entirely inappropriate. Some subsequent studies have suggested a more tentative association between coffee and pancreatic cancer, but the public still links the two strongly because of the highly publicized study.

Another problem is that epidemiologic research is often heavily dependent on subjects' reports of their own behavior. Memory is notoriously selective, and tends to screen out what it would prefer had never happened. For example, the continuing confusion over whether obese people truly eat more than people of normal weight is due in part to the fact that it is nearly impossible to get good dietary histories from anyone, let alone from the obese. Thus scientific reports suggesting that obese people eat no more than people of normal weight share shelf space with reports claiming quite the opposite.

The inherent limitations of the epidemiologic approach do not render it invalid. But like most scientific research, population studies provide information that is meaningless when considered in isolation. There are very few, if any, genuine "breakthroughs" in science or medicine. Yet too often researchers are pressed into implying, and journalists into reporting, that breakthroughs have been made—as one researcher told me, scientists, like everyone else, are driven by ego. But as a rule it is the gradual accumulation of evidence that leads to scientific understanding. It is up to the public to stop expecting miracles and to maintain an open but critical mind. □

## BOOKS



### GLORIOUS JOHN

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

JOHN DRYDEN AND HIS WORLD  
by James Anderson Winn.  
Yale University Press, \$29.95.

EVEN TELEVISION WATCHERS know something of John Dryden's world, if not of John Dryden. *Forever Amber* is a frequent late-night movie, with everyone accurately dressed and Henry Purcell on the sound track, though the dialogue would have benefited from a good dose of Restoration drama. The major dates of Dryden's time are moderately familiar—in 1660 Charles II came to the throne, after Cromwell's Commonwealth; 1665 brought the Great Plague, which was burned out by the Great Fire of 1666. Dryden lived through these events and wrote about them in witty and elegant verse. He saw James, Duke of York (who renamed New Amsterdam), come to brief power as James II, fail to reimpose Catholicism on a Protestant people, and then yield to Dutch Billy, or William of Orange, and the Hanoverian dynasty that was to antagonize America. Dryden's world is not at all remote. Listeners to the BBC's Overseas Service hear the news prefaced by "Lil-liburlero," the tune that drove James II out of his kingdom. It is in order to regard Dryden as a modern writer, not one who has to be cosseted by scholars and cautiously resurrected. Lines like these are still very much alive:

In pious times, e'r Priest-craft  
did begin,  
Before *Polygamy* was made a sin;  
When man, on many, multiply'd  
his kind,  
E'r one to one was, cursedly,  
confin'd . . .  
Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after  
Heaven's own heart,  
His vigorous warmth did, variously,  
impart  
To Wives and Slaves: And, wide as  
his Command,  
Scatter'd his Maker's Image  
through the Land.

That is the opening of *Absalom and Achitophel*, in which the state of England at the time of the Monmouth rebellion is presented in the terms of biblical history. Charles II, lavishly philoprogenitive, is King David; his illegitimate son the Duke of Monmouth is Absalom; the Earl of Shaftesbury is the accursed counselor Achitophel; the English are the Jews, a moody chosen people. Plague and fire and trade wars with the Dutch were small beer compared with the problem of the monarchical succession. Charles II's queen was a Catholic, and his major financier was the Catholic King of France; the religious convictions of Charles's brother James were all too well known. The Monmouth rebellion was an attempt to secure the Protestant succession. Dryden turned it all into a comic masterpiece untainted by frivolity. He became a Catholic himself, and in *Religio Laici* and *The Hind and the Panther*, remarkable didactic poems, limned the progress of his soul. Yet he once had an affection for Monmouth. Dryden was a complex and divided character who wrote verse of brilliant lucidity. Some of

us regard him as a great poet, though that title is of very recent provenance. The Victorians thought little of him; was left to T. S. Eliot to re-evaluate the nature of poetry and to place Dryden higher than Keats and Shelley. Poetry needed to look into the cerebral cortex and the digestive tract; the romantic heart was not enough. Poetry had to be well made, not just a clumsy effusion ennobled by its sincerity. Dryden was a master of form, a brilliant professional. Our own age needs a Dryden more than it needs a Tennyson or a Swinburne.

PROFESSOR WINN'S detailed biography shows us a man whom today's supporting scribblers are bound to find deeply sympathetic. In a barely literary age, when literature was a hobby for aristocrats, this small country gentleman with a pitiable rent from land and no patron, strove to make a living from writing. Literature then had a social function: it commented on events; it praised great men in power. The age rightly sought that verse, especially the well-chiseled heroic couplet or heroic stanza, performed the task of memorializing current history far more efficiently than prose. The brisk couplet is memorable; prose dawdles. For all the acknowledged importance of the writer's craft, the concept of the well-paid professional has not yet come into being. It was only with Alexander Pope, Dryden's successor, that the writer could call the tune, if he were great enough, and demand literary advances. Dryden did what he could: he accepted the Cromwellian Commonwealth and then the Stuart Restoration.

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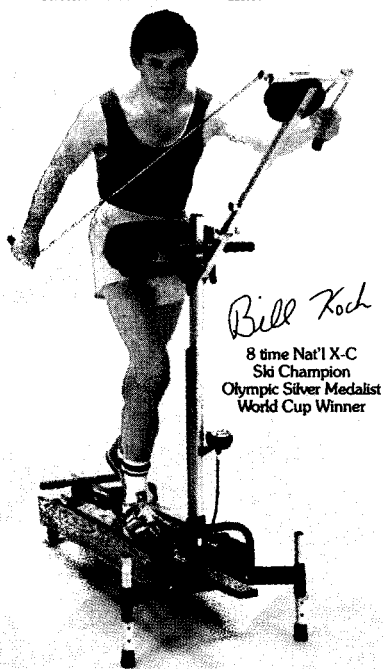
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He wrote *Astraea Redux* to greet Charles's reassumption of his kingdom and *Annus Mirabilis* to celebrate Charles's heroic rehabilitation of a burned-out capital and his skilled management of a trade war. He was eventually made Poet Laureate. He sought advancement, which was in order for a struggling poet.

Like Shakespeare, he also sought money from the stage. The Puritans had killed the London theater and intermitted a great dramatic tradition. The Restoration dramatists had to start again from scratch. Dryden wrote moderately successful comedies (the palm has to go to Congreve and Wycherley) and grew bold enough to seem to challenge the tragic Shakespeare on his own ground. *All for Love* does not attempt to improve on *Antony and Cleopatra*; it merely dares to be different. *The State of Innocence* is Dryden's version of *Paradise Lost*, and its crisp couplets are not meant to be an improvement on the Miltonic organ music. Dryden idolized Milton, despite the latter's regicidal Puritanism, but knew he could not learn from him. He idolized Chaucer and Shakespeare, too, but had the historical sense to realize that the present could not learn much from the past. He knew he lived in an age of re-making, and he was one of the great creators of a new sensibility.

His greatness was acknowledged negatively by scurrilous detractors. It was a scurrilous age, and Dryden himself was not above scurrility, though he managed it with a delicacy not granted to smut-hounds like the Earl of Rochester. A small, squat man with a beak, Dryden was sneered at as "Drybob," a term that referred to coition without emission. His gift of repartee and devastating satire did not permit him to stand in Olympian aloofness when he was attacked as a political trimmer or a closet sodomite: he devastated a minor poet in *Mac Flecknoe* ("The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,/But Shadwell never deviates into sense") and prepared the way for Pope's *Dunciad*. He lived in a contentious period in which it was not proper for a poet to withdraw to a country estate and neglect the duties of citizenship. Toward the end of his life Dryden translated Virgil, but self-immersion in the times of the Emperor Augustus was only a means of obliquely acknowledging that he belonged to the age of James II.

Arms, and the Man I sing, who,  
forc'd by Fate,  
And haughty *Juno's* unrelenting  
Hate;

Expell'd and exil'd, left the  
*Trojan* Shoar:  
Long Labours, both by Sea and  
Land, he bore;  
And in the doubtful War, before  
he won  
The *Latian* Realm, and built the  
destin'd Town

That is good translation, but it is al more. Virgil's *fato profugus* is expanded to "forc'd" and "expell'd" and "exil'd" and it is natural to see there a reference to the veteran general and admiral Jam II, brooding on expulsion from his rightful realm in St. Germain. And when Dryden writes

His banish'd gods restor'd to  
Rites Divine,  
And sett'd sure Succession in  
his Line

he is hardly translating Virgil at all: he is referring to the hopes of persecuted Catholics and the restored Jacobite succession. He is, to be fanciful, looking ahead to 1715 and 1745 and Hollywood films about Bonnie Prince Charlie. When Orangemen and IRA terrorists clash in Ulster, and the Battle of the Boyne is memorialized as a triumph and a disaster, John Dryden is still with a poet of an age in which so many of our present preoccupations began—human rights and a rational constitution, mercantilism, the limitations of political power, public morality and the problem of faith.

It might seem bizarre to relate John Dryden to Rudyard Kipling, but in both you find the ability to mythicize public events and summarize in a well-worn line or two a national predicament and way out of it. We no longer have public poets, and the mass of private poets we have are mostly incompetent to divinate what is happening in the great world affairs. We need writers like Dryden able to put in the mouth of a ruler words like "Beware the fury of a patient man" and say of a political idiot that he was "everything by starts, and nothing long." Dryden, living to see the end of a century, could bring on stage a number of mythical figures to say about it all that had to be said:

*Momus*: All, all, of a piece  
throughout;  
*Pointing to Diana*: Thy Chase had  
a Beast in View.  
*To Mars*: Thy Wars brought  
nothing about;  
*To Venus*: Thy Lovers were all  
untrue.

Janus: 'Tis well an Old Age  
is out,

Chronos: And time to begin a New.

Will we be able to say much more  
when our millennium ends?

PROFESSOR WINN'S book is admirably  
comprehensive, and it undoubtedly  
will, as he hopes, send lovers of fine  
craft and high art back to John Dry-  
den—the "glorious John" whom Alex-  
ander Pope, awed, saw in his winter or  
summer chair in Will's coffee house. I  
have only one complaint, and it is one  
that applies to most biographies of poets  
long dead. We see Dryden's world, but  
we do not hear it. American readers may  
imagine that Charles II spoke like George  
Bernard Shaws, all too patricianly modern  
in style, but they would do well to listen  
to his tones in present-day Dublin.  
I cite Dryden's lines from his *Song for  
Cecilia's Day* in the rollicking pho-  
nograph of a New York cop and you will  
be close to the sound of Restoration  
London:

The double double double beat  
Of the thundering DRUM  
Cries, Hark the Foes come;  
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late  
to retreat

Note the very Drydenian realism—  
realism, if you wish—of that last line.)  
The characters of an age ought to be able to  
recreate its language. Poems are more  
than marks on paper. □

## WHY ATHENS FELL

BY BERNARD KNOX

THE FALL OF  
THE ATHENIAN EMPIRE  
by Donald Kagan.  
Cornell University Press, \$39.50.

THIS IS THE FOURTH and final vol-  
ume of Donald Kagan's history of  
the Peloponnesian War—the war in  
which Athens and Sparta, victorious al-  
though against a full-scale Persian invasion  
in the opening decades of the fifth cen-  
tury B.C., fought each other on land and  
sea for the century's last three decades  
(404–1–404). The alliance against Persia  
did not long outlive the victory.  
Sparta, a land power based on the cen-  
tral Peloponnese, was not willing to

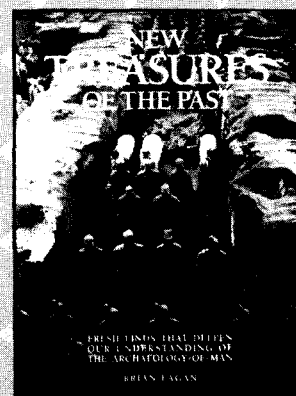
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commit its highly trained citizen infantry overseas in a crusade to liberate the Greek cities of the Aegean from Persian rule, but Athens, which had played the dominant role in the Persian defeat by sea, used its fleet to free the islands and the coastal cities and then enrolled them in an alliance that very soon became an Athenian empire. Throughout the middle decades of the century the increasing prosperity, mounting naval power, and interventionist policies of Athens inspired in Sparta and its Peloponnesian allies a justified fear that Athens was aiming at hegemony of the entire Greek world. In 431 B.C. a series of minor clashes that might, in normal times, have been settled by negotiation turned instead, because of the conviction on both sides that war was inevitable, into the opening engagements of a conflict that was to end, twenty-seven years later, with the unconditional surrender of Athens.

The first history of that war was written by a veteran of it—the Athenian general Thucydides, whose *History of the Peloponnesian War* is a universally admired classic; its dazzling combination of intellectual analysis and consummate narrative skill is unmatched in the field of historical writing. It is also a seminal study of international power politics, of the dynamics of alliances and the clash of ideologies—a textbook for the modern age, as many statesmen, prominent among them George C. Marshall, have pointed out.

But as a history of the war, it is far from comprehensive. The stunning impact of its set pieces—the debate over the fate of Mytilene, the civil war in Corcyra, the Melian Dialogue—is the product of a selectivity that omitted all mention of the fact that in 425 B.C., the sixth year of the war, Athens reassessed the tribute to be paid by the subject cities of her empire, in some cases doubling or tripling the amounts demanded. This was a clear indication that the huge war chest Pericles spoke of at the beginning of the war was close to exhaustion, and a measure that fed the fires of rebellion in the subject cities. Nor is the *History*, in spite of its author's claim to objectivity, entirely free from bias. Thucydides clearly hated and despised Cleon, the successor to Pericles, whose successful campaign at Pylos in 425 he presents as an almost incomprehensible piece of luck instead of the brilliant operation, carefully planned by Cleon's colleague Demosthenes, that Kagan re-

constructs from Thucydides' own account.

Kagan's four volumes are a meticulous critical examination of the strategy of this classic confrontation between a great land power and a great naval power. He questions Thucydides' assumptions and conclusions on many important issues. In the second volume, for example, he rejects the historian's endorsement of Pericles' defensive strategy, which was based on the expectation that Sparta, unable to assault the fortifications that connected Athens with her harbor and frustrated by the Athenian refusal to fight a land battle, would eventually acquiesce in the status quo. Since Athens was an expanding imperial power, this would be, in effect, an Athenian victory. A peace treaty on this ba-



sis was in fact negotiated in 421, the tenth year of the war. Both sides were exhausted and ready for a halt to hostilities that had yielded no decision, but there was more urgency for peace on the Spartan side because of 292 prisoners, 120 of them Spartan citizens, that Demosthenes and Cleon had captured at Pylos. Kagan argues that the peace treaty was the product not of Pericles' defensive strategy but of the offensive strategy of his successor, Cleon.

In this final volume, which covers the years from 413 to 404, Kagan can use Thucydides as the focus of his inquiry only part of the way. We know from the general's own statements that Thucydides lived to see the end of the war, but his account of it comes to an abrupt end in mid-sentence as he describes the campaign on the Aegean in the late au-

turn of 411. For the ensuing years we are dependent mainly on the *Hellenica* of Xenophon, a younger contemporary and the much later writings of Diodorus and Plutarch.

The peace treaty of 421 B.C. left Athens still solidly in possession of its Aegean empire, free to recoup its losses of money and manpower. But in 413 two Athenian fleets and large forces of infantry were lost in a failed attempt to conquer Sicily. The subject cities of the empire called on Sparta to liberate them and Sparta re-opened hostilities, this time with a fleet financed by the Persians. The odds against Athenian survival were formidable. They did not improve when, in 411, oligarchic conspirators, capitalizing on discontent with the democratic regime responsible for the Sicilian disaster, installed at Athens a junta known as the Four Hundred, a government that the democratic sailors of the fleet, on duty in the Aegean, refused to recognize. This was Sparta's great opportunity, which, however, Sparta failed to seize. The Athenian fleet held its own and even won some victories. In Athens the Four Hundred were replaced by the Five Thousand—moderate government that won high praise from Thucydides—and in 411 after an Athenian naval victory off Cyclus, full democracy was restored.

A MAJOR PARTICIPANT in these events was the fascinating personality whose drunken entry into the house of Agathon brings Plato's *Symposium* to its brilliant conclusion—Alcibiades, the darling and the evil genius of Athenian democracy. It was he who had persuaded the Athenians to undertake the Sicilian expedition; recalled from command in Sicily to face charges of sacrilege, he escaped and made his way to Sparta. Once there he revealed to the Spartans the full scope of Athenian ambitions to the west; at his suggestion the Spartans sent off to Syracuse an experienced officer, Gylippus, who played a major role in the Athenian defeat. It was Alcibiades, too, who urged the Spartans to challenge Athens on the Aegean Sea and who in person organized the defection of Chios and Miletus from the empire. But he had made powerful enemies in Sparta, not least among them Agis, one of the two Spartan kings, whose wife he had seduced. He changed sides again this time to become the friend and adviser of Tissaphernes, the Persian governor who had been paying the wages of



parta's sailors. Promising the Athenians financial aid from Tissaphernes (a promise he was never able to keep), he won friends among the democratic sailors of the fleet, was given a command, and after several successful naval actions returned in triumph to the restored democracy in Athens, to be given supreme command.

But no one could really trust him. A minor reversal, the fault of a subordinate, was enough to unseat him, and he retired to a private estate on the Hellespont, near the site of the battle of Aegospotami, where the Spartan admiral Lysander destroyed Athens's last fleet in 405—a victory that effectively ended the war.

Before that decisive defeat, the Athenians had won a major victory at Arginusae in 406; the Spartans, in momentary despair, offered peace on reasonable terms. But the democratic assembly rejected the offer. It was a grave mistake. From the moment that a Spartan commander as ruthless as he was cunning won the confidence of a new and immensely powerful Persian governor, the fall of Athens was inevitable; against the union of Lysander and Cyrus, the son of the Great King, even Alcibiades would have been hard put to it to prevail. And in 404 the long walls that connected Athens to Piraeus and the sea were demolished "to the music of flute-girls," Xenophon tells us, by the Spartans and their allies, who believed "that this day is the beginning of freedom for Greece."

Kagan's strategic analysis of this final phase of the long war is a remarkable achievement. It is an enlightening and illuminating guide through the labyrinth of Spartan, Athenian, and Persian diplomatic and military maneuvers—critical of the sources but eminently sane in its judgments, and especially rewarding in its concluding chapter.

It is understandable that Kagan has no word for Alcibiades once he is offstage, but the story seems incomplete without a word on his fate. He did not long survive the end of the war. Too dangerous a man to be left alive, he was, according to the standard account, killed by the Persians, acting at the request of Lysander. But Plutarch mentions another version of his death which seems equally plausible. "He had seduced a girl who belonged to a noble family . . . and her brothers . . . set fire to his house at night and shot him down as he came dashing through the flames." □

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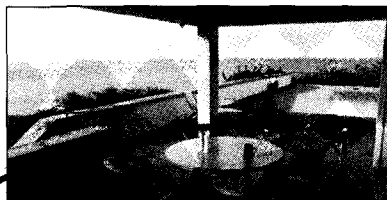
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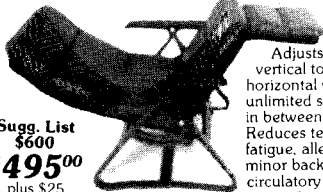
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## BRIEF REVIEWS



**THE SONGLINES** by Bruce Chatwin. Viking, \$18.95. Mr. Chatwin's desire to learn about the mythology of Australian aborigines has led to a book that is composed partly of sharp sketches of people and conditions around the desert town of Alice Springs, partly of a description of the musical system by which aborigines maintain tradition and communication across the continent, and partly of quotations and reflections in support of the author's belief that mankind is designed by nature to keep traveling. As Mr. Chatwin himself is a habitual wanderer from Patagonia to the Soviet Union, his argument can be construed as an *apologia pro vita sua*, but it is presented with such charm, liveliness, and variety that even the most rootbound reader should enjoy it. Localization as the source of all evil is an idea too provocative to ignore.

**ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE** by Max Beerbohm, with an introduction by N. John Hall. Yale University Press, \$19.95. Beerbohm never knew Rossetti, and by 1922, when he published his affectionately irreverent portrait of the artist and his associates, the whole Pre-Raphaelite crowd was history. The adroitly captioned drawings nevertheless brought them amusingly back to life and still do. Professor Hall contributes a neat capsule introduction to the feuds, alliances, and peculiarities of the Brotherhood in an essay calculated to lure anyone unfamiliar with Rossetti into seeking further acquaintance.

**THE THURTELL-HUNT MURDER CASE** by Albert Borowitz. Louisiana State University Press, \$24.95. In 1823 a trio of borderline London criminals conspired to murder an even less savory crook. They chose for the purpose a country lane seemingly remote from madding crowds, but as they had underestimated both the prevalence and the alertness of the locals, they were briskly nabbed. The case attracted enormous public interest. Pamphleteers published, ballad-

eers rhymed, a theatrical producer huddled to the boards a play that alleged included the very horse and gig that he carried the victim to his doom, and literary men referred to the affair for years afterward. While Mr. Borowitz does not slight the murder, his primary interest is to discover why so much excitement arose over what was, basically, a man falling out among thieves. The reason he has discerned include public alarm over the fashionable vices of gambling and prizefighting (both illegal), and concern for the effect of prejudicial pre-trial publicity. The last problem is still with us, making his study relevant as well as entertaining—and for devotees of antique oddities it is undoubtedly entertaining.

**WORLD'S END** by T. Coraghessan Boyle. Viking, \$19.95. A town on the Hudson River is the setting of Mr. Boyle's novel which concerns three families whose fairs interlock from the seventeenth century to the 1960s. Social status and inherited temperament remain constant but the events that they cause alter with the times, ranging from simple arson in the early days to an anti-communist riot in the 1940s. Mr. Boyle is a generous author, lavish with peripheral figures and minor details, all of which ultimately mean something.

**CHAUCEER** by Donald R. Howard. Dutton, \$29.95. Professor Howard's study of Chaucer is subtitled "His Life and Works in His World," but as almost nothing can be known with certainty about the poet's private life, his works attract most of the biographer's attention. They deserve it, for English history in Chaucer's time was, what with linguistic innovation, peasant uprising, foreign wars, and the downfall of Richard II, far from dull, while Chaucer's poetry becomes more meaningful than to scholarly scrutiny.

**THE MEDUSA FREQUENCY** by Ruth Hoban. Atlantic Monthly Press, \$16.95. Though it is presented as a novel and indeed has the characteristics of the genre, Mr. Hoban's new book is written about writing—why people do it and what influences lie behind it. His protagonist is Herman Orff, a novelist of small success and afflicted with writer's block, who attempts to have the latter problem cured by an unlicensed administrator of electric-shock treatments. Orff gets more than he asked for. He holds long conv-

ions with the head of Orpheus that, ensively decayed, turns up telling an lless tale or asking, "Is not all art a ebration of loss?" The gift for imagi- ve language which Mr. Hoban dis- yed in his earlier novel, *Riddley Walk-* has ramified into conversations such "GNGGX. NNZVNGGG. NNVL." "Terrif- When can I see it?" "FNURRN." This t of thing may keep cryptographers mlessly busy for years, but readers h a taste for lucid prose will find it ewarding.

**VIEW FROM THE KINGDOM** by Rich- Brown and Reeve Lindbergh. Harcourt ce Jovanovich, \$24.95 until December \$29.95 thereafter. In Mr. Brown's pho- raphs northern Vermont looks entic- , a place to which one should imme- tely and permanently remove. Ms. idbergh's accompanying essays, al- ugh very gentle in tone, supply a cor- tive to that impulse. Life in the king- n is no softer than Vermont granite.

**SELECTED LETTERS OF LOUISA Y ALCOTT** edited by Joel Myerson and iel Shealy. Little, Brown, \$24.95. Giv- a subject like the great Boston fire or horrors of becoming a Concord pub- nonument, Alcott could write a fine, ly letter, but she lacked the truly it letter writer's ability to make ordi- y matters interesting beyond their ac- merits. The correspondence in this ection is therefore interesting chiefly the light it throws on the novelist's tionships with family and friends, to m she wrote in a variety of styles, nitely adjusting her tone to her audi- e. The other interesting aspect is the elation of Alcott's development from eophyte author, courteously grateful a fee of ten dollars, to an experi- ed, highly successful professional, courteous but wise in the ways of lishers and determined to stand for onsense from any of them.

**STOMS VIOLATION** by Janice Weber. alid I. Fine, \$17.95. Ms. Weber's el begins with an intriguing con- eration of characters. How, one iders, will she ever fit together a v of U.S. Customs inspectors, the ers of a company manufacturing gid- ingerie, a Swiss cooking school, and arl of feminist activists? She does it, at the cost of grotesque caricature, l coincidence, and unsuitable spasms entimental romance.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

## Answers to the October Puzzles

### "BEST SELLERS"

Across answers are given in the order in which they occurred in the book listing.

Across. DIET-RICH; TEAR(O-O)M; P(OTT)AGE; ONLY (hidden); DOSE (anag.); A(PRO)-N; HEAT(E)D (anag. + e); STUM-PER (smut anag.); STERNE-R; PA-RAP-H; DYSLEXIA (anag.); ANEN-T (anag. + t); U-NDUE (u + anag.); ON-ET-I(M)E; S-PIES; MA(CAB)RE; LEAST (anag.); SICURE; FIGMENT; CLEAR-ER (anag.) Down. 1. FOO(L)SCAP (anag. + l) 2. (d)INNER 3. G-LEANED 4. ED(IT)OR (rode rev.) 5. NY(MPH)ET 6. SL(A-T)ED 7. CENTAURS (anag.) 8. R(INGE)-R 9. FAT-E 10. (c)MAL-A-MUTE (lame rev. minus e) 11. DO(MINE)ER 12. RETRAC-T (rev.) 13. B(OUR)B-ON 14. C-A-TNIP (rev.) 15. (s)UPPERS 16. APAC(H)E 17. MOR(S)E 18. SUDS (odd letters)

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| C | L | E | A | R | E | R | D | U | B | R | O |
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| S | P | I | E | S | S | T | E | R | N | E | R |

### ACROSTIC NO. 27

"His hair was . . . a lustrous black, . . . his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, . . . the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion, and straight black lips."

—Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*

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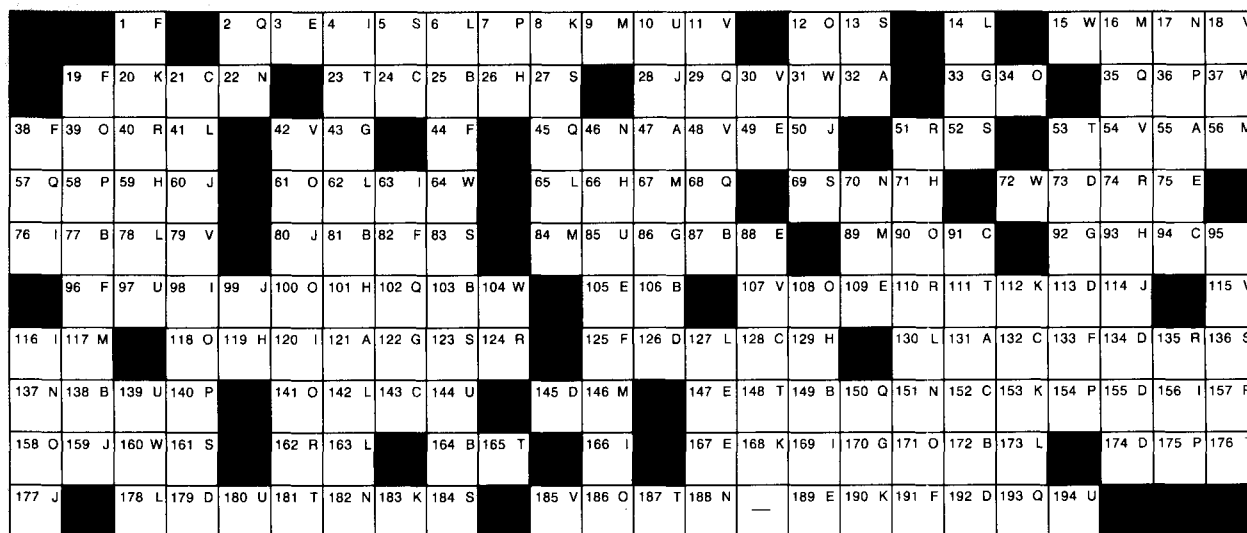
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# ACROSTIC No. 28

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 27 appears on page 123.

A. Bergman's  
Notorious costar

121 47 131 55 32

B. *Mazel tov!* or  
*Nu?*

25 77 103 87 164 172 81 149 106 138

C. Halfhearted

132 152 21 91 128 24 143 94

D. Inventor of the  
instant camera  
(2 wds.)

179 73 174 145 126 192 155 134 113

E. Herbal tea  
ingredient

147 75 88 49 3 167 109 105 189

F. Three-stringed  
folk-music  
instrument

96 38 19 1 191 44 133 125 82

G. "\_\_\_\_\_ is the  
greatest enemy  
that faith has"  
(Martin Luther)

43 122 86 92 33 170

H. Semiaquatic boa

93 66 101 59 119 129 71 26

I. William Burroughs  
novel (with *The*;  
2 wds.)

120 166 63 95 76 4 156 169 98 116

J. Computer data  
carrier

177 159 114 99 50 28 80 60

K. Volcano in the  
Cascade Range

112 153 168 183 20 190 8

L. Mirror image

65 78 14 6 163 62 127 178 142  
41 130 173

M. Animal for whom  
the Galapagos were  
named

89 16 84 56 9 67 146 117

N. Dance once pop-  
ular with sailors

46 137 17 70 151 182 188 22

O. Nocturnal  
goatsucker

141 90 12 158 39 186 108 34 100  
171 118

P. Next in line  
(2 wds.)

175 58 7 36 140 154

Q. Szechuan cooking  
necessity (2 wds.)

35 57 68 45 193 2 150 29 102

R. Temperature at  
which water vapor  
condenses (2 wds.)

135 40 110 157 51 162 74 124

S. Habiliments for a  
hula dancer  
(2 wds.)

184 52 69 161 123 13 27 5 136

T. River explored by  
Zebulon Pike

148 176 23 111 181 53 187 165

U. Strong white wine

10 180 144 85 139 194 97

V. 1954 film based on a  
Steinbeck book  
(3 wds.)

54 48 185 115 42 107 79 18 11

W. Adopted son of a  
comic sailor  
(2 wds.)

104 15 72 64 37 31 160

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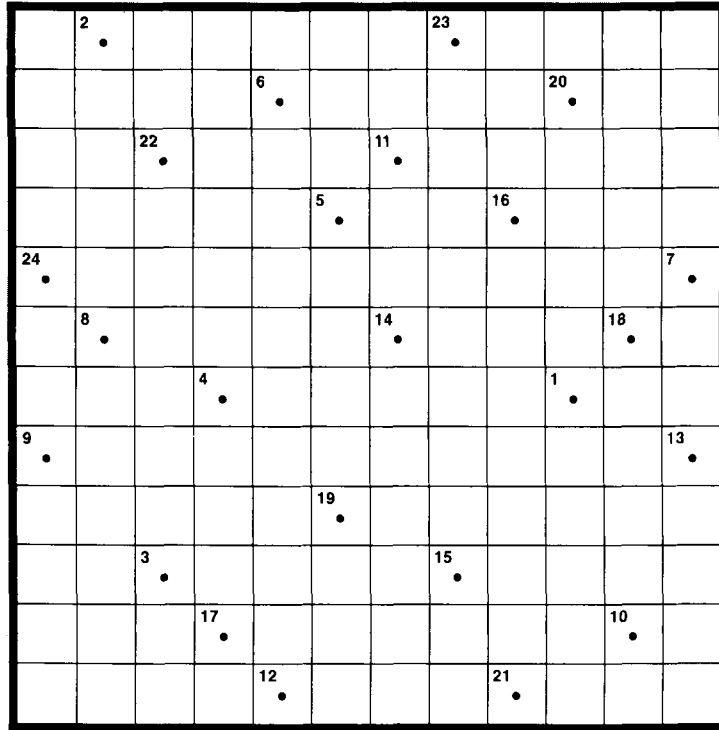
# THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

## CONNECT THE DOTS

Each clue's answer is to be entered normally in the diagram, either horizontally or vertically. Its location, however, is given only by the number of a square in which a dot shares space with one of the answer's letters. (This letter may occur anywhere in the word, not necessarily first; a diagram entry may incorporate more than one dot, but it is identified by only one.) If bars signifying beginnings and ends of entries were shown, they would form a pattern that would look the same when rotated 180°. Solvers may be helped by mentally connecting the dotted letters in numerical order, thereby revealing some art and its creator. Answers include four proper nouns.

*The answers to last month's  
Puzzler appear on page 123.*



### CLUES

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>. Dot goes into uncentered, evocative art (12) (<i>two words</i>)<br/>Spot seen in sections of glass instruments (8)</li> <li>. Semi-approval for racetrack (4)<br/>Tone taken by venerated platitude (6)</li> <li>. Seem pleased by run for Yankee (6)</li> <li>. Syringes filled with nitrogen bringing divine sleep? (6)</li> <li>. Certain element in crone leads to loathing (6)</li> <li>. Cupidity may be seen as a sin around Arkansas (7)<br/>Bush has ego involved in withdrawing summons (5)</li> <li>. Master returned, obtaining nothing from slaver (5)<br/>Laymen turned to wit (6)</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>8. Bond in Russia's capital, held by armed force (7) (<i>hyphenated</i>)</li> <li>9. Haig looks around White House? (5)<br/>Move jerkily in dance, with bum leg (6)</li> <li>10. Code is broken by Eastern church district (7)<br/>Ring's found in the guy's socks (4)</li> <li>11. Vertigo makes me somber (6)<br/>Prominent journal backsliding one half step (8)</li> <li>12. Eager for a disco that never closes (4)<br/>Everyone abandons generally shaky effort (6)</li> <li>13. Installed empty inside full (6)<br/>Backed train into river (4)</li> <li>14. Untidy grass around edge—keep it down (8)</li> <li>15. Material enough for three camp beds? (6)</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>\$100 computer chip receives a glance (5)</li> <li>16. Not at all fine, being good and wet (6)</li> <li>17. Miss Costello's speaking (4)</li> <li>18. Notice one model is fat (7)</li> <li>19. Dance, for example, around tree (6)<br/>Aunt of song takes one extra line in musical piece (8)</li> <li>20. Guided a lover of Zeus (4)</li> <li>21. Made to laugh, feel manipulated (6)</li> <li>22. Just born: a count (6)<br/>Returning comrades, in mass, stand for anthem (12)</li> <li>23. Endorsement of very good valets (4)<br/>Bridge accommodates morning boat (6)</li> <li>24. Said server, "What comes after deuce?" (4)<br/>Practices comedy routines? (6)</li> </ul> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

**ote:** The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

# WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

**appliance garage** *noun*, a built-in kitchen cabinet in which small appliances can be stored ready for immediate use: "Great things have been happening in kitchens lately. The sine qua non is the *appliance garage*, the built-in unit that keeps the blender . . . and the food processor out of sight but not out of mind or out of reach" (Springfield, Mass., *Union News*).

**BACKGROUND:** The appliance garage is one of many convenience features being included in new and remodeled kitchens, partly as a response to the needs of working couples who enjoy cooking, who are spending more and more time in the kitchen, who have money to lavish on new appliances, and who want exceptional kitchen organization, efficiency, storage space, and work space. These needs are also addressed by the popular kitchen *islands*, which afford increased countertop and storage space, by *peninsula* cooking centers housing the grill and range, and by the return of the walk-in pantry.

**couch people** *plural noun*, homeless families who, because of a shortage of low-income housing, drift from place to place, living temporarily with friends and relatives, and often sleeping on their hosts' couches. "According to some estimates, 100,000 families in New York City are *couch people*" (*The New York Times*).

**BACKGROUND:** Our citations, all dated 1987, indicate that *couch people* is currently restrict-

*Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.*

ed in use to New York City, although it is likely that a wider dispersion in usage will occur over time, given the great numbers of homeless people in the United States. Some of these people live for a day, several days, a week, months, or even years in the homes of anyone willing to give them shelter. *The Times* states that "*couch people* . . . are the focus of a new program in New York. . . . The program offers such benefits as foldaway couches to some welfare recipients."

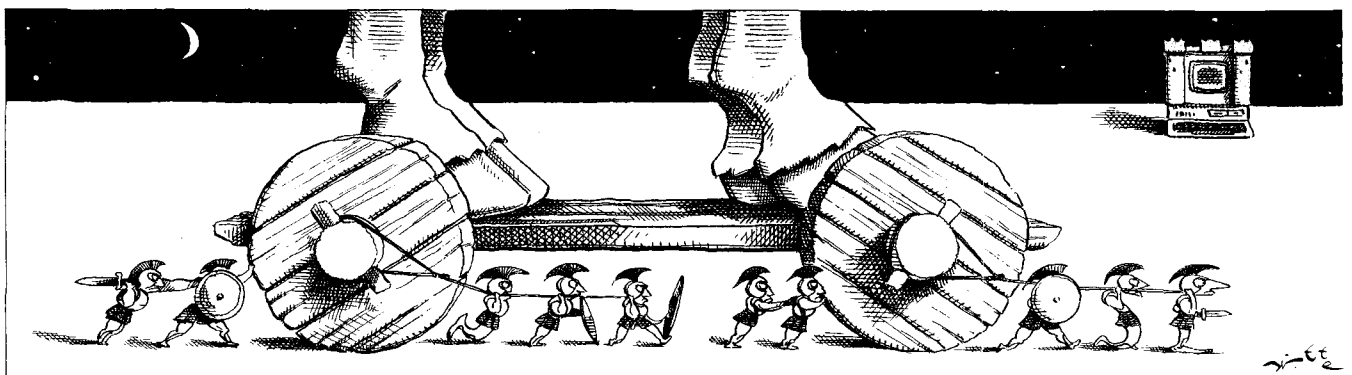
**risk node** *noun*, a medical procedure or practice that results in a disproportionate number of injuries or deaths among patients undergoing treatment: "Researchers sorted through 15,000 malpractice cases and identified *risk nodes*—surgical and other practices that tend to lead to an injury. . . . In heart surgery, for instance, the company [Grand Alliance] found a number of accidents occurred when surgeons failed to identify and tag major arteries" (Hartfield, Mass., *Valley Advocate*).

**BACKGROUND:** This term derives from the relatively new field of *risk management*, which evolved about ten years ago at hospitals and insurance companies as a means of preventing malpractice suits. At Yale-New Haven Hospital a team of *risk*

*managers* reviews all malpractice claims, patient complaints, and the records of patients returning for any unscheduled treatment subsequent to earlier treatment, as a way of identifying in retrospect confluences of events or conjunctions of data that can be related to high risk.

**trojan horse**, also **Trojan horse** *noun*, an illicit program, often inserted within a legitimate program, that is introduced by white-collar criminals, by spies, or by vandals into another party's computer or computer system, ostensibly to perform a desired function but actually to carry out a secret function, such as total memory erasure, data scrambling, or theft of money or information. Also called *trojan*. "Known as *trojan horses*, the programs pretend to be something useful, like a word processor or game board. But they are electronic terrorists, ready to erase or scramble data stored in computers. . . . 'Now there are much shrewder *trojans*. . . ,' [Eric] Newhouse said. 'One called *notroj* pretends to be a program that guards against *trojans*. It's actually a time bomb that will wipe out your hard disk after it's more than 70 percent full'" (*The New York Times*).

**BACKGROUND:** Printed evidence for this figurative use *trojan horse* goes back as far as 1974; the term itself, of course, derives from the famous tale Homer's *Iliad*. Although recent citations suggest heavy use *trojan horses* by hackers in connection with the sabotage of computer bulletin boards, earlier evidence indicates their use in illegal funds transfers at military sabotage. On the *McNeill/Lehrer NewsHour*, in April of 1979, Donn Parker, a senior information-processing officer at the Stanford Research Institute, said that "the computer is now the vault of today. And what you [the computer criminal] want to do is get your *Trojan horse* in there so that it executes at the time at which there is the most money available and the perpetrator is in the safest position [to steal funds]." Some *trojan horses* execute instantly; others function as legitimate software for weeks or months and then activate. . . . for military sabotage, on July 1983, Reuters cited an article by Lieutenants Peter Grant and Robert Richie, appearing in the July issue of *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, that warned that "computer saboteurs could cause key information from combat zone to be garbled transmission and could make U.S. missiles explode prematurely." The authors added that "the careful insertion of . . . *Trojan horses* into computer sold to potentially hostile countries would be a reliable and virtually undetectable intelligence asset."



*"Still—in a way—nobody sees a flower—really—  
it is so small—we haven't time—  
and to see takes time, like to have a friend takes time."*

*—Georgia O'Keeffe*



Red Poppy, 1927 Oil on canvas 7" x 9", Private collection, Geneva

Photography by Malcolm Varon

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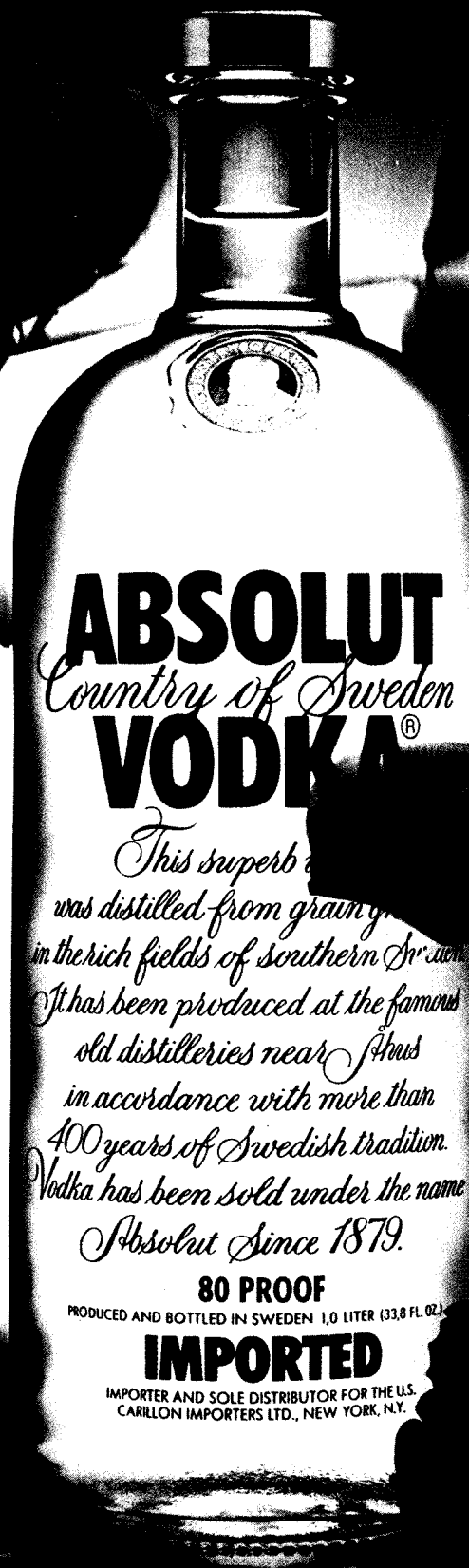
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